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HAPS AND MISHAPS

OF

A TOUR IN EUROPE.

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BY

GRACE GREENWOOD.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LIV.

J. J. Dixwell
145.508
Mrs John Parker
Oct 11. 1873

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DEDICATION.

To my publishers and my dear friends, WILLIAM D. TICKNOR and JAMES T. FIELDS, of Boston, and to their friend and mine, FRANCIS BENNOCH, of London, I gratefully and heartily dedicate this volume.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

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CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT. — JENNY LIND. — CAPTAIN WEST. — CUSTOM HOUSE. — LANDING. — THE COUNTRY. — LIVERPOOL. — MR. MARTINEAU. — BIRMINGHAM. — JOSEPH STURGE. — WARWICK CASTLE. — STRATFORD ON AVON. — COVENTRY.

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 10, 1853.

THE gallant steamer Atlantic, on which I came out passenger, sailed from New York on Saturday, the 29th of May, a sunny and quiet day. As Jenny Goldschmidt and her husband were on board, an immense concourse of people were assembled at the landing, on the docks and vessels near by, to see them off. They stood on the wheel house with Captain West, bowing, smiling, and waving their grateful farewell. As with a parting gun we bounded from the shore, the heart gave one last, wild, agonized throb for friends and home, then sunk into depths of dread unknown before. Yet that thronged and beautiful city, that magnificent harbor, white with countless sails, ploughed and overswept with busy life, was a glorious sight, seen even through tears.

As we approached Sandy Hook, the atmosphere grew hazy, and before we were out at sea we were enveloped in a dense fog, and obliged to come to anchor, where we remained some fifteen hours. We passed this time very pleasantly, in exploring the ship, chatting, writing letters to send back by the pilot, eating and sleeping. I awoke late the next morning, and found we were at sea in earnest. I remember very little more of that morning, except it be the incident of my finding out, as by instinct, the use of a queer little utensil of painted tin, a sort of elongated spittoon, which stood by my washstand.

I performed my toilet as speedily as circumstances would allow, and hurried on deck, where I soon found myself quite well. The day was delicious beyond what words may tell. The air was fresh, yet the sea tranquil, and the sunshine rich and warm. There seemed a sort of strife of beauty, a rivalship of brightness, between the heaven above and the waters below, and the soul of the gazer now went floating off on the green undulations of the waves, to where they seemed to break against the sky, or dreamed itself away into the fathomless blue, in a sort of quiet, worldless ecstasy — "the still luxury of delight." Then came on the night — our first night at sea. The wind had freshened, the sails were set, the ship shot through the gleaming waves, scattering the diamond spray from her prow, and the moon was over all. As it went up the sky, its course was marked by a long reach of tremulous radiance on the deep. It seemed to me like the love of the dear ones I had left, stretching out towards me. But there came a yet higher thought — that such a path of brightness must have shone under the feet of Jesus when he "walked on the water" toward the perilled ship.

Two pleasant days and nights followed, during which many agreeable acquaintances were formed among the passengers. My seat at table was on the left of Captain West, and opposite the Goldschmidts. Otto Goldschmidt, husband of Jenny Lind, impressed me, not only as a man of genius, but of rare refinement and nobility of character. He is small, and delicately formed, but his head is a remarkably fine one, his face beautiful in the best sense of the term. He is fair, with hair of a dark, golden hue, soft, brown eyes, thoughtful even to sadness. I have never seen a brow more pure and spiritual than his. Yet, for all its softness and youthfulness, Mr. Goldschmidt's face is by no means wanting in dignity and manliness of expression. There is a maturity of thought, a calm strength of character, a self-poise about him, which impress you more and more,

The pure and graceful Greek column makes no solid or defiant show of strength, like the unchiselled stone or the jagged rock, yet it may be as strong in its beauty and perfect proportions, and were decidedly pleasanter to lean against. I believe that Jenny Lind in her marriage followed not alone the impulses of her woman's heart, but obeyed the higher instincts of her poetic and artistic nature.

For the first few days of our voyage, she seemed singularly shy and reserved. I have seen her sit hour after hour by herself, in some unfrequented part of the vessel, looking out over the sea. I often wondered if her thoughts were then busy with the memories of her glorious career — if she were living over her past triumphs, the countless times when the cold quiet of the highest heaven of fashion broke into thunders of acclamation above her, and came down in a rain of flowers at her feet. Was it of those perishable wreaths, placed on her brow amid the glare and tumult of the great world, she mused — or of that later crowning of her womanhood, when softly and silently her brow received from God's own hand the chrism of a holy and enduring love? Was it the happy, loving wife, or the great, world-renowned artiste, who dreamed there alone, looking out over the sea?

On Wednesday, our last really bright day, I espied a spent butterfly fluttering its brilliant wings on one of the ship's spars. It had been blown all that distance, the captain said. I could hardly have been more surprised if the spar on which it had lit had blossomed before my eyes. This day and the one following, many of the gentlemen and some of the ladies amused themselves with the game of "shuffleboard." We had among the passengers three right reverend bishops, one of whom joined heartily in this play. I was amused by the style of address used toward him occasionally. "Now, bishop, it's your turn!" "Go ahead, bishop!"

I think it were scarcely possible for a ship to take out a

finer set of passengers than we had. Intelligent, agreeable, kindly, all seemed striving for the general enjoyment; and had the elements continued propitious, the entire voyage would have seemed like a pleasant social party, "long drawn out."

On Thursday, woe's the day! we were off the banks of Newfoundland — the fogs became chill and heavy, and towards night the sea grew rough. The next morning I found it quite impossible for me to remain on deck, even with overshoes, blankets, and shawls. The wind from the region of snows cut to one's very bones. It brought to mind strange pictures of seals crawling from iceberg to iceberg, and of young polar bears diverting themselves by sliding down ice precipices three hundred feet high. I sought the saloon in despair, where, as wind and sea rose, and the ship lurched and rolled, I all too soon grew ready to admit our friend Horace Greeley to be the truest of sea prophets, the honestest of voyagers.

A strange thing is this physical sympathy with elemental disturbance — the tumult without answered by "that which is most within us" — the surge and heave oceanic — the surge and heave stomachic and responsive — "deep calling unto deep." But we will not dwell on it.

For three days and nights I was really a great sufferer, but I had plenty of companionship in my misery. Very few of the passengers escaped seasickness entirely, and many were very ill. Mr. Goldschmidt suffered severely; his wife was not affected in the ordinary way, but underwent much from nervousness, restlessness, and fear. Yet I saw the true loveliness of her nature more than ever before. She went from one to another of the sick with a kind word and a sweet, sad smile; and for my part, I felt that such words and such smiles were not too dearly bought, even by a fit of seasickness. What lover could say more?

My state room was too far aft for comfort; I could not endure it after the rough weather came on, but, day and night,

occupied a sofa in the saloon, where, with blankets, cushions, and pillows, I was made as comfortable as circumstances would allow. I could not have had in my own father's house kinder or more constant attention, and a father could not have cared for me better than did Captain West. He more than answered my expectations — more than fulfilled the pledges and justified the praises of his friends. A plain, honest, generous-hearted sailor, yet every inch a gentleman. I trust he will pardon, as I am sure that many, very many, will echo, my simple, involuntary expression of gratitude and esteem.

On Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, I was helped on deck to catch the first sight of land. The sea had "smoothed his wrinkled front," the wind had gone down somewhat, and the sun shone out fitfully. Every body was on deck — all, even the invalids, in high and eager spirits. At last the welcome cry was heard, and dimly through the mist was seen the high and rocky shore of Ireland — blessed old Ireland! *swate* Ireland! the gem of the sea! No name seemed too fond or poetic to apply to it at that moment.

Cape Clear for a long time belied its name; but finally the fog lifted, and we saw coast, rocks, and lighthouses very distinctly.

The last dinner on board ship was very pleasant, though there were no speeches; and Captain West, with characteristic modesty, slipped out before his health could be proposed; so we had no response from him.

The approach to Liverpool has been often enough described. I will only say, that the shores, seen through a drizzling rain, and even the city, seen under a black cloud of coal smoke, were sights welcome and beautiful to my sea-wearied eyes.

About twelve o'clock the custom-house officers came on board, and the examination of baggage commenced. Lady passengers, who had suffered throughout the voyage from a nervous dread of a stern official ransacking of carpet bags,

and from the belief that it is through much tribulation in the way of tumbled trunks and exposed nightcaps that we enter into the kingdom of Great Britain, were then most agreeably disappointed. Trunks were opened indeed, but by no means a minute examination made of their contents. A sealed package lay on the top of my trunk. The officer politely asked me what this contained. "An American book," I answered. "Will you tell me its title?" "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," I replied. "O, we will pass 'Uncle Tom's *Log* Cabin,'" he answered, laughing.

The tide not allowing the Atlantic to go into the dock, we were landed by a small steamboat. We left our beautiful ship and noble captain with a feeling of regret, and all hands and voices joined in three hearty cheers for both.

The expected arrival of Madame Goldschmidt — the people's *Jenny Lind* forever — had assembled a large crowd, but the presence of a strong police force kept down all enthusiastic demonstration.

On landing, Liverpool first struck me as differing from our seaport towns, in having a vastly greater number of docks, vessels, police officers, ragged boys, red-faced men, barefooted women, and donkey carts.

The *Adelphi*, the best house in Liverpool, does not compare with our first-class hotels, either for comfort or elegance. The attendants are respectful and kindly enough, but provokingly slow. They are eternally "coming."

Woolton, June 14.

From Liverpool I came here, where I have spent some days, quietly, but most delightfully. "Rose Hill," the residence of Dr. M——, in whose family I am visiting, is quite apart from the village of Woolton, and is certainly one of the loveliest places I have ever seen. The house is approached by a winding road, through a dense little forest of beautiful

trees, is surrounded by highly-cultivated grounds, and overlooks a wide and varied extent of country. O, the glorious old trees, the beautiful green hedges, the gorgeous flowers of England! What words of mine would have power to set them whispering, and waving, and gleaming before you? I never shall forget the effect wrought upon me by the sight of the first flowers I saw, born of the soil and blossomed by the airs of Old England. You will think it strange, but the first tears I shed after my last parting with my friends at New York fell fast on the fragrant leaves, and glistened in the rich, red heart of an English rose. In some mysterious depths of association, beyond the soundings of thought, lay the source of those tears.

I have had a wet welcome to the land of mists and showers. It has rained every day since my arrival, yet every day we have had some hours of beautiful sunshine, and the sweet freshness of the air compensates for the unseasonable coolness.

Strange and delightful to me are the long English twilights. Think of the sun hanging on till nearly nine o'clock, like a pleasantly-entertained visitor, reluctant to retire. The nights here are deliciously cool and quiet. Then, no one, without the actual experience, can imagine the luxurious rest and "sweet release" of one, who, after having been cribbed up in the narrow berth of a steamship for a dozen or more nights, may

"spread
The loosened limbs *o'er a wide English bed.*"

As for me, after four days and nights' toilsome occupancy of a narrow sofa, without the advantage of previous "practice on a clothes' line," recommended by my friend E——, I really could not sleep at first, for the pleasure of the change. I tried one soft pillow, then another, in the very daintiness of repose. I made sundry eccentric excursions, explorations

of the vast extent of unoccupied territory around me. I measured the magnificent length and breadth of the elastic mattress beneath me, and wrapped myself regally in the lavender-scented linen.

Owing to my continued indisposition, and the rainy weather, I have as yet seen little of Liverpool and its environs. The docks are the great pride of the city. Fancy more than seven miles of continuous docks filled with shipping. St. George's Hall, a new building, is said to be one of the finest in the world; I certainly have never seen any thing handsomer. Many of the churches here are elegant and imposing structures, but none more tasteful, quaintly, and quietly beautiful than the Hope Street Unitarian Chapel, where Mr. Martineau preaches. I brought letters to this gentleman, and on Saturday was at his house. I found him, in personal appearance, all I looked for. The pure, fervid, poetic spirit, and the earnest eloquence which adapt his writings alike to the religious wants, the devotional sense, the imagination and the taste of his readers, all live in his look, and speak in his familiar tones. He is somewhat slender in person, with a head not large, but compact and perfectly balanced. His perceptive organs are remarkably large, his brow is low and purely Greek, and his eyes are of a deep, changeful blue. There is much quietude in his face — native, rather than acquired, I should say — the repose of unconscious, rather than of conscious power. About his head, altogether, there is a classical, chiselled look — the hair grows in a way to enchant an artist, and every feature of his face is finely and clearly cut. But the glow of the soul is all over.

On Sunday morning I enjoyed a pleasure long hoped for, and never to be forgotten, in hearing him preach one of those wonderful discourses in which his free but reverent spirit seems to sound the profoundest depths of the human soul, to unveil the most solemn mysteries of being, and to reach

those divine heights to which few have attained since Paul and John were caught up and rapt away from earth, in holy visions and heavenly trances.

We dined and spent the night yesterday at Seaforth Hall, an elegant seaside residence, belonging to a wealthy manufacturer of Liverpool. Here I saw a pleasant water view, lofty rooms, beautiful conservatories and hothouses, pictures, and statuary; and, what was better, very agreeable people, and genuine English hospitality. As far as the style of living and manners are concerned, I as yet have remarked little difference between Liverpool and Boston.

Edgbaston, Birmingham, June 17.

I left Liverpool on an afternoon of unusual brightness, but plunged immediately into a young night, in the shape of the longest tunnel I ever passed through. They tell me it is scarcely noticeable, compared with one between this place and London; but it will do to begin with. The English first-class railway carriages are more luxurious than ours. Substantially made, softly-cushioned and curtained, nothing can surpass them for comfort; while they have a John Bull exclusiveness about them, each carriage being calculated for six passengers, and no more. So rapid is the rate at which they run, and so smooth the rail below, such an absence is there of noise and dust, that it is even difficult to believe we are going at all. When I closed my eyes on the scene, I was really bewildered; but when I looked out on the whirling landscape, I was forced to the conclusion that either the trees and hedges were having a grand gallopade, a furious country dance together, and, what was more unlikely, venerable churches were recreating themselves with a wild steeple chase, or that we were under glorious headway.

The country between Liverpool and Birmingham, as far as my dizzied sight would allow me to judge, seemed flat and

uninteresting. But the glory of a most luxuriant summer greenness and bloom is over it all.

A peculiar and constant joy to me is in remarking how every where the simplest cottages of the common people are built and adorned with taste, and kept with the utmost neatness and care. Many of them are exquisite miniatures of the residences of the rich — with sweet little lawns, and flower plots, like children's playgrounds, diminutive hedges, tiny trellises, and gravel walks scarcely a foot wide.

My friend Mr. Sturge met me at the Birmingham station, and drove me out to his place at Edgbaston. It rained hard, and the twilight was deepening, when I arrived: but I was received into the warmth and light of a pleasant little drawing room, opening into a conservatory of beautiful bright flowers. I was met with sweet words, and sweeter smiles of welcome, by the lovely young wife of Joseph Sturge, and by his fair children — quaint, Quaker specimens of child beauty, which is found in its rosy perfection in "merrie England." I felt thoroughly at home and at rest from the first; and then, that very night, after I had retired to my room, there was sent to me, all unexpectedly, a package of letters from America! It were impossible for one to conceive, as for me to describe, my emotion on beholding these. I actually grew faint with excess of joy; and after having come safely over the salt seas, there was danger of their being rendered illegible by a briny greeting on shore. And yet, I had been parted from the writers but seventeen days. Ah! the poet is entirely correct — "Time *is not* of years."

Mr. Sturge's place is retired, modest, and unpretending in every way, but very lovely. The smooth, closely-cut lawns are a perpetual pleasure to my eye; next come the hedges, the ivies, the honeysuckles, the hollies, and glossy-leaved laurels. Roses and rhododendrons are now in full bloom; peonies are a-flame; the May tree is a little *passé*, but the

laburnum is yet in its golden glory, and with its long pendent branches, all in flower, seems pouring itself down, in a bounteous royal shower, reminding one of Jove's auriferous courtship of Danae.

The most beautiful tree I have yet seen in England is the copper beech; at least, it has the finest effect amid other foliage. There is one in the line of trees skirting the lawn before me, which, with its dark, rich tint, looks, amid the surrounding bloom and verdure, like a Rembrandt in a gallery of bright, modern paintings.

Delicious and countless bird notes are quivering through the moist air all day long. I have already heard the cuckoo, the blackbird, and the thrush; and English poetry and English life will henceforth be the sweeter to me for their remembered strains.

I have seen some fine bloodhorses since my arrival, but I actually admire most the powerful dray horses of Liverpool. They are magnificent great animals. I shall never have done wondering at the little donkey carts, or, rather, at the immense strength, and no body, of the donkeys themselves. I had no idea that this really estimable, though much contemned animal, any where existed in such small varieties. While driving, the other day, our carriage was run into by one of these same donkey establishments, the awkward driver of which was, by several sizes, the greater ass of the two.

Cattle, pigs, and poultry are, as far as I have seen, finer here than with us; because, I suppose, so much more carefully kept. There is, of late, a rage for rare poultry here, as in the United States. Cochin China fowls, in especial, sell at a preposterously high price.

The English home style of living does not differ widely from our own, except that it is often simpler, and always quieter. I notice that the table at meals is usually decked

with flowers — a beautiful custom we should do well to adopt.

The manner of an English gentleman toward the American visitor is polite and considerate, but sometimes a little too *marked*. At a dinner party, the other day, during a little playful discussion of Yankee character, a bland and benevolent-looking old gentleman at my side informed me that he had come to the conclusion that the wooden-nutmeg story was neither more nor less than a mischievous satire. "For," said he, "there would be such an amount of minute carving required to make a successful imitation of the nutmeg, that the deception would hardly pay the workman. For myself, I do not believe the cheat was ever practised." I thanked him in the name of my country for the justice done her, and assured him that the story of the Yankee having whittled a large lot of unsalable shoe pegs into melon seeds, and sold them to the Canadians, was also a base fabrication of our enemies.

We have curious weather — chill, driving showers, alternating with bursts of warm, effulgent sunlight — and often sunlight and shower together. According to a popular tradition of our country, a certain gentleman in black is, at this season, administering marital discipline with unusual frequency and severity.

Evening. — We have just returned from a pleasant drive into the country, some four or five miles, to see the old Handsworth Church, and Chantrey's monument to James Watt. This is within the church, but curtained off by itself; is a plain, large, white marble pedestal, supporting a sitting, life-size figure of the great inventor. It is a beautiful work of art, and a form and face of noble character.

The church itself is a curiosity for its great age. It contains some effigies in stone, said to be more than five hundred years old. There is a knight in complete armor, with a very

dandified waist and enormous thighs, and a slim lady, with a tight-fitting shroud, crowded against the wall behind him. The good dame's frill has suffered some dilapidation, and the gallant knight is minus a nose.

The high, quaint old pews impressed me most. I at once imagined little David Copperfield sitting in one of them, with his mother and Peggotty. By the way, you can have no idea of the luxury of reading Dickens *in England.*

On our way back, we stopped for a half hour at a fine cemetery, from some heights of which I caught my first real view of the town in all its industrial grandeur and smoky magnificence. Within these grounds we encountered the beadle, in all the pomp of his parish livery. He was a stout man, and of course dignified to solemnity. Seeing him unoccupied, I ventured to make some conversation with him, and must acknowledge that he met my advances in a most gracious and un-Bumble-like manner. I asked him if they buried the poor in layers, and in a common grave. "Yes, *mem,*" he replied, "but it often 'appens, quite agreeably, that members of the same family go into the same grave. Whenever we can, we lay them together, or not many bodies apart — *we try to make them comfortable, mem.*"

A distant sight, beheld on our drive this afternoon, was a new monastery, occupied solely by renegade clergymen from the church of England — a haunt of priestly owls, scared by the light and freedom of the time back into the cloistered gloom of the dark ages. What a precious set of cowled conservatives!

To-morrow I visit Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and, it may be, Stratford upon Avon. Splendid stuff for dreams, such a prospect.

JUNE 18.

My first full view of Warwick Castle is hung in my memory a picture of beauty and grandeur, which must be

"a joy forever." As we rode into the old town, we paused on a noble stone bridge over the Avon, where the finest view is obtained. It had been raining, but the shower was now past, and the sun out in dazzling radiance. The air was freshened with a pleasant wind, and sweetened with roses, and, from the tower of an old church near by, mellow-toned bells were ringing the morning chime. At our left stood the castle, with its dark, battlemented walls, its hoary turrets, and gigantic towers.

As the Earl of Warwick was at home, we were obliged to stop at the porter's lodge, while our cards were sent up to him, and leave accorded to us to see the castle. But we were well amused by the portress, who showed up the famous porridge pot of the redoubtable Earl Guy, with his armor, sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, walking staff, flesh fork, and stirrup. These are a giant's accoutrements — the sword weighs twenty pounds, and the armor of the knight and that of his steed are in proportion.

The faith of the old retainer in the marvellous legends she rehearsed was quite edifying. She assured us that Earl Guy was nearly ten feet in height, and that he was accustomed to take his food from that identical porridge pot, which holds one hundred and two gallons, and which, on the occasion of the present earl's eldest son (Lord Brooke) coming of age, was filled with punch three times a day for three days, for the people. After receiving his lordship's graciously-accorded permission, we passed up a noble passage, cut in solid rock, some eight or ten feet deep, and prettily overgrown with moss and ivy, leading to the outer court. As I walked slowly on, my thoughts went back three hundred years, when knights and ladies gay went dashing up this pass, followed by fair pages and fairer maids, dainty minstrels and jolly friars, faithful esquires and stout men-at-arms. I could almost hear the tramp of mail-clad steeds, the light curvetting

of palfreys, the clang of armor, the jingle of gilded bridles, the laughter of young gallants, and the sweet voices of merry dames. I could almost see the waving of banners and plumes, the flash of shields and arms, and gorgeous vesture, as the glory of feudal power and the flush of courtly beauty swept by. Alas for wasted sentiment! I all too soon ascertained that this rocky pass was constructed by the late earl, the castle having formerly had a different approach.

We passed over the drawbridge, under the portcullis, into the court yard, which contains nearly an acre. The moat is not filled with water, but overgrown with shrubs and grass of the brightest green. We were first shown into the great hall, a magnificent apartment, hung with old armor, antlers, &c. Its deep, wide chimney, with large blocks of wood piled in the corner, reminded one of the hospitable hall of Cedric the Saxon; but the floor of tessellated marble, and the beautiful but evidently modern roof, effectually marred the antique effect of the whole. From the hall we were shown through the suite of state apartments — the anteroom, the cedar drawing room, the gilt room, the state bed room, the state dressing room, and the great banqueting hall. These were all rich beyond description in pictures, marbles, busts, vases, cabinets and tables exquisitely inlaid, curiosities and antiques of all sorts. Among the pictures are many which my heart stood still to behold. There was Shakspeare, Leicester, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Philip Sidney, Cromwell, Prince Rupert, (a glorious creature!) Henrietta Maria and her children, and a choice number of England's immortal decapitated — Anne Boleyn, Earl of Essex, Strafford, Montrose, Mary, Queen of Scots, and "Charles the Martyr," who, according to Catholic tradition, presented himself to St. Peter with his head, not his heart, in his hand.

The finest pictures in the collection are, I think, by Vandyke. Nothing, surely, can be grander, in the way of a por-

trait, than his equestrian picture of Charles I., which hangs at the end of a corridor by itself. The state bed room, where stands the famous bed of Queen Anne, a splendid, comfortless-looking affair, is hung with quaint, faded tapestry, made at Brussels in 1604. The state dressing room is an exquisite little apartment, hung with small but valuable paintings; its windows command some lovely views, and Lady Warwick has shown good taste in appropriating it as a boudoir.

The armory is a curious, heterogeneous collection, comprising, it seemed to me, every weapon of personal offence and defence, of every age, over the whole world. There hung the crossbow of an ancient Briton by the tomahawk of an American Indian; a light, richly-mounted modern rifle beside the heavy battle axe of a Crusader; and next to the velvet-sheathed dagger of Queen Elizabeth lay one of Colt's murderous revolvers. In short, the long, high armory seems one chaotic mass of all the instruments of war and assassination which the genius of man, aided by infernal inspiration, has yet been able to devise.

On our way up to the billiard room, we were shown the splendid trappings of Queen Elizabeth's horse, perchance those he wore at Kenilworth; and on the billiard table lay her maiden majesty's fiddle, a curiously-carved instrument, in an old wormeaten case.

As our time was limited, we did not ascend either of the towers, or pass along the walls; but we visited the greenhouse, where we saw the famous Warwick vase, brought from Adrian's villa, Tivoli, by Sir William Hamilton; and afterwards strolled through the grounds for a time — alas! too short a time. Trees more beautiful and stately never caught the sunlight on their glistening leaves, never answered the winds with continuous murmurs, or cast a gracious shade on the earth. The cedars of Lebanon gave me a sort of religious joy and awestruck admiration — flung their beauty on my soul like solemn shadows.

St. Mary's Church, Warwick, is principally celebrated for its beautiful chapel, and as containing the Beauchamp tombs. In the chancel are the marble effigies of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and his countess, Catharine Mortimer; of their son Thomas, and his countess — "they four, and no more." The sarcophagus of the poet, Sir Fulke Grevil, is in the chapter house. It contains this pithy inscription: "*Fulke Grevil, servant to Queen Elizabeth, councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney. Trophœum peccati.*"

The Beauchamp Chapel, famous for its exquisite Gothic architecture and splendid windows, contains monuments and effigies of two Earls of Warwick, of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and of Lettice, his third countess. The figures of the last two are dressed and colored as in life. They seem to have stretched themselves out for a sort of stiffened siesta. Strangely enough, I felt an involuntary indignation against them both, on poor Amy Robsart's account. Opposite is the tomb of Leicester's infant son, who was heir to eight titles when he died. This "*noble impe*," as the inscription calls him, was impiously poisoned by his nurse; but he may have escaped the scaffold in this way — who knows? He is a pretty child as he lies there, like a stately little petrifaction.

From Warwick we drove to Stratford on Avon, about eight miles, by a pleasant and quiet road.

I cannot hope to give in their fulness the feelings with which I approached this shrine of my highest intellectual worship; to tell how every hill and green-shadowed vale, and old tree, and the banks of that almost sacred river, spoke to my hushed heart of him who once trod that earth, and breathed that air, and watched the silver flowing of that stream; of him whose mind was a fount of wisdom and thought, at which generation after generation has drunk, and yet it fails not; of him whose wondrous creative genius

passed not alone into grand and terrible forms of human and superhuman power, nor personations of manly wit, royal courtesy, and warlike courage; but who made himself master of all the mysteries of the feminine soul of Nature, called into being a world of love and poetry, and peopled it with beautiful immortals; of him whose bold yet delicate hand swept every chord in man's variable nature, to whom the soul of childhood gave up its tender little secrets, from whose eye nothing was hid even in the deepest heart of womanhood.

I knew the house — I should have known it any where, from plates and descriptions. We passed through the shop into what seemed to have been a sort of family room. Here I felt disposed to linger, for in that deep chimney corner *he* must have sat often, in winter nights, dreaming the dreams that have since filled the world. Perhaps he there saw, in the glowing embers, the grotesque and horrible faces of Caliban and the weird sisters, or the delicate forms of Ariel and Titania, floating in the wreathed smoke, and heard in the rain without the pitiless storm which beat upon the head of Lear.

We ascended a short, narrow flight of stairs, and stood in the birth chamber of Shakspeare! the humble little room where his infant heart took up that throb which had in it so much of the intellectual life of the ages to come. As I stood silently there, I was almost pained with a vain wonderment as to the mother of Shakspeare. Was she great hearted and large minded — fully worthy of the glory which rays back upon her? Did no instinctive pride stir grandly in her bosom, as she laid against it first her new-born child? Did no prophetic glorying mingle with her sweet maternal joy?

The entire house is small and simple even to meanness; and yet it has ever been, and must be while it stands, the "pilgrim shrine" of genius, and wealth, and rank, and royalty, where the humble and great of all nations do homage to a

monarch of the human mind, absolute and undeposable. As I emerged from this low, dark house, which I hold should be dearer to England than any palace of her kings, and walked towards the Church of the Holy Trinity, I was disagreeably struck by the smart, insolent newness of some of the buildings on my way, and by the modern dress and air of the people. How I hated the flaring shop windows, with their display of cheap ribbons, and prints, and flashy silks. But I was comforted by the sight of a goodly number of quaint and moss-grown houses, and I could have blessed a company of strolling players and ballad singers, who had collected a gaping crowd in an open square, for being in harmony somewhat with the place. I could have willed Stratford and all its inhabitants to have been wrapped forever in a charmed sleep, like that of the fairy tale, when Shakspeare was laid to his rest in that picturesque old church on the banks of the Avon. Nature seems nowhere unharmonious with one's poetic memories of him — you could almost believe that the trees, and the grass, and even the flowers, were of his day. I remember a rich June rose, hanging over a hedge, its warm leaves glowing through glistening raindrops, and that it seemed to me *he* might have looked into the heart of this rose, and dreamed of the passion-freighted heart of Juliet. We entered the church, passed up into the chancel, and stood before the bust and above the ashes of Shakspeare.

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On our return to Warwick, we found that we had not time sufficient for a visit to Kenilworth Castle. I am intending to "do" that, on my way to London, next week, together with the famous old town of Coventry, where the benevolent Lady Godiva once took an airing on horseback, not for her health, but for the common weal.

Sunday afternoon. — I attended worship this morning in the old parish church of Edgbaston. I chose this because I

was told it was a beautiful, antique, ivy-clad, foliage-embowered little building. I found it all this — the very ideal of a country church, half hid among the trees, and calling sweetly to worship with most melodious bells; but the service was more than two hours long! The beadle in his red livery and baton, striding pompously up and down the aisle, a terror to all sniffling little boys and coughing old paupers, struck me most ludicrously: the sermon was weak, and the delivery weaker; and, on the whole, I came to the conclusion that when next I wished to see a country church for its picturesque situation and ivy-mantled tower, I would choose a week day for my visit.

To-morrow I am to have my first sight of an English cathedral. I wonder if, in its consecrated precincts, I shall feel any awe-struck remorse for my present irreverence; or if, like most tourists, I shall forget all such things as personal religious sentiments in admiration of its architectural proportions, sculpture, and stained glass. *Nous verrons.*

CHAPTER II.

NOTTINGHAM. — LINCOLN. — NEWSTEAD. — HUCKNALL. — KENILWORTH. — LONDON. — BARRY CORNWALL. — WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — THE CITY. — MR. COBDEN. — HYDE PARK. — HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. — LORD CARLISLE. — MARY HOWITT. — PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT. — THE QUEEN. — MARTIN TUPPER. — MISS MITFORD.

JUNE 23.

THE *old* castle of Nottingham, which figures so largely in history, occupied a grand site, and, judging from the outlines as they can now be traced, and by a gateway and lodge still standing, must have been a strong and noble feudal edifice. It was destroyed in Cromwell's time. The building, standing, though in ruins, was built in 1679, in the dull, ugly style of that period; it has no pretension to the name of castle, and not even its lofty site, one hundred and thirty-three feet above the meadows, nor ruin, nor ivy, can make it picturesque or venerable. The only interest attached to it is, that it was the residence of Queen Anne in her shadowed days, and was finally burned and demolished in the mobs of 1831, in a popular outbreak against the Duke of Newcastle, for voting against the Reform Bill. But the old castle was a famous place. It was built by William the Conqueror, on an immense rock, perforated with druidical vaults, caverns, and long, winding passages. It was a favorite place of residence, or visitation, and a stronghold of power with all the old English kings, and swarms with historical associations, and strange, dismal legends. Here Richard Cœur de Lion held his first council after his return from the Holy Land; here the cowardly King John often shut himself up, out of the way of his stern barons;

here the voluptuous Queen Isabella held her court, and through those dark, secret passages, leading from the meadows below, came her adventurous lover, Roger de Mortimer, to keep his perilous appointments; here he was taken by Edward the Third; here Henry the Fourth often came in state, and here Owen Glendower was imprisoned. Richard the Third frequently held his court here, and here he first heard of the landing of Richmond in England; through that same old gateway he set forth for the march which closed on Bosworth Field. The first Charles here planted his standard in 1642 — an ominous storm blew it down that night; here he was brought, a prisoner, in 1646.

The view from the castle terrace is exceedingly fine, comprising a vast extent of waving grain fields, and meadows, and wooded hills, beautified by silvery streams, sweet rural villages, picturesque old churches, and elegant residences.

We were greatly pleased with a drive about the town, which has some fine churches, and a goodly number of literary, scientific, and charitable institutions. We saw "Gallows Hill," where Robin Hood and Little John released Will Stukely, and hung "the proud sheriff" in his stead, and the house in which Henry Kirke White was born. Nottingham is peculiarly favored in being the natal dating-place of poets. Thomas Bailey, and his son, Philip "*Festus*" Bailey, William and Mary Howitt, Thomas Miller, the "basket maker," and a score of others more or less distinguished, were born in the shadow of "the great rock."

On our way to Lincoln, we passed the residence of Sir Robert Peel, and the ruins of Newark Castle, which show oddly in the midst of the busy town, hard by the railway station. Lincoln is built on the rocky site of an old Roman city; and here, for the first time, I saw Roman arches, roads, and pavements.

The ruins of Lincoln Castle and of the Episcopal Palace

are the finest I have yet seen; but every thing sinks into insignificance beside the magnificent cathedral. We ascended to the top of the great tower. O, such a fearful "getting up stairs!" But the grand prospect from the summit well repaid us for our toil and loss of breath.

On descending, we found one or two vicars, and a little crowd of white-gowned boys, performing service in the chapel. We heard the organ rolling its melodious thunder through the solemn arches, and the choristers singing a beautiful anthem. But, beyond the solemnity of sound, the grandeur of noble music, the English worship struck me as utterly unsuited to the splendor of old Catholic cathedrals. It has form without poetry, ceremony without mystery. It is wanting in the ideal and picturesque; and so, to the outward eye at least, comparatively cold and tasteless. There is a dreary bareness, an incompleteness, about a vast cathedral like this, without the warmth and glory spread abroad by pictures of saints and "the Virgin of virgins," without the grace of sculpture, the pomp of gorgeous priestly robes, the silvery wreaths of incense, the radiance of illuminated altars, and, above all, the presence of a kneeling crowd of fervent and humble worshippers. If we are to have a religion of form, let it be the perfection of form, say many in these days; if we are to worship through the outward and visible, let at least our types and symbols be beautiful and harmonious. In a country of confiscated cathedrals, and churches denuded and despoiled of their fitting and legendary accessories, I can easily understand this Puseyite reaction. Though it is undoubtedly in many directions a strike for power, it is in some a mere rebellion of taste. This sentimental passion for all things mediæval, from the illuminated prayer book of the noble lady to the Gothic red-brick country house of the retired grocer — this rage for mouldy tapestry, ingeniously-uncomfortable chairs, and hideous old saints in stained glass, is a part of the same religious back set.

We returned to Nottingham in the evening. Mr. Sturge here left me with some kind friends, with whom I spent the night, and who in the morning accompanied me to Newstead.

I never can forget that morning. The air was soft and warm, though a fresh, invigorating breeze was blowing, and clouds were drifting occasionally across the sun. We were in an open carriage, and, for once, our simple faith was rewarded, and we had no rain to dampen our enthusiasm. Our road led through a country which my friends pronounced bleak and dreary, but to my eyes it was beautiful for its neatness and greenness, its peculiarly English character, and for its wild, legendary associations — for it was the ground once haunted by Robin Hood and his "merrie men" — the old forest of Sherwood. In front of the gate, at the entrance of Newstead Park, stands a grand old guardian oak. Passing this, you enter a long, noble avenue of firs ; then you come upon an open piece of ground, covered with wild fern — then upon some fine trees — then the lake — then the abbey! This was to me both more imposing and beautiful than I expected to find it. The larger part of the building has been wonderfully and completely restored by the present owner, Colonel Wildman ; and the remaining ruins are of so light and graceful a character, and so richly clad with ivy, that they give a decorative, rather than a desolate, look to the whole.

An intelligent housekeeper showed us through the abbey. First we entered the drawing room, — a fine apartment, hung with elegant pictures, — among which I only saw, with the eyes of my heart, Phillips's fine portrait of Byron, the *real* master of Newstead forever. In this room the housekeeper took from a costly cabinet the famous and fearful skull wine cup. I will not pause to describe all the beautiful show apartments of the abbey ; those which interested me most were the breakfast room, once used by Byron as a dining room, and his own chamber, which is kept precisely as he left it. This

last is small and simply furnished, hung with some views of Cambridge and an engraved likeness of Fox. From the window is one of the loveliest views imaginable, and one recognizes at once the taste of the poet in the choice of his chamber. No guest ever occupies this room, except a younger brother of Colonel Wildman, who was Lord Byron's fag at Harrow, and holds that he has a right to the honor of sleeping in the muse-haunted chamber of his illustrious tyrant.

Strangely sorrowful, almost agonizingly regretful, were the thoughts which swept over my mind, wave after wave, and shook my heart like a tempest, as I stood in the place where the young poet passed many of his hours of silent thought, it may be of lonely wretchedness. Here he must often have contemplated his ruined fortunes and the desolated home of his fathers. Here surely his passionate heart often turned with a fond, vain yearning toward the "hills of Annesley" — toward her

> "who was his life,
> The ocean to the river of his thoughts."

I never before so deeply felt how passing mournful was the story of Byron's first and only love. That Mary Chaworth returned the passion of her young poet lover, I have not a doubt; but, like the Montagues and Capulets, the houses of Chaworth and Byron were at feud. Mary had not the strength and truth of Juliet, and so they were parted — a separation by far more piteous for her, and more fatal to him, than death amid the full summer brightness of happy love. *This*, not Shakspeare's, was the true soul tragedy. Might she not have taken the helm of his passion-tossed spirit, and guided it into deeper and calmer waters? Might she not have redeemed even his wayward and erring nature by the divinity of a pure love and a steadfast faith? But it was not to be. Mary bestowed her hand upon a man of whom little better

can be said than that he ranked "among the most eminent sportsmen of the day" — lived, it is said, to weep wild tears over the words which have linked her name in sorrowful immortality with her lover's, and died in broken heartedness, at last — while he, grown reckless, restless, and defiant, the very core of his heart turned to bitter ashes, forgetting his God, and distrusting and despising his brother, swept on his glorious, shameful, sorrowful, and stormy career, till the shadows deepened, and the long night closed in.

The village of Hucknall is the most wretched little hamlet I have yet seen in England; and the small, mean, dilapidated old church above the vault of the Byron family has not one venerable or picturesque feature.

The tablet raised to the memory of Byron, by his sister Augusta, is plain, and so in excellent taste. As I stood on that rude slab, in that dismal and mouldy old church, I was struck most painfully with the miserable unfitness of all the surroundings of *his* tomb, who loved all beauty with a poet's intense passion. I could not believe that that grand head, with its clustering dark curls, those eyes of strange brightness, and lips of proud beauty, those fair, patrician hands, and that fiery and princely heart, were dust and darkness at my feet. Better would it have been to have laid him, where he willed to lie, by his faithful "Boatswain," in the vault at Newstead.

I have not spoken as fully of the abbey and grounds of Newstead as I should have done had I not believed every one familiar with Washington Irving's charming account and the notes of many other tourists. I must allow myself to say, however, that the restoration of the abbey seems to me a miracle of good taste and artistic adaptation; that the building now is a rare combination of antique picturesqueness, with modern elegance, of cheerful home comfort, with an almost

monastic quiet and seclusion. Colonel Wildman was a schoolmate and friend of Byron, and lovingly, almost religiously, preserves every relic and remembrancer of the poet.

At Nottingham, I reluctantly took leave of my kind new friends, (whom God love!) and came *home* to Edgbaston.

LONDON, JUNE 25.

I left Birmingham yesterday, amid the brightness and freshness of one of the loveliest mornings I ever beheld, for an excursion to Kenilworth, with a party of pleasant friends, consisting of two charming Quakeresses, with a world of unwritten poetry in their deep, quiet natures, and a sweet little girl, who flitted about among the ruins like a bird or a butterfly, enjoying their beauty, and unconscious of their desolation.

The old castle of Kenilworth far surpassed my imaginings in the grandeur of its yet unlevelled walls and towers, the loveliness of its surroundings, and the strong spell of its associations. It was enough to make one in love with ruin, and more than forgiving towards the spoiler. The air seemed now throbbing with the proud glory of Elizabeth, now heavy with the sighs of poor Amy Robsart. As I lingered on the spot where stood the ancient gateway through which passed that memorable procession, the gorgeous Queen Bess, escorted by her handsome favorite, the magnificent Earl Leicester, and followed by her brilliant court and the bravest and proudest men of her realm, I could defy death and decay, long wasting years, desolating wars, and ivy-mantled ruins, to shut from my sight the life and splendor of that princely pageant. So with "that inward eye" could I gaze pityingly on sweet Amy, as she sat alone in Mervyn's tower, feeling her heart bleeding and fainting within her with wounded pride and the agonized foreboding of her fond and fatal love. O, time, and death, and ruin are remorseless levellers. The ivy whispers as mournfully of

the crowned sovereign in the gateway as of the deserted wife in the tower; for both had weak woman hearts, and both were deceived.

After returning from Kenilworth, we spent some hours with kind friends at Coventry, where we visited St. Andrew's Church, St. Mary's Hall, and an old hospital, of which I forget the name — all fine antique and picturesque structures, charmingly blackened by time, and in a delightful state of dilapidation.

I am now about to take my plunge into the surging tide of London life. I can scarcely be expected to give a very clear transcript of my impressions till the first shock and bewilderment are past. Thus far, my head seems dizzied and my heart drunken with the very atmosphere of London, surcharged, as it seems, with the grandest, fearfullest, proudest, and mournfullest memories of our common race; for I tell my English friends that the great far past is *ours* as well as theirs.

JUNE 30.

On Friday morning I had the pleasure of breakfasting with the poet Barry Cornwall, — born Procter, — at the rooms of my friend Mr. F——. I found this prince of song writers a most agreeable person, a little shy and reserved at first, but truly genial and kindly at heart, and with a vein of quaint humor running through his quiet, low-toned talk. It gave me quite a new sensation to hear personal recollections of such men as Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb. Of the latter, Mr. Procter related some new anecdotes, giving his peculiar delicious drolleries in a manner surely not unworthy of Elia himself. Since I have been in England, I have read some of the prose of Barry Cornwall. Like the prose of most poets, it is singularly picturesque and imaginative. The articles I have read, though not poetry, press so close on to poetry that they have much of its rarest

essence. Like the leaves that grow next full-blossomed flowers and luscious fruit, they have about them the true divine fragrance and flavor.

After breakfast I walked out with Mr. F——, and, almost ere I was aware, was standing in front of Westminster Abbey. For emotions like those which shook my heart, for thoughts which poured over my spirit, there are no words in any human language. It was not the sombre grandeur of the minster which fell upon me with most power, but the shadows of dead ages that haunted it.

The architecture without is so vast and noble, yet so graceful and aerial, it seems like grand, religious aspirations and fine poetic dreams petrified and fixed there for all time. Within, so exquisite and elaborate is the sculpture and carving that they hardly seem of human workmanship ; and you are half tempted to believe that, by some olden miracle, the senseless stone silently put forth those cherub faces, and that the dark wood budded and blossomed and wreathed itself into all those countless combinations and convolutions of beauty and grace.

The painted glass of the noble windows pours all the glory of life into the solemn interior of this palace of tombs. One great circular window seemed to me like a whirlpool of gorgeous blooms, or a coiled rainbow.

We entered at the south transept, — "Poets' Corner," — and found ourselves standing before the simple monuments of Jonson, ("rare Ben,") Butler, Milton, Spenser, and Gray. From these we silently and reverently passed to those of Dryden, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, Handel, Addison, Garrick, Johnson, and Sheridan. O, how the immortal genius of poet, and wit, and orator, and rare player seemed to hover exultant on that solemn air ! How the dead lords of mind seemed to rule us from their graves, to sway the wild pulses of our living hearts, and to bow our heads, borne

high in the pride of life, low and sad before the mouldering, formless dust of theirs!

In the south aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel we were shown the stately monument of Mary, Queen of Scots. This is a fine recumbent statue, in which the face is very beautiful, though worn and weary looking. In the north aisle is the tomb of Elizabeth, and Mary of the sanguinary *sobriquet*. The maiden queen is here sculptured in her royal robes and preposterous ruff.

The old royal tombs have much barbaric grandeur about them, are a stately acceptation of mortality, but there are few of them at all in accordance with our ideas of artistic beauty. The figure of Queen Eleanor, however, I remember as very beautiful.

Of the modern sculpture, I was most impressed with the statues of the Duke de Montpensier, by Westmacott; of Sir John Malcolm and George Canning, by Chantrey; of Mrs. Warren, by Westmacott; and by the splendid monuments to Chatham and Mansfield, by Bacon and Flaxman.

One is struck throughout the abbey by the prominent places awarded to, and the monumental honors heaped upon, military and naval heroes. The great writers are crowded into a narrow corner; while the great fighters have every where plenty of sea room and field room to set up their immortal battle show, and plant their guns and unfurl their flags over yards on yards of sculptured wall.

The sitting statue of Wilberforce, in position and expression, is ludicrously characteristic and unclassical. It gives you an odd feeling to turn from the cross-legged carelessness of its attitude to the cross-legged stateliness of some knight Templar. It affects one strangely to go from the white array of these modern works of art into the shadowy chapel of Edward the Confessor — to look upward to the mediæval dark-

ness of the far, vast roof, and around upon the quaint and blackened tombs of ancient kings.

I think I was most painfully impressed in the chapel where the knights of the Bath were installed. Above the seats of the knights hang their swords and shields, and droop their faded banners. As I stood and dreamed, I heard the peal of trumpets, the cry of heralds, the stately tramp of mail-clad men — I saw those high-set banners sway and flutter, as each stalwart knight clanged down into his seat. The place seemed haunted with mailed, visored, and dark-plumed ghosts. The coronation chairs are ugly, uncomfortable articles of royal furniture; and the famous stone on which all the old kings of Scotland were crowned is but a rough, plebeian piece of reddish-gray sandstone.

On leaving the abbey, we visited grand old Westminster Hall, — the scene of innumerable kingly banquets, — whose gorgeous Gothic roof has echoed loyal shouts, and rung with royal revelry, through reign after reign, and century after century.

After a lengthened outside survey of the new Houses of Parliament, that "latter-day glory" of Gothic architecture, we drove into the city, passing through the old gateway, Temple Bar, and by the streets where Milton taught school and Johnson toiled; Christ's Hospital, where Charles Lamb was a "Blue-coat boy;" and down Paternoster Row, the narrow, dark birthplace of countless immortal books. I was amused by the aristocratic disdain of signs evidenced by the distinguished masters of the trade. Byron's publisher has simply "Mr. Murray" in small letters on his door. We then drove round St. Paul's, a sombre, mountainous building, which to my eye has more the look of a vast heathen temple than an edifice for Christian worship; and passed that awfullest of prisons, Newgate, the sight of which flung a sudden darkness on the day.

In the evening I took tea quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, to whom I had brought letters. Richard Cobden I found to be, personally, all that his noble political course and high-toned eloquence had led me to expect. He is most kindly and affable in manner, converses earnestly and thoughtfully, though with occasional flashes of humor and nice touches of satire. He seems full of life and energy, and will, I trust, yet answer all the great hopes the people have reposed in him.

Last night I had a charming ride *à cheval*, in Hyde Park. Much of the rank and fashion of West End was out, either in carriages or on horseback; and a more magnificent display of high blood and breeding, both human and equestrian, surely the wide world cannot furnish. We rode for about an hour up and down "Rotten Row," an avenue especially devoted to the riders, admiring the beauty and grace of England's fair daughters and the glory of its horse flesh. The riding of the English ladies is marked with great elegance, but extremely quiet, utterly free from display, and in many cases, I thought, wanting in spirit. They seemed to ride as in some grand state procession, to make up a noble show, rather than for the joy and exultation of that most glorious exercise.

I felt curiously when I found myself galloping by that Crystal Palace which had so often shone on my dreams, stored and gorgeous with the treasures of all lands, and crowded with many-nationed life. It is beautiful still in its bright desolation, and in the strange silence succeeding the sea-like murmur of innumerable voices, the continuous sound of passing feet, and the rich rustle of brocades.

Yesterday Mr. Cobden did me the kindness to show me the Houses of Parliament. He first introduced me into the gallery of the House of Commons, behind that Turkish barbarism, the lattice-work screen, where I beheld, "as through a glass darkly," a few scattered M. P.'s, some sitting bolt up-

right, some lounging on long, green benches, leisurely legislating, with their hats on. The speaking was brief, conversational, and commonplace. Mr. D'Israeli spoke, for about a quarter of an hour, on the affair of the expulsion of the missionaries from Austria. The chancellor of the exchequer has a look decidedly and darkly Hebraic. When I say this, I must confess that I have in my eye the modern Abraham, who lends money to fast young men with handsome expectations, or the modern Moses, who presides at the pawnbroker's counter, rather than the faithful patriarch of old, or the wise lawgiver, leader, and feeder of Israel. The face wears to me no high character, but is cold, politic, and subtle in expression. I could only see the sentimental exquisite who penned Henrietta Temple in the dainty waistcoat and spiral black curls of the chancellor. In the House of Lords some cause was being tried — a black-gowned, big-wigged advocate was speaking before a black-gowned and bigger-wigged judge. I knew Lord Brougham at once, from the admirable though not over-complimentary sketches of Punch. He looks somewhat broken, but hardly so old as I expected to see him.

The new parliamentary palace is beautiful and magnificent in the extreme. We have nothing even faintly comparable to it in our country; and long may it be ere we have for such a purpose. The splendid unsuitableness of this edifice for the theatre of grave legislation, it seems to me, can be scarcely questioned. Infinitely more suitable, surely, would have been the pure and severely simple Greek architecture, strong, and calm, and cold, like Government and Law, rather than the elaborate, fantastic, and poetic forms of the Gothic — a style whose effect is always graceful rather than stately, and whose associations are romantic and religious.

This morning, the Earl of Carlisle, to whom I brought a letter, with his well-known kindliness and courtesy called, and brought, in addition to the great pleasure of his acquaintance,

one of Her Majesty's tickets to the gallery of the House of Lords for the prorogation, which is to take place to-morrow. His Lordship also favored me with tickets to the London University, where, this afternoon, the prizes were distributed — the Earl of Carlisle presiding. From witnessing this very interesting ceremony I have just returned.

After distributing the prizes in his own peculiarly graceful and affable manner, speaking some words of praise and encouragement to every proud and blushing winner of academical honors, Lord Carlisle spoke at some length, eloquently and nobly. He was followed by the lord mayor, and by Joseph Hume, a fine specimen of a true-souled old man. The latter complimented Lord Carlisle as "a noble who ennobles nobility."

In the conversation during his morning call, his lordship spoke of our country with apparently most pleasant recollections of his visit. He expressed a deep interest in the great problem, that solemn question of our age and land — slavery. He was reading, he said, a book which bore upon this subject, and which impressed him most powerfully, both as an unanswerable argument against slavery, and as a work of genius. He added, that the style and the story were so fascinating that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could lay it down before finishing it. Of course, it was Uncle Tom's Cabin, which is creating an immense sensation in England.

I have spent a delightful evening with Mary Howitt — a charming, true-hearted woman, as she has unconsciously written herself down in her books. The poet Alaric Watts was present, and the painter Margaret Gillies. Mary Howitt the younger, a beautiful, natural girl, is an artist of rare talent and poetic spirit. I have also met the authoress Mrs. Crowe, a very interesting and genial person, who, if she has a "night side" to her "nature," never turns it on her friends.

July 7.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 1st we set forth to witness the prorogation, which was to take place at two o'clock. Yet, though so early, we found others before us, and were obliged to wait in our carriage for more than half an hour before we could enter the House of Lords. I found that my seat was one most desirable, both for seeing the brilliant assembly and the august ceremony: it was near the throne, yet commanded a view of every part of the splendid chamber.

The gallery was soon filled with ladies, all in full dress, jewels, flowers, and plumes. Many of the seats of the peers were also filled by their noble wives and fair daughters, most superbly and sweetly arrayed. O, the glory of those gorgeous brocades, rivalling the blue of Italian skies, the green of English fields, the bloom of Cashmere's roses, the purple and gold of American sunsets! O, the exquisite beauty of flowers, fit to make Flora die of envy, and outdoing Nature in a thousand unimaginable forms! O, the soft, drooping downiness of costly plumes! O, the proud flashing, the inestimable splendor, of old hereditary jewels — the sapphire, which seems to enshrine some serene, celestial soul — the emerald, restless with some imprisoned spirit of the "vasty deep" — pearls of such liquid purity as the white-beaded foam shaken from the locks of Venus — rubies of a joyous, luscious richness, like wine drippings from the goblet of Bacchus — garnets of a deep, dark, less festive than sorrowful hue, as they were hardened blooddrops from the heart of Niobe — and diamonds, giving out a haughty, regal gleam, as they were frozen tears from angered Juno's eyes.

As a matter of course, I saw many of the fairest specimens of English aristocracy — women of strong and healthful yet delicate and elegant organization — women of refined expression and high-bred air, whose noble blood showed itself

not alone in their proudly-borne heads and delicate hands, but was eloquent in every motion. But, as a faithful chronicler, I must add, that there were some, whom, were it not for their wearing the titles and coronets of ladies, an "outside barbarian," like myself, would be in danger of confounding with the vulgar herd — some who neither wore their ladyhood regnant on their brows, nor revealed its softness and grace in manner and movement; so it is well that the "Red Book" is explicit on the point of their claims. Among those conspicuous for elegance and loveliness were the young Duchess of Northumberland, and Lady Clementina Villiers, the famous court beauty. That most magnificent of matrons, the Duchess of Sutherland, was not present. Towards one o'clock the peers began to come in fast, clad in their crimson robes of state. They are a noble and refined-looking set of men, taken as a whole; but some there are so decidedly plebeian in the outward, one, on beholding them, recalls old stories of cradle exchanges, or feels amazed at the measureless assurance of Nature, in fashioning of common clay vessels of such honor — in making the patrician flesh and blood so marvellously like the beef-fed *physique* of the people. The Duke of —— has a rotundity of figure, and a full bloodedness and full mooniness of face, more aldermanic than majestic. But few eyes dwelt on His Grace, when there slowly entered, at the left of the throne, a white-haired old man, pale and spare, bowed with years and honors, the hero of many battles in many lands, the conqueror of conquerors, *the* Duke! Leaning on the arm of the fair Marchioness of Douro, he stood, or rather tottered, before us — the grandest ruin in England. He presently retired to don his ducal robes and join the royal party at the entrance by the Victoria tower. The pious bishops, in their sumptuous sacerdotal robes, made a goodly show before an ungodly world. The judges came, in their black gowns, and in all the venerable absurdity of their

enormous wigs. Mr. Justice Talfourd, the poet, a small, modest-looking man, was quite extinguished by his. The foreign ministers assembled, nation after nation, making, when standing or seated together, a most peculiar and picturesque group. More gorgeous richness and variousness of costume I never beheld. They shone in all colors, and dazzled with stars, and orders, and jewel-hilted swords. The red Greek cap, richly wrought with gold, sat jauntingly on olive brows and raven locks; while high above all towered the ugly black hats of the Persian envoys. Our minister, Mr. Lawrence, was dressed with a quiet, simple elegance, becoming the representative of a republic.

In the gallery, near me, sat the little Indian princess lately admitted into the English church, with the Queen for a sponsor. She is a pretty, bright-looking child, and was then literally loaded with jewels. Opposite her sat the handsome and ponderous prince, her father, Said Pacha. He was magnificently dressed — girded about with a superb India shawl; and diamonds, for the least of which many a hard-run Christian would sell his soul, gleamed above his swart brow, like stars amid dusky evening clouds.

Lord Redesdale took his seat on the woolsack, and some business was despatched in a hurried and indistinct way. Soon after two o'clock, the guns announced the arrival of the royal procession, and in a few moments the entire house rose silently to receive Her Majesty. The Queen was conducted by Prince Albert, and accompanied by all the great officers of state. The long train, borne by ladies, gentlemen, and pages, gave a certain stateliness to the short, plump little person of the fair sovereign, and she bore herself with much dignity and grace. Prince Albert, it is evident, has been eminently handsome, but is now getting stout, and is a little bald. Yet he is a man of right noble presence. Her Majesty is in fine preservation, and really a pretty and lovable-

looking woman. I think I never saw any thing sweeter than her smile of recognition, given to some of her friends in the gallery — to the little Indian princess in especial. There is much in her face of pure womanliness and simple goodness; yet it is by no means wanting in animated intelligence. In short, after seeing her, I can well understand the loving loyalty of her people, and can heartily join in their prayer of "God save the Queen!"

Her Majesty wore a splendid tiara of brilliants, matched by bracelets, necklace, and stomacher. Her soft, brown hair was dressed quite plainly — rolled in the neck as for riding. Her under dress was of white satin, striped with gold; her over dress was, of course, of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold and ermine.

After desiring the lords to be seated, the queen commanded that her "faithful Commons" should be summoned. The members of the lower house are only allowed a narrow, ignoble space, railed off from the chamber, under the gallery, opposite the throne. Into this they soon came, hurrying, and tumbling, with a sad want of aristocratic dignity and parliamentary decorum. While the speaker was reading his formal speech, I looked round upon the scene, striving to stamp it indelibly upon my memory. The vast chamber itself, gorgeous in crimson and gold, frescoes rich and historic, carving exquisite beyond description, the pride and loveliness of England's aristocracy, with the emblems of its exhaustless wealth, splendidly attired and decorated officers of state, of the army, and of the royal household, grouped about the throne, and *her* upon the throne.

Throughout the reading of the speech, Her Majesty listened with a cold, quiet manner, sitting perfectly motionless, even to her fingers and eyelids. The Iron Duke, standing at her left, bent and trembled slightly, supporting, with evident difficulty, the ponderous sword of state. Prince Albert, sit-

ting, tall and soldier-like, in his handsome field marshal's uniform, looked nonchalant and serene, and only needed his meerschaum to make up a perfect picture of German placidity. The Earl of Derby held the crown on its crimson cushion, gracefully, like an accomplished waiter presenting an ice. That crown smote on the eye with its intolerable brightness. The wondrous costly jewels seemed to throb with life, the undying life of light. O immortal stones, on how many scenes like this have ye looked, with your cold, gleaming eyes, mocking alike the proud flash in the bold eyes of mighty kings, and the smiling light in the gentle eyes of fair queens — mocking, indeed, all the passing power and the perishing glory ye are meant to adorn and emblazon, and the mournful mortality, the deathward throbbing, of the brows ye encircle!

After the reading of this speech, certain bills were read to Her Majesty for her assent; which she gave each time with a gracious bow, shaking sparkles from her diamond tiara in dewdrops of light. At every token of royal acquiescence, a certain personage, whom I took for a herald, bowed low towards the Queen, then performed a similar obeisance towards the Commons, crying, in a harsh, an utterly indescribable voice, "*La Reine le veut.*" This ceremony gone through with, the lord chancellor, kneeling at the foot of the throne, presented a copy of the royal speech to the Queen, which she proceeded to read in a manner perfectly simple, yet dignified, and in a voice singularly melodious and distinct. Finer reading I never heard any where; every syllable was clearly enunciated, and the emphasis fell with unerring precision upon the right word.

The lord chancellor having formally announced that parliament stood prorogued until the 20th of August, Her Majesty rose as majestically as could be expected of one more remarkable for rosy plumptitude than regal altitude. Prince

Albert took his place at her side — the crown bearer took his in front — the train bearers took theirs in the rear; the royal procession formed, swept slowly forth, the brilliant house broke up and followed; and so the splendid pageant passed away — faded like a vision of poetry, or a fairy enchantment.

Most of us were obliged to wait a long time in the anteroom before we could gain the staircase where our carriages were announced, because of the mighty inward rush of the people from the corridors, eager to get a sight even of the empty chamber, so lately glorified by the presence of nobility, and sanctified by the breathings of royalty. It was in vain that gentlemanly ushers waved the official rod, and strove to preserve order — in vain that awful policemen, pale with shocked loyalty, shouted, "Make way for the peers and peeresses." The curious crowd came surging in, and the bonneted wives of citizens elbowed the coroneted wives of dukes, and tradesmen got entangled in the ermined robes of peers. One poor old man was rudely jostled against me. I looked up commiseratively into his face, and it was the Duke of Wellington! It was four o'clock ere we reached home, and yet we were by no means the last to get away.

After dinner we went to Her Majesty's Theatre to see performed The Barber of Seville, with Madame de La Grange, a fine French singer, as *Rosina;* Signor de Bassini, as *Figaro;* and the *great* Lablache, as *Doctor Bartolo.* The first bass singer of the world is an enormous man — a monster of melody, who spouts up columns of sound from the "vasty deep" of his immense lungs, and whelms you in the flood.

Early on the second, one of the loveliest mornings that ever dawned, I set out, with Mr. F—— and a few choice English friends, for a day at Albury, the residence of Mr. Tupper — a poet whose manners are as popular as his works,

and whose hospitality is as "proverbial" as his "philosophy." Our party consisted of Mr. F——, F—— B——, a London merchant, yet a poet, and a friend of poets, a lover and a generous patron of art, a politician of high-toned liberality, a warm-hearted man, and, what was the crown of all virtues on an occasion like ours, an admirable humorist; Mrs. B——, his charming wife, and "little Frank," a blue-eyed, fair-haired beauty of a boy; Mr. Durham, the young sculptor, to whom we owe the noblest bust of Jenny Lind; Camilla Crosland, the delightful authoress, whom we know well under her maiden name of Toulmin; and Mr. Jerdan, or "old Jerdan," as he is familarly called, a man of nearly seventy years, yet retaining the joyous spirit of seventeen, one of the finest wits and most remarkable personages of his time.

From the station at Guildford we drove to Albury, about a mile, through the most delicious lanes, past streams, and little lakes — altogether one of the pleasantest drives I ever enjoyed.

Mr. Tupper's place is the very ideal home of a poet — sheltered in a lovely valley, embowered in noble trees, clambered over by vines, and illuminated with roses. The house itself is quaintly beautiful outwardly and inwardly, finished and furnished with simple elegance and much artistic taste.

O, what a golden day they made for us — our genial host, his lovely wife, and their children that *are* children! What pleasant talks we had in the library; what walks in the garden; what frolics with the little ones in the hay field; what a merry, noisy, nonsensical time over our dinner; and what a glorious ramble through green woodland paths afterwards! O for a Joshua to have laid an injunction on the sun, which, even in England, will set at last! On our return drive we threw mournful glances on the beautiful country which had so charmed us in the morning, and grieving that we should see its face no more. We took leave of our host and his

handsome little son at the station most regretfully; though I am sorry to say that some of our party were guilty of several bad puns up to the last sad moment.

On our way back to town, Mrs. Crosland — with whom, by the by, I had become deeply interested during the day — pointed out to me Ryegate, the place where Eugene Aram was usher in a school.

The day following, I again went into the country with my good friend F——, on a visit to Miss Mitford. Another morning of soft airs and surpassing beauty, as though sent to favor our homage to one of the truest poets of nature. We passed in sight of Windsor Castle, which shows gloriously even from afar. I wish I could give an idea of the peculiar gorgeous effect produced by the wild poppies in bloom along our way. The embankment of the railroad was crimson with them for miles, and seemed rushing by us like a river of blood.

We left the rail, and took an open carriage at Reading, a quaint old place, containing some venerable abbey ruins. "*Three Mile Cross*," the immortal "Our Village" of the sketches, is some miles from this town, but the poetess does not now reside there, having removed to a simple little cottage at *Swallowfield*, a mile or two away. We drove through "Our Village," however, and passed her old home; and every field, and lane, and house, and shop was familar to my eye. The birds in the trees seemed singing her name over and over, and the wild roses in the hedges were breathing of her. I gazed down her favorite walks, half cheating myself with the hope that I should see her strolling under the green shadows with her lovely little friend *Lucy*, and her beautiful greyhound *Mayflower*. I looked longingly over towards Aberleigh, and sighed, that she who had made those lovely rural scenes the haunts of charmed fancy, and places of quiet delight, and refreshment, for thousands, could herself roam over them and rejoice in them no more.

I knew when we were near Miss Mitford's home, by our encountering a group of her picturesque *protégés* the gypsies, who were lounging on the turf at the entrance of a lane, sunning themselves — a careless, lazy-looking set of vagabonds, who scarcely deigned to turn their faces towards us as we passed; though one dusky damsel fired up at us with her gleaming eyes, from the ambush of her black, straggling locks.

We were pained to find Miss Mitford, who has been in a feeble state of health for some years past, suffering from an attack of illness more than usually severe. Yet she did not look ill: her fine expressive face was lit with pleasant smiles, and she retained her kind, sympathetic manner, and cheerful, charming spirits to the full. Miss Mitford talks delightfully, with graphic descriptions of places and persons, free dashes at character, and a rich, delicious humor, which you relish like a dainty flavor. She has the joyous, outgushing laugh of a child, and her kindly eyes flash from under her noble brow and snowy, soft hair with all the vivacity of girlhood.

No complaining could have been half so touching as her cheerful resignation when she was told that she must not go with us to drive, a pleasure to which she had been looking forward. Feeling that she had over-exerted herself in conversation, we left her for an hour or two, while we visited Strathfield-Saye, the noble country seat of the Duke of Wellington, and drove through the extensive and beautiful grounds. The park is one of the finest in England, but the house is neither grand nor picturesque.

It was with real sorrow at my heart that I parted with Miss Mitford that evening. The excitement of the morning had worn off, and she looked pale and sad. I grieved to leave her with only her maid and man servant, devoted though they be — feeling that she, whose heart was so rich in tenderest affections, should have the near love and anxious

care of at least a sister or brother ever about her steps. My lips quivered painfully under her parting kiss, though receiving it as the benediction of one of God's angels. I never shall forget the deep melodious fervor of her "*God bless you!*" bestowed on her well-beloved friend Mr. F——; nor her last smile cast on us both, as she stood in her door, looking after us as we drove away. Yet I was much comforted in my sadness by the thought, that ever, while England boasts a pure literature and a virtuous people, while her quiet country lanes stretch out their lovely vistas of greenery, while her hawthorn hedges blossom through the pleasant land, will the name of Mary Russell Mitford be cherished and revered.

I would not have it thought that Miss Mitford leads a solitary or dull life. I am happy to say that many of the nobility, as well as her countless literary friends, honor themselves by showing her every possible attention and kindness.

CHAPTER III.

Newgate. — Model Prisons. — Mr. Dickens. — Walter Savage Landor. — Charles Kemble. — English Hospitality. — Mr. and Mrs. Hall. — Joseph Mazzini. — Albert Smith. — Zoölogical Gardens. — British Museum. — Windsor Castle. — Stafford House. — Bridgewater Gallery. — Mr. Kingsley. — A Literary Party. — Astley's. — The Docks. — The Tower. — Greenwich. — The Opera. — Grisi. — Mario. — The Tomb of Milton.

July 13.

On Tuesday I dined with Sir Thomas, or Mr. Justice Talfourd, as I believe this is the higher title. The poet is a most kindly, quiet, unpretending man, and converses agreeably, though with occasional wanderings of thought, and lapses into a sort of ejaculatory dreaminess.

On Wednesday, with my good friend Mr. B—— for a *cicerone*, I visited Newgate and St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There were comparatively few criminals in the prison, but they were hard, Heaven-forgotten looking creatures. I think I never saw human eyes which had so lost every ray of the primal soul light, seeming to give out only a deathly, pestilential gleam from moral vileness and corruption — faces into which all evil passions were so stamped as by the iron hoof of Satan himself. My very soul shuddered and sickened at the sight of beings seemingly so helpless, hopeless, and redemptionless; yet I dared not despair, remembering that I stood on ground hallowed by the labors of Elizabeth Fry, remembering what wonders of repentance and redemption she had all singly and silently wrought, with her holy faith, her patient endurance, and that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

Newgate is a black, gloomy place, darkened as by the thick shadows of innumerable miseries and crimes, and terrible in the array of chains, and bolts, and ponderous iron doors — where narrow stone stairways, and noisome cells, and long, low, chill passages, fill one with shivering horror. Yet this was built under the direction of Howard. Surely in nothing is the progress, the enlightenment, and the leniency of the age more marked than in prison construction and discipline. Thank Heaven for the token!

Our guide showed us into a sort of gallery, high walled and paved with dark stone — a damp, dismal, lonesome place, from which I shrank back instinctively with a chill horror, which seemed to come up from the black pavement, and creep through my very bones. It was the place where the criminals hanged at Newgate are buried. On the wall their initials are rudely cut, so that friends, if they leave any, may know on which of those ponderous flagstones to shed the bitter tears of their shame, the desolate tears of their sorrow. From visions of hurried burial scenes — where bodies, borne purple-faced from the near scaffold, were thrust into this prison charnel house, shut down into the blackness of darkness, with the shades of shame and crime keeping an eternal watch above, and not a word of pious pity, nor a sculptured prayer, not even a chubby cherub face, to exorcise demons, — my mind went back a few centuries to the gorgeous funeral obsequies of sceptred robbers and crowned murderers, who, with slow religious state and regal pomp, were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, under grand canopies, costly monumental effigies, heraldic signs, holy texts, and royal lavishment of praise.

The guide told us that criminals on trial for murder were conducted to and from the court through this awful passage. "What were the trial by fire *to this!*" remarked my friend. "What were treading on burning ploughshares to walking over the bones of murderers!"

The courts were in session. In one which we visited, a China man was brought up in evidence, and he took the oath by solemnly breaking a saucer. If typical, in many cases an honester than the Christian form.

From Newgate we went to the noble old hospital I have mentioned, where I was comforted by seeing the poor and suffering, the homeless and friendless, skilfully treated and tenderly cared for.

We afterwards visited the new Holloway Prison, and the Pentonville Model Prison, both of which strike me as most admirably constructed; and the latter, which alone is occupied, very wisely and mercifully managed. After Newgate, these buildings have a lofty, airy, an elegant, and almost cheerful look. The health and comfort of the convicts are here studied to a degree quite alarming to certain adherents of the old system, who cry out that all such prison reforms are setting a premium on vice; as though even baths, warm blankets, wholesome soup and bread, were compensations for the forfeited freedom. While remarking every where in these institutions the perfection of order and discipline, I was yet more deeply impressed by the kindly feeling, the humane sentiments, expressed by the officers; and I left the prison walls more hopeful for the criminal and for society than I entered.

On Thursday evening I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and a small party, at the pleasant house of the novelist, in Tavistock Square. Mr. Dickens is all I looked to see, in person, manner, and conversation. He is rather slight, with a fine symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humor. Yet, for all the power and beauty of those eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting

paper, and the last written pages of Bleak House. Mrs. Dickens is a very charming person — in character and manner truly a gentlewoman; and such of the children as I saw seemed worthy to hand down to coming years the beauty of the mother and the name of the father. Mr. Dickens looks in admirable health and spirits, and good for at least twenty more charming serials. That, should he furnish to the world yet more than that number of his inimitable romances, they would be as fresh and attractive as those which had gone before, I have no doubt, from the confirmed impression I have of the exhaustlessness of his genius, and of the infiniteness of variety in English character, of phases in English life.

Mr. Dickens's style of living is elegant and tasteful, but in no respect ostentatious, or out of character with his profession or principles. I was glad to see that his servants wore no livery.

Next me, at table, sat Walter Savage Landor — a glorious old man, full of fine poetic thought and generous enthusiasm for liberty. Opposite sat Charles Kemble, and his daughter Adelaide, Madame Sartoris. At the other end of the table were Herr Devrient, the great German actor, Barry Cornwall and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Basil Montague.

Charles Kemble is a grand-looking old man, animated and agreeable in conversation, and preserving to a wonderful degree his enthusiasm for a profession around which he and his have thrown so much of glory. In Adelaide Sartoris you recognize at a glance one of that royal family of Kemble, born to rule, with a power and splendor unsurpassable, the realm of tragic art.

Herr Devrient is a handsome, Hamlet-ish man, with a melancholy refinement of voice, face, and manner, touching and poetic to a degree, though not quite the thing for a pleasant evening party. Yet I must confess I caught myself more than once turning from the lively pleasantries of agreeable

acquaintances to regard the thoughtful beauty of his face, and speculate upon its dreamy sadness.

During the evening, Madame Sartoris sang several ballads in a magnificent manner, with a dramatic expression, and a sweetness, strength, and wealth of voice I never knew surpassed. She did not astonish us with curious vocal feats; she did not frolic with her voice like a child, nor warble idly and capriciously like a bird. She sung like the woman she is, out of the depths of a strong, impassioned nature, giving full, melodious utterance to great human affections. She sung with a power and a purpose, a heart-searching passion, only less indescribable than the wondrous changes of expression, the lights chasing shadows, the shadows deepening into night, then flashing into morning over her face.

During this evening, Mr. Dickens spoke to me with much interest and admiration of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Hawthorne. Wherever I go, my national pride is gratified by hearing eloquent tributes to these authors, and to the poet Longfellow. The memorials of Margaret Fuller have also created a sensation here. Carlyle says, "Margaret was a great creature; but you have no full biography of her yet. We want to know what time she got up in the morning, and what sort of shoes and stockings she wore."

Thus far my experience of English life and character has been pleasant, altogether pleasant. Hospitality more generous and cordial, kindness more constant, warm, and considerate, it were quite impossible to conceive. O, tenderly do they deal with the stranger's heart. Most sweetly do they strive to console it for the lost home joys, the deep, dear affections left behind.

Before I left home, I talked bravely of the great plunge into the cold bath of the world which I was about to take — of the new life of entire independence and self-reliance before me. My lip sometimes quivered, and I laughed hysterically as I pictured myself as "the strong-minded woman" abroad,

but none could know the cowardly sinking and sickness of my heart through all. Yet thus far have I taken not one lonely and unsupported step. No sooner had I reached the far foreign land which had so appalled me than I found myself so hemmed in with kindness, so guarded and guided by friendly care, that there was, and is, imminent danger of my becoming more babyishly dependent than ever. People on whose good offices I had not the least legitimate claim — mere friends of my friends — rival in assiduous kindness parents, brothers, and sisters, and quite outdo and put to shame all more distant blood relationship whatever.

I am at present visiting in the family of Dr. J. Laurie, a distinguished physician of the homœopathic school — a man of fine scientific attainments and literary tastes, and politically of liberal principles. He is a true Scot, and his bonnie wife was a Scotch lassie. She, in her quiet unselfishness, in simplicity and earnest truthfulness of character, as well as in shrewd judgment and sterling sense, reminds me of Jeannie Deans. These, with their sweet young children, have made much of my happiness in London — have softened this new, strange life of hurry and excitement, with home pleasures and loving sympathy.

English servants are in their way a most admirable class — going quietly about their duties with a perfection of system and a thorough respectfulness, a dignified humility of manner, quite new and wonderful to an American. I allude, of course, to those in private families; domestics, waiters in hotels and coffee houses, are a different class altogether. Yet I have heard an amusing story of more than Yankee coolness and independence displayed by one of the pampered retainers of a high dignitary of the church. The faithful, old-fashioned man servant of a country clergyman, on a visit to the Archbishop of York, told his master that, while sitting one morning

in the servants' hall, a bell was rung violently. Near him a richly-liveried footman was lounging in an easy chair, with his heels as high as his head, — for all the world like an American Congressman legislating at his ease, — and from this comfortable position he budged not an inch at the importunate summons above mentioned. "What!" cried the primitive and provincial serving man, "don't you answer the drawing-room bell?" "Not unless they *persewere*," was the cool response of his footmanship.

Thus far, I have dealt more with the people than the sights of London. The town itself is such a stupendous subject, that I really know not where to grapple on to it. A few days since, Dr. Laurie drove me round all the fashionable squares, and through Hyde Park to Kensington Gardens, where we had a charming stroll. During this drive, I saw all the finest town residences of the nobility and gentry. They are noble, massive buildings, but by no means all of great elegance or architectural beauty. The fashionable squares enclose small parks, in each of which may be found a towering statue — some royal rigidity, or ducal petrifaction, stretching a mouldy sceptre over the gravel walks, or rearing eternally on a furious steed. Regent Street is most magnificent. I think I have never seen any thing finer than the grand circular sweep it takes. Oxford Street is also very handsome.

Town and city, as well as country, have been full of scenes of excitement during the late elections. These, as far as I was able to see, were not a great way behind our own in animated interest and noisy demonstration.

The liberal party are quite hopeful, I believe, and confidently state that the premier is soon to rest from his labors, and the chancellor of the exchequer to hang his jewsharp on the willows.

We are having terribly hot weather here, and showery England is belying its reputation. The united voice of the

people is for rain. *Apropos:* they tell a story here of the late Duke of Cambridge, who had a habit of responding with peculiar heartiness to any congenial sentiment uttered in public meetings, and even in church service. During a very dry season, as a prayer for rain was being solemnly read by the minister, his royal highness called out, in the emphatic and reiterative style of his illustrious house, "By all means, by all means, by all means!" then added, in a lower, but still distinct tone, "We shall not have rain, however, till the wind changes."

July 21.

At an evening party I lately met the authoress of the charming novels, Olive and The Head of the Family. Miss Mulock is an Irishwoman, about twenty-five, *petite* and pretty. In manner she is quiet and gentle, while her smile and her voice have a sort of dreamy sweetness about them very peculiar, and in a lionized authoress surely most agreeable for its unexpectedness.

A memorable day last week was spent with the Halls, at their lovely country residence. With a soft and cloudlessly beautiful heaven above, and all the leafy and flowery glories of an English summer beneath and around — with a charming, rambling, picturesque house, which was like a fairy palace of poetry and art — and above all, with such a host and hostess, I should have been utterly, childishly happy, but for the one shadow which ever falls on the path of the wanderer — the one sadness which haunts the heart of the stranger, — the yearning want of some loved presence — the weary pain of a lost companionship.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall have revealed the tone of their minds and the tenor of their lives through their books with a beautiful, unconscious truthfulness. The fine wit and humor and wide knowledge of life, which give so much of richness and spirit to their inimitable sketches of Irish character, flow

into and impart a peculiar charm to conversation and manner; while the refined tastes of artist and poet are manifest in all their home surroundings, blending in countless forms of beauty, and taking strange freaks and quaintnesses of fancy.

Of our party that day was the authoress of Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside — a fair Scotchwoman, not over twenty-two, a modest, quiet, lovable person, who seems far from having made up her mind to admit the fact of her own genius. Having wakened one morning to find herself famous, she believes the world to be laboring under some strange delusion, and accounts herself an immensely overrated little woman, after all.

On the day succeeding this visit I first saw Joseph Mazzini, — I had brought a letter to him from his friend Kossuth, — and he spent a generous part of the morning with us. Mazzini is not a large man, though taller, I should say, than Kossuth; he is slight in person, and extremely pale. His head is one of the grandest I have ever seen; his eyes have the true southern depth of darkness and gleam of passionate fire, yet are softened with poetic feeling, and are pathetic with all their power. They are darkly shadowed as by great sorrows and weary watchings. To give an idea of the high, generous thought, the noble aspirations, the enthusiasm and eloquence, to which we were charmed listeners that morning, I have only to say that Mazzini talks as he writes.

On Saturday evening we attended Albert Smith's new entertainment. "*The Ascent of Mont Blanc.*" So delighted was I with the wit, the fine graphic spirit, the charming humor of the bold tourist, and the rare beauty of his panoramic illustrations, that I fear I almost made myself ridiculous by my uncontrollable expressions of enthusiasm and pleasure. Yet I think those around me held me excused, and that our entertainer himself would have pronounced no harsh judgment upon me. I know not whether I had most delight in the

tourist's wondrous power of description, which bears you with him from Chamouni's quiet vale, up, up, into the awful Alpine solitudes — the solemn eternity of snows — up, till you hear the avalanches thunder from the far peaks, and look into the yawning fissures, the icy sepulchres of some who have gone before — up, up, till you stand with him on that stupendous dome of ice, and behold mountains, and seas, and kingdoms below, and nothing of all the earth between you and God — or in that daring, delicious wit, which must have way even amid the sternest Alpine grandeurs, as the gay sunshine plays over the glaciers, and slides down their fearfullest abysses.

On Sunday morning we attended service in old Temple Church, a rarely beautiful building, but chiefly interesting for its late wonderful restoration. At the time of Cromwell, the curiously painted walls and roof, the fine tessellated pavement, and the elegant marble pillars were thickly covered with cement, for concealment and preservation. Thus they remained until a few years since, when they were discovered by accident, and restored at an immense cost.

After service, we strolled through the Zoölogical Gardens, where we saw, I suppose, about the finest collection of animals in the world. I wish I could dash off a sketch of her stupendous majesty the great elephantess, with the clumsy little prince royal, the calf elephant, as they appeared when enjoying themselves in their bath; and of his royal highness the great camelopard, as he stood stretching his interminable neck over the railing, impertinently watching them in their recreation. The rhinoceros revelling in his mud, and the hippopotamus rolling lazily in the water, are also a pair of "beautiful pictures to hang on memory's wall."

As the apes stretched out their paws to us through the bars of their cages, begging for nuts and crackers, I shuddered with a new disgust — they were so fearfully like

the squalid little human beggars along London streets. How I loathed them for their horrible mockery of humanity!

I saw the lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, and hyenas, at their feeding time. Each dined off an undressed hare; a mere tidbit, one would say, to their savage capacities. They did not devour their delicate morsels at once, in hungry haste, but, though trembling through all their mighty fibres with a fierce relish, they prolonged the palpitating pleasure by licking every drop of blood from the little creatures, and daintily playing with them. As the keeper repassed, and struck with his pole on the bars of their cages, they opened upon him with the true lion and tiger spirit, as fierce and untamed as it ever roared through Numidian forests, or howled out of an Indian jungle; while live flames shot from their eyes, revealing the unquenchable and ineradicable hell of ferocity in their blood-nurtured natures. Yet there is a terrible grandeur about the creatures, even at feeding time, which fascinates me. The old lion looked royal, even when sucking out the still beating heart of the poor rabbit, glaring at his keeper the while, as Napoleon might have glared on his hated governor at St. Helena. There was beauty and wild grace in the attitude of the velvety pard, for all the stealthy murder crouching there. I gazed on them so long that lions were roaring through my sleep, leopards stealing softly on my dreams, and tigers glaring at me through the bed curtains, all night long.

Monday we spent some hours at the British Museum. This sight is one of my despairs. It is a world of wonders — an eternity of curiosities. The Elgin marbles and other ancient statuary were not to me all I expected them to be — or rather, the woful unsuitableness of the place for such grand fragments of art, the want of all their natural surroundings, made the sight almost as painful as pleasurable. And yet I had hardly

realized that the olden, immortal grace could so triumph over mutilation and decay, and compel the homage of even the inartistic gazer, as it does through these defaced and dilapidated divinities, these armless graces and legless heroes, these tailless horses and headless riders. So noble are those forms in the great power yet perfect symmetry of their full physical development, so free in action, so grand in repose, so beautiful in half-barbaric grace, that one sighs at the thought of a humanity so glorious having passed away, and sees a sort of sublime pathos in the long struggle of Art with Ruin and Time, to preserve for it even this broken immortality.

Among the old manuscripts and autographs are sights to hurry one's heartbeats, and make the eager soul look through one's eyes with a childlike earnestness and reverence, rare enough in our every-day life. I had not believed it possible that I could be agitated at merely looking on words traced by the hands of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Luther, John Knox, Charles "the martyr," Hampden, Cromwell, Mary, Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, and others of England's, of the world's, immortals. I never could account for the effect which the autographs of genius produce upon our minds, except by belief that something of the soul, of the spiritual presence, lingers about them — an influence which we feel by some inner sense, yet but dimly comprehend.

After leaving the museum, we visited the exhibition at the Royal Academy and the National Gallery. At the first, there were one or two noble modern pictures, which charmed my heart and chained my feet before them; and at the latter, I revelled in my first joy in the glorious conceptions and almost miraculous art of the great masters. Murillo's Saint John seemed to me the divinest of all; but there was one of his Madonnas so saintly beautiful in the tranced joy of her divine maternity, that I felt my knees giving way beneath me, obedient to the instinct of adoration.

Yesterday I went with some American friends to Windsor Castle and Virginia Water. It was a day to be marked with a white stone, as having left on my heart only sunbright recollections. Windsor Castle is nobler and finer every way than I expected to find it; truly a most regal residence — the nursery, the stronghold, the temple of kingliness. While these high places of royalty, gorgeous with the wealth and venerable with the memories of ages, stand forth as the pride and glory of England, and the shrines of romance and poetry for all nations, it seems to me that the institution of monarchy is safe and steadfast — pillared by the sacredness of the past, the admiration and imagination of the present, the involuntary loyalty of the world. The question of "What would they do with their palaces?" never presented itself seriously to my mind at home, in connection with the thought of the possible republicanization of England; yet here it comes with staggering force against any such political air castle.

We had an order which took us through both the state and private apartments, all of which are beautiful and gorgeous beyond my poor powers of description. The private rooms have the most of a home look, if that dear, familiar word can be applied to any thing so magnificent. The long corridor is decorated with some fine portraits, among which I was glad to see that of Scott. Of the rest, the most interesting were a series of paintings commemorative of the principal events in the life of Victoria. Thus far, she has been pretty thoroughly painted. Her Majesty's breakfast parlor is hung with Winterhalter's famous portraits of herself and Prince Albert, and with pictures of the royal children — taken altogether, a very handsome family. From this room, which looks out upon the terrace, there is a lovely view of the park. In short, whatever way the eye glanced, it met only beauty, and luxury, and splendor; and I could but wonder how those favored ones, born to the grandeurs and pleasures of such high estate, could

bring themselves to submit to the inevitable decrees of nature, and die with decent resignation — come meekly down from the throne to the coffin, go humbly forth from the gay palace halls to the dark and narrow house of the dead. Yet we must believe that the kingly crown often presses too tightly around throbbing brows, till every gem seems to shoot a separate torture into the brain — that the woman's heart often aches sharply under the queenly ermine — that the heirs to thrones are also heirs to all the ills of humanity — that the burden of mortality weighs more and more heavily upon them, till they, like the poor wayfarers of life, stretch their tired arms yearningly towards God's rest. In the solemn old chapel of Windsor there is a beautifully-sculptured cenotaph to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, representing her in the attitude in which she died — the death struggle just arrested, and all its fearful agony stiffening into her limbs. The light sheet which wraps her body covers her face, but only to reveal it with more terrible distinctness to the eye of imagination. I shuddered and recoiled with horror, as though from the brink of an abyss, when I found myself standing over the dust of Charles the First.

The drive through the Great Park to Virginia Water, and the long, delicious ramble through those enchanting grounds, are they not written in the pleasantest chronicles of memory? This sweet summer place was the darling work of that princely pleasurist, George the Fourth. He was a spendthrift, a voluptuary, an unfilial son, a bad husband, an indifferent father — a sad fellow in many respects; but he had exquisite taste; there's no denying it.

I must not forget to record, with due gratitude and just appreciation, that the retainers, both at Windsor Castle and Virginia Water, are forbidden by Her Majesty to receive any fee from visitors. O, long may she reign!

JULY 30.

The afternoon following my last writing I visited Stafford House and the Bridgewater Gallery with Lord Carlisle, who kindly proffered his pleasant guidance — an illustrious *cicerone*. Stafford House, the town residence of the Duke of Sutherland, is, externally, a building of no remarkable aspect, though of noble dimensions; but internally it is beautiful and gorgeous in the extreme — decorated and furnished with a perfection of art and a refinement of taste which soften the glare of splendor, and give a poetic grandeur, an ideal grace, to the lavishment of untold riches. There is every where a meaning in the magnificence, a purpose in the princely display, which justify them, at least to the artistic sense, and to the love of luxury inherent in human nature. Every where you recognize the beautiful inspirations of feminine genius for order, adaptation, and arrangement. Were I *au fait* in matters of architecture and upholstery, which I surely am not, I might give some idea of the exquisite finishing and furnishment of some of the rooms I saw. One I shall never forget; it is small, and simply beautiful, peculiarly fresh and summer-like, from its decorations of water lilies. The carpet under your feet is flowered with this sweet wonder of aquatic loveliness, this floral Venus Aphrodite, this censer of purest fragrance, swung by the water nymphs under the waves. It hangs above us in lamps, and through the large window we see it shining near, in the form of a fountain.

Stafford House is not so rich in painting and statuary as some London mansions; yet it has many charming pictures, and the walls of one noble apartment are enriched by several Murillos. I must confess to an absorbing admiration of Murillo's Virgins. They have not the meek-eyed fairness, the innocent, ignorant, lamb-like saintliness of the Madonnas of the Italian masters; but they have a rich, dark-blooded life, a luscious ripeness of beauty, joined to the deep fervor and

high rapture of devotion, infinitely more impressive to me. With beings whose pulses throb with the spring fulness of healthful and beautiful life, — whose senses are all open to the flood tide of human passions, — with natures formed for love and luxury, pleasure and power, holiness is of some worth, because bought with a price, and the saintly glory tenfold more glorious for the heroic renunciation which went before. Therefore do I love the Madonnas of Murillo, for their glowing and gorgeous womanhood — not sinless born, not saintly because of a passionless organization, but sanctified by election to the divine maternity — with all the languid fires of loving eyes turned heavenward, kindled in holy aspirations, and the sighs of passion changed to prayers. So rich and splendid is the character of their beauty, that sometimes, on looking at one, you might fancy her heathen Cytherea turned Christian, with all her roguish Loves changed into smiling Cherubs — except that they have all profounder depth and nobler breadth of life than any Venus. Other pictures may touch my heart or exalt my spirit more ; but Murillo's throng my pulses with a peculiar passionate emotion.

There are many admirable modern paintings at Stafford House, chiefly portraits ; among which are the most celebrated pictures of the magnificent Duchess of Sutherland. Hers is a beauty so peerless and perfect, that Time himself has reverenced it, and ever left some new majestic grace where he stole away a youthful bloom. She is a woman worthy to have sat to the Spanish prince of painters, to have had her loveliness wedded in immortality with Murillo's art. The youngest daughter of the house, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, (name of Marquis Westminster,) is exceedingly lovely ; but her beauty is delicate and tender, not of the rich and regal type of her noble mother.

From Stafford House we went to Bridgewater House, which is near by, to see the fine collection of pictures belong-

ing to the Earl of Ellesmere, and known as the Bridgewater Gallery. The first thing which met the eye, on entering the grand hall, was Foley's beautiful marble group of Ino and the infant Bacchus. The glass roof above the great hall is set with prisms, so that, as the effulgent sunlight bathed the fair Ino in all the gorgeous primal colors, she seemed like a descended Iris, *couchante* upon the flowery earth. I know not what is before me, but I do not believe I shall see any thing in ancient sculpture more graceful than the uplifted right arm of Ino, holding the grapes above the eager-mouthed Bacchus.

Lord Carlisle, perhaps a little unwisely, led me first to the Raphaels, of which there are four — three Holy Families, and one Virgin with the infant Savior in her arms. That moment swung wide before me the gates of a new, a higher world of art — but I as yet stand on the threshold, half dazzled by the interior brightness. To Raphael it seems no poetic extravagance, no sacrilegious enthusiasm, to apply the term *divine*. I cannot conceive how one can look on his pictures long enough to get at their soul without believing him to have been often visited with celestial inspirations; that, by close and holy communion with Heaven, he obtained the secrets of creative power — and that thus visions of transcendent purity, of seraphic loveliness and divine beatitude, were vouchsafed to him. So peculiarly pure and peaceful is the atmosphere of his works, that one half believes them canopied by angel wings. The holiness of the pictures of which I have spoken is the more impressive from its contrast with the splendid sensuousness and sumptuousness of Titian's Diana and her Nymphs interrupted at the Bath by Actæon; Diana and Calisto; Venus rising from the Sea. Titian, it seems to me, was essentially a heathen painter, revelling in all the refinements of natural and physical beauty, his highest raptures seldom rising above the half-sensual, half-poetic joys of

Olympus, and his noblest visions taking in but the nude graces and entrancing beauties of goddesses and nymphs. His coloring is so wondrously soft, yet rich and radiant, his figures are of such surpassing grace and voluptuous loveliness, that I should suppose the young, passionate, and impressible, must, in gazing on them long, feel the moral sense grow bewildered, and reel with the intoxication of their subtle sensuality. How different is it with the works of Raphael, over which the religious master's reverent genius threw a calm and heavenly purity! Of the Holy Families of Raphael in the Ellesmere collection, I like best the one known as La Belle Vierge, in which the young St. John is paying homage to the Savior. The Virgin here is worthy of the high office to which she was called — a tenderly majestic figure, and beautiful beyond compare. She is standing with the youthful Jesus before her. The young St. John is a most glorious figure. As he stands, slightly bent, before his Master, the rich, brown hue of his complexion contrasted with the golden-haired fairness of the Redeemer, with his dark face kindled with the rapt joy of loving adoration, no humble kneeling, no prone prostration, no meek kissing of the feet could express such fealty, such reverence, such acceptation and worship. Not the eyes and the smile alone, but every line and curve of the beauteous form, utters "*My Lord and my God!*" Then the tender, unconscious sovereignty, the gentle, almost shy, acceptance of homage, the budding divinity of the young Christ, are wondrous to behold. I cannot like the St. Joseph in this picture; he seems to me an ungracious old man, devoid of true venerableness. There is a Palma Vecchio in this collection which I like, especially for the St. Joseph, who is younger and handsomer than any other I have seen. Why the husband of Mary should be made such a grizzly-bearded old patriarch of, I never could conceive. It certainly strikes the unartistic as a most unsuitable alliance. I lingered long before Domen-

ichino's Christ bearing his Cross, and Vision of St. Francis; a Landscape by Claude Lorraine, and one by Salvator Rosa; a Virgin and Child, by Correggio; Christ on the Cross, by Annibal Caracci; and Guido Reni's Assumption of the Virgin. Albert Cuyp's Landing of Prince Maurice at Dort would of itself fill a room with sunlight and splendor; and the great Marine View of Turner you cannot gaze on without feeling the roll of heavy seas, the rush of sprayey winds — without hearing the rattling of cordage, the surge of sails, and the wild tumult of the surrounding storm. Paul De la Roche's superb and most pathetic picture of Charles the First in the Guard Room almost made me a loyalist, and an execrator of my roughhewn hero, Cromwell. The majestic yet mournful serenity, the martyr-like patience, with which the poor King receives the brutal insults of the soldiers of the Parliament, and the bitter grief and powerless indignation of his two faithful followers, are alike heartbreaking. There are many fine pictures in this collection by the Dutch and Flemish masters; but they do not impress me very deeply, or exalt me above a wondering admiration at their richness of coloring and perfection of detail. I looked at them all curiously, with frequent exclamations of delight, but turned from them at last unsatisfied, and with a yearning at my heart which led me back to stand silent and subdued before my Raphael, my St. John.

While lingering there, I observed Lord Carlisle greet, with much cordiality, a slight, pale, refined, clerical-looking man, who stood near us. After a few moments' conversation, his Lordship introduced this gentleman to me as the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of Alton Locke. I did not meet him without emotion; for I had been most deeply impressed by the power and purpose, the terrible earnestness, of his writings, the heart-crushing pathos, the fearful vividness of his pictures of misery, of the mortal desperation of the struggle of the poor with want and wretchedness, and all the horrible shapes of sin

and despair. You see few indications of the impassioned strength of Mr. Kingsley's genius in his countenance or conversation. He is quiet in the extreme, even while talking of art like an artist and a poet. I should think his mental life inwardly intense, rather than outwardly demonstrative, except through the pen. He spoke of America with much interest, and with fine appreciation of the spirit of her institutions.

By the way, I meet with very few instances of that ignorance of and indifference towards our country which I was told to expect in England. The only things which cause me to bite my lip occasionally, with merriment, not vexation, are a certain display of geographical knowledge, which puts me to my trumps, and an overplus of patronizing praise. Yet a gentleman did say to me lately, in the coolest manner possible, "Has not civilization advanced farther in the New England than in the other states of your Union?" It was quite a new sensation to find myself classed as "an outside barbarian;" for I was obliged to acknowledge that I was no New Englander. I must say that I am not altogether pleased by the manner in which American slavery is spoken of here. People either darkly allude to it, as though fearfully touching on some family disgrace, in your presence, or come down upon it, and all concerned in it, with merciless execration, and seem to think it might be done away with easily, speedily, with all its evils and enormities; that it is but an ugly excrescence on the social life, which may be quietly lopped off at pleasure, and not what we know it to be, a deep-seated cancer, near the vitals of the Union itself — difficult and perilous to eradicate, though more perilous far if left alone. Such as at home consider me a fanatic would smile to hear me in England, not defending slavery or slaveholders, — Heaven forbid! — but demanding that simple justice should be done, and patience exercised, towards us as a nation; and reminding our judges that a like evil and sin is not a half century's remove from

their own doors. Yet I would not have you think that this subject is always or often treated in a way to give me pain. There are many who have brought great powers of thought to bear upon it, as one of the deepest problems of the age — who give us their most generous sympathy and magnanimous judgment; and comparatively few are they who err in this matter, through want of reflection, or from "zeal without knowledge."

One day last week I joined some friends in a pleasure excursion on the Thames, got up by some of the city authorities — Mr. Francis Bennoch presiding. We went up the river on a beautiful barge, moving to fine music, as far as Twickenham, where we were for some hours moored opposite Pope's villa. We had dancing, a sumptuous dinner, toasts, sentiments, and speeches — altogether a charming time.

The shores of the Thames are beautiful, not for any remarkable picturesqueness of natural scenery, but for their admirable cultivation, and a succession of noble country seats. Richmond Hill is the finest point I saw, and that commands one of the finest views in England. But every spot in sight had been rendered classic ground by the genius of Pope, Thomson, and indeed of nearly all the elegant English writers of the last century and a half. It stirred up old memories to glance into the shadowy grotto of Pope. I almost looked to see the crooked and gallant poet come forth, handing out the lovely and mocking Lady Mary. I would hardly have been startled to have seen the brilliant trifler, Walpole, walking daintily across the lawn, or Thomson lounging lazily under a tree at Richmond, or the charming Kitty Clive driving past.

I have been visiting in Chelsea for the week past, for the sake of quiet and repose. Here it is almost as quiet as the country, at night, and would be during the day but for the usual suburban superabundance of noisy infancy next door, and an hourly liability to the visitations of pertinacious

"Punch and Judy" men and hopeful hurdy-gurdy women below the front windows. Near us is a large warehouse of second-hand furniture, where I yesterday observed a downy-bearded David and his blushing Dora making their prudent purchases. There one can buy every thing — from frying-pans to mirrors, from kitchen chairs to family portraits. Ay, they will most irreverently knock you down venerable gentlemen in perukes and powder, and stately dames in ruffs and farthingales. There are plenty of these worthy old people to be had at various depots of this kind in London; so when you go to housekeeping you can easily furnish yourself with a few ancestors at a very moderate price, and warranted respectable.

Tuesday afternoon and evening were spent with a delightful party at Mr. B——'s pleasant place, Blackheath. Among the guests were the Croslands, the Mackays, — the hearty, generous-spirited poet and his beautiful wife, — Miss Pardoe, a very charming person, Sir Henry Bishop, the composer, Dr. Kinkel, the German patriot, and his wife, who played a heroic part in his escape from Germany — an interesting and accomplished lady, who touches the piano with rare skill, and sings with peculiar sweetness, though with tones of mournful meaning, and all the vain homesickness of the exile sighing through her voice.

This morning I went again to the Bridgewater Gallery, chiefly to see my blessed St. John and the beautiful child Jesus. This afternoon I have been listening to the grand, inspiring talk of Mazzini; and with a prayer that the glorious land of the divine painter and the patriot hero may yet be free, I go to my sleep.

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August 6.

On Monday evening last, my passion for horse flesh and some mirthful recollections of Bon Gaultier's ballads of the

ring led me to suggest Astley's to the kind friends who were inquiring what we should have next in the way of amusement. The building is very fine for the purpose, but the audience on this night was neither large nor select; indeed, it was the lowest and noisiest house I ever looked down upon and up at, for the pit and gallery held nearly all. It was an odd sight to me to see baskets of cakes and oranges, and cans of beer, carried about between the acts; to see old men and women, such as with us are never seen out, except it be at church or prayer meeting, young men in their working dress, and their wives and babies in arms, all eating and drinking, and having a jolly laugh or a cosy gossip with their cronies.

The spectacle — "Peter the Great" — was very beautiful, and much of the acting fine, though nature was every where sacrificed to stage effect. We saw some magnificent riding under the direction of that illustrious personage of a mysteriously uncertain age, Mr. Widdicombe.

On Wednesday I visited, with Mr. B—— and our charming friend Miss D——, the immense wine vaults and tobacco warehouses at the Docks. These vaults extend over acres, and are richly stored with the genuine juice of the grape, piled, pipe on pipe, on either side of innumerable and seemingly interminable passages — the delightsome paths of Bacchus, the pleasant *longas vias* of old Silenus and his crew. Without a guide, one might easily be lost in this subterranean labyrinth, and wander for hours in this wilderness of wines, find himself quite at sea, though not far from Port, and just off Madeira. What a horrible place of torment in which to confine some ancient inebriate, without the means of helping himself to that which his soul loveth — wine, wine on every side, "and not a drop to drink."

From the Docks we went to the Tower. This I found far from being the gloomy and venerable building I had expected to see. The larger portion is of light-gray stone, showing

much white mortar. This, and some repairs lately made, give the whole structure a modern and cheerful appearance, which it requires all the dark splendors and tragic terrors of old memories and historical legends to overshadow and render venerable.

Escorted by a warden in the costume of the yeomen of the guard of the time of Henry VIII., you enter the horse armory at the south-west corner of the White Tower. Here you see the effigies of the kings, from Edward I. to James II., with many of their distinguished knights and nobles, all mounted and clad in the very armor they sported, or rather supported, at tourney and fight. Francis Hastings bears up gallantly under a suit weighing upwards of a hundred pounds. The beautiful suits of Elizabeth's lovers, Leicester and Essex, are quite in character with the courtly splendor of those ill-fated favorites.

Perhaps the most magnificent, though one of the least ancient suits, is that of Charles I. It is gorgeously gilt and ornamented in arabesque. This gallery also contains countless curiosities of war, all varieties of arms, and glorious trophies of battle and conquest. It is a place for English hearts to beat high and swell with national pride. Queen Elizabeth's armory is the gallery of greatest interest. It contains an equestrian figure of Her Virgin Majesty in the costume in which she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Here are many curious weapons, very ancient and awful; such as the "Military Flail," the "Catchpole," the "Glaive," the "Poleaxe," the "Lochaber Axe," and most horrible of all, for the infernal mockery of its name, the "Morning Star," or "Holy Water Sprinkler." The first name comes from its form, a ball of wood set with spikes, and fixed on the end of a pole; the "holy water" was the blood and brains it scattered around when it was swung by a strong arm in the thick of the battle. I stood with a sick heart by

the instruments of torture, laid my hand upon them, studied the atrocious ingenuity of their contrivance, yet could not believe the revolting truth, that in the reign of a queen, a very woman, one would say, regarding her weaknesses, human forms had writhed within them, human bones and sinews cracked under them, human hearts burst with excess of pain, true human souls grown wild and shrieked out false confessions. O, as I longer gazed on these dread implements, with what unspeakable reverence I thought of them who had "endured unto the end," till with lips stiffened and eyes impurpled with suppressed anguish, till bathed with the blood and sweat of extremest torture, and old with ages of agony compressed into one mortal hour, the panting life crushed out, the senseless body grew deathly still, and the faithful spirit rose serene above its merciless tormentors, above its gloomy prison house to its rest on the bosom of the Crucified!

Opening out of Queen Elizabeth's armory is the dungeon wherein Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for more than twelve years, and where he wrote his History of the World. You feel, while standing in that dark and most gloomy cell, a singular mingling of admiration, indignation, wonder, and pity. O the unimaginable humiliation, pain, and weariness of such a life to him, the princely courtier, the brave adventurer, the statesman, philosopher, and poet!

Just before Raleigh's cell stands the beheading block; not the one used at his execution, but the one on which Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat suffered the penalty of treason. The marks of the axe are deep upon it. Their Lordships' headsman must have been a sturdy fellow, who struck steadily, heavily, and but once. The beheading axe, which stands near this block, is rusty and blunt, by no means a formidable-looking implement; yet it once went gleaming down on to the neck of the princely Essex, and sent

the rich young blood of Anna Boleyn spurting into the face of the headsman.

Within the Church of St. Peter, under the pavement, lie the ashes of Sir Thomas More, Anna Boleyn, Rochford, Catharine Howard, Essex, Northumberland, Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and of many others whose names are crimson illuminations through page after page of English history.

The Council Chamber of the White Tower is a place of great interest, as having been the scene of the impeachment of Lord Hastings by Richard of Gloucester.

The building in which the young princes were suffocated is called the "Bloody Tower;" that in which Clarence was drowned the "Bowyer Tower." We were shown the remains of a tree planted by Nell Gwynn over the young princes. The "Traitor's Gate" is a gloomy arch; and the church and the "Brick Towers," the prison of Lady Jane Grey, are melancholy-looking buildings. But aside from these, the old palace prison of England is outwardly neither stern nor sad of aspect.

The regalia is a magnificent sight, almost blinding one with the blaze of its costly splendor. The great diamonds seem to throb with living radiance, like stars; the rubies seem melting in an effulgent glow, and the emeralds dissolving in liquid light.

From the Tower we went to Greenwich by water, — a charming little trip, — and visited the gallery and chapel of the noble Marine Hospital. There are in the gallery many fine portraits, busts, and pictures of sea combats; and of the latter, some which are simply terrific and revolting.

Nelson is glorified, almost deified, in a series of pictures by different and widely-differing hands. But no most vivid and heroic representation so realized to me the splendid fighter and the great-souled man as the sight of the clothes he wore when he fell, still dark with the stains of his deep death wound.

It is a pathetic and yet a pleasant sight to see the gallant old sailors who fought under him walking about this palace-like hospital, or sitting in the shade together, smoking, and telling old yarns of the sea. Most of them have lost an arm, or a leg, or perhaps both; many are very old and feeble, yet all seem contented and happy.

It strikes me that the public charities of England are grandly conceived and nobly carried out. What is to be done in that way, if not done quickly, is well done, here, where alone you find the perfection of system and thoroughness.

We dined at Greenwich with a small but merry party of friends, when I was first regaled with *white bate*, a delicate and delicious little fish, evidently intended for the royal banquets of Oberon and Titania. After dinner we drove over to Blackheath, where we spent a delightful evening. On our return to town, late at night, we crossed the Suspension Bridge on foot, and had a grand moonlight view of the Thames, crowded with boats and barges, and of the vast city, with its innumerable lights gleaming out from the heavy night shadows. Even at that hour the sound of its restless life beat on the ear like the roar of the sea.

On Thursday night I saw Grisi and Mario, in *Le Prophete*. They were both glorious, though this opera is better calculated to display the acting and person of Mario than those of Grisi. Her singing is beyond conception delicious in some passages — the very soul of maternity, the tenderest motherhood, with all its exquisite pain, and more than queenly pride, spoke, and sighed, and quivered, through her voice — so I was content to miss her grand displays of power and passion. Her beauty was somewhat in eclipse from the plain, matronly, unbecoming costume of her part; but I could nevertheless see that she was a most superb woman. Her wondrous Italian eyes, out of their intense darkness, sending beautiful lambent gleams,

would remind you of that exquisite verse in Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women : —

> "When she made pause I knew not for delight ;
> For sudden from the ground
> She raised her piercing orbs, and filled with light
> The intervals of sound."

Mario is a singularly handsome person, with face all aglow with manly passion. His voice seems to pour in upon and flow over one's soul a flood of clearest music — every wave, every slightest ripple of sound, making a separate melody, rounded and pure, yet all flowing on in noble harmony.

The Covent Garden Opera House is a grand sight of itself, and the getting up of this opera surpassed all I had ever beheld in scenic splendor. The audience was large — brilliant in spite of the season — apparently appreciative, and certainly enthusiastic. But it is my unpleasant duty to record that on this night I saw a most striking evidence of the want of gallantry in English gentlemen. In the pit, more tickets had been sold than there were seats to answer; and I saw fair, delicate young ladies, and feeble-looking elderly ladies, stand during the entire performance, more than four hours, while around them on every side sat vigorous-looking young men, and burly, middle-aged gentlemen, apparently without once thinking of offering to the half-fainting women, even for a little time, the seats which in many cases they had secured by superior force and astounding rudeness in rushing before and crowding back the "weaker vessels," whose maiden modesty and feminine dependence they sentimentalize about and take advantage of. I could not pay too high a tribute to the English gentlemen I have met in society for their kindly courtesy and dignified politeness ; but I must say that no roughest boors, I had almost said *bears*, can surpass in rude selfishness and cool incivility the promiscuous Britons in omnibuses and

steamers, the general John Bull of public assemblies. My own countrymen, how inexpressibly proud I feel of them for the generous kindness, the chivalric gallantry, which everywhere mark their manner towards woman, in whatever guise or character she appeals to them. How gratefully and mournfully I think of them when I am elbowed and thrust hither and thither in crowded passages to places of amusement, or when I am sent pitching headlong to the farthest end of an omnibus — for here the gentlemen move towards, not from, the door, when a lady gets into that commodious vehicle. O young and gallant republican, let it still be your pride to sustain this honorable distinction of the American gentleman — *a chivalric consideration for woman ;* yet be grateful, not boastful; for, as the old Turk said to his son, while pointing to the Franks, "But for the special grace of God, you might have been as one of these."

August 7.

To-day I have made a devout pilgrimage to the grave of Milton, in the parish church of Cripplegate. The spot where the divine poet sleeps the sleep of the blessed is marked alone by a fine bust and a small tablet. Pews are built over the vault, which I do not like; for Milton's grave is too sacred even to be knelt upon by strangers and the inconsiderate, it may be, in mechanical obedience to a mere religious form.

This is a quaint, shadowed old church, where at night one would step softly, in breathless awe, and listen, half hoping to hear angels chanting solemn anthems over the dust of him who so grandly told the wondrous story of creation, of the fall and redemption of man, and who sung God's praise in such high, seraphic strains.

In this church Oliver Cromwell was married. Who ever thinks of the stern Puritan leader as a lover? And yet such grand, craggy natures as his have often the peacefullest, most

sheltered nesting-places for the gentlest human affections. I doubt not he felt for his young bride a deep and manly devotion; and that he dearly loved at least one of his daughters, we have pathetic evidence in the history of his last sad days.

CHAPTER IV.

Wales. — Irish Channel. — Dublin. — Cork. — Blarney Castle. — The Blarney Stone. — The Country. — The People. — Monkstown. — En Route for Killarney. — Glengariff. — A Character. — Killarney. — Excursions. — Ascent of Mangerton. — The dark-bearded Tourist. — Ross Castle. — "Paddy Blake." — The Shannon. — Limerick. — Dublin. — Sir Philip Crampton. — Model Prison. — Lunatic Asylum. — Donnybrook Fair. — Dublin Society.

Dublin, August 25.

I left London on the morning of the 10th, with my friends Mr. and Mrs. B——, for a tour in Ireland. There was little on our way of particular interest till we reached Chester, that famous old town, which figures so largely in the annals of border warfare. The Roman walls are still very perfect and imposing, and the entire place seems hushed and slumberous with grand ancient memories and the sombre spirit of antiquity. We passed the town of Flint, in whose castle Richard II. was imprisoned; Cole's Hill, the scene of a bloody battle between Henry II. and the Welsh; and Holywell, which contains "St. Winifred's Well," an exhaustless fount of romance and poetry. The wide "Sands of Dee" reminded us of that exquisite song in Alton Locke. We caught at Rhyl a distant view of the lovely vale of Clwyd — we halved our admiration between Rhuddlan Castle in ruins and Penrhyn Castle in its glory — between the wondrous tubular bridge and the old Castle of Conway, into which we emerged; for this grand turreted stronghold forms part of the railway station; and we rush with irreverent noise and haste

into the scenes of ancient princely splendor and rude warlike state.

The mountains of Wales, as far as I made their acquaintance, are not of inviting or peculiarly picturesque aspect. Those on our way struck me as miserably bare and bleak, without sublimity of height or beauty of outline. Wales has better mountains, if they would ever come to one — but they require to be done in a separate tour, lying off from railway routes, or at least turning their best faces away. The soil of Wales seems extremely unproductive, except in some of the valleys — the people poor, but every where industrious. The women seem to have a strange fancy for donning the hats, and in some instances the coats, of the men. One sturdy damsel I saw milking by the wayside, who, with one unmentionable exception, might have passed for a Welsh Bloomer. What articles of feminine gear the men take possession of, by way of reprisal, I did not discover.

The passage from Holyhead to Kingstown was accomplished in four hours; but throughout the trip I felt that I would sooner cross the Styx to the Plutonian shores than attempt it again. I thought that I had sounded the lowest depths of mortal suffering in the way of seasickness; but I found that my Atlantic experiences were but a faint prelude to a mild suggestion of this. A gentleman at Cork told me an anecdote of a company of emigrants who were observed passing back and forth on one of the ferry boats during an entire day, and when questioned in regard to their strange movements, answered, they were bound to America in the next ship, and were "practising at the saysickness, just." So the tourist in the utmost he may endure on an Atlantic voyage, before crossing the Irish Channel, may have the consolation of knowing that he is but "practising at saysickness."

At Kingstown we were treated to a taste of nationality in the shape of a bit of a row between two carmen. At the

Dublin station we took that peculiar and distinctive Irish vehicle, an outside jaunting car, which has the merit of giving you a variety in the way of exercise — joltings, backwards, forwards, and sidewise — a vigilant and vigorous endeavor to keep yourself and your luggage on, and an alert watchfulness to keep other vehicles off. There are two kinds of jaunting cars, which are thus distinguished by the Irish carman: "The outside car, yer honor, has the wheels inside, and the inside car has the wheels outside."

We put up at the *Gresham Hotel*, an admirable house, on noble Sackville Street. In the morning we took a car, and saw as much of the town as the weather, which came on chill and showery, would permit. Dublin is indeed a beautiful city — many of its public buildings are remarkably fine, its private residences handsome and tasteful, and its extensive park a treasure of flowery loveliness, leafy luxuriance, and pure, delicious airs. As we drove along the Liffey, our driver pointed out the bridges by name. "This," said he, at last, "is 'Bloody Bridge,' the oldest of all." "Why is it called 'Bloody Bridge?'" I asked. The man bent back towards me, and sunk his voice to a hoarse whisper, as he replied, "Becase, miss, it was off this they hung the poor rebels in '98, and left them hanging till they dropped pacemale into the wather."

The railway station from which we left for Cork, on the following morning, might almost be mistaken for a palace at a little distance — a truly elegant structure. I am impressed by the excellence of the system adopted, both here and in England, of putting all the officials attached to the railways in a sort of uniform. It prevents all confusion and possibility of mistake — it is neat and orderly in itself, and is suggestive of a thorough system and a responsible authority. I hope, most heartily, to see a similar regulation prevailing on the great railway routes at home, where the most important

officials seldom wear any distinguishing badge. But we have the advantage in the system of checking baggage — a protective policy so simple, convenient, and effective, that I wonder it has not been universally adopted. As it is here, porters often walk off with the wrong box to the right cab, or the right box to the wrong cab. All sorts of absurd mistakes are made in the hurry of departures and confusion of great arrivals — quiet old gentlemen grow fussy and fumy in standing guard over their trunks and portmanteaus, against the incursions of marauding cabmen; and female tourists only gain and retain possession of their various and multifarious parcels by the watchful anxiety shown by the old lady of "big box, little box, bandbox and bundle" memory.

The route from Dublin to Cork leads mostly through a barren, boggy, miserable country, with here and there an oasis of waving green and gold, telling of careful cultivation and wise husbandry. There are some fine old ruins along the way, among which I best remember those of Kilmallock, Kildare, where the pious nuns once kept the holy fires burning "through long ages of darkness and storm," Loughman Castle, and the Rocks of Dunamore and Cashel. But all along the line the ruins are almost countless. You grow mortally weary of crumbling turrets, tumble-down gateways, battered arches, and staggering towers, all standing out boldly in the sun and storm; for the absence of trees and shrubbery is a marked feature in the agricultural districts of Ireland. Indeed, the larger part of this ill-fated isle seems, in contrast with fruitful, prosperous, beautiful England, a wild, weary, shadowless waste — scathed, peeled, desolated, and abandoned.

At Cork, we put up at the *Imperial*, another excellent hotel, and after dinner had a delightful drive about the town, which, handsome in itself, is admirably situated. We visited the Queen's College, a new and beautiful edifice, and took a

look at the Lunatic Asylum, also a very fine building. By the way, I am pained while gratified to find, in each large town I have visited in Ireland, large establishments of this kind. Insanity and idiocy are said to prevail to a heart-sickening extent in this unhappy country.

On the following morning, amid golden sunshine and silvery showers, we drove to Blarney Castle, and wandered through those umbrageous grounds immortalized by the poet in the famous song of the "Groves of Blarney." The castle itself is a noble old ruin, and its situation and surroundings are remarkably picturesque and curious. There are natural subterranean passages leading down to the lake, and a black dungeon, where, according to our guide, "Cromwell, the bloody nagur," confined his prisoners. The lake is small, but, according to the above-mentioned authority, quite bottomless. He told us, with a grave face, that the late "Lady Jeffers," having taken a whim into her head to draw it off, had a drain dug full three feet below the surface, but not a drop would run out — a sturdy, conservative old lake. We ascended the great tower, at the top of which we all kissed the new Blarney stone — it being morally and physically impossible for ladies to salute the real Simon Pure, which is outside the wall, some feet from the summit. The gentlemen who accomplish this feat must be held by the feet over the wall, one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, by a stout guide, who is liable to be seized with a sudden weakness, and to call out that he must stop "to spit on his hands" — that he can *howld* on no longer, unless his fee is double; and the unhappy dog in suspense pledges himself to a treat. Our guide assured me that the new Blarney stone was quite as good as the "rale" — that a certain "widdy lady" made a pilgrimage all the way from the North of England, kissed the spurious stone most rapturously, and made a great match soon after. The question arises, Lay the virtue in the stone, or in the pilgrim's faith?

Our return drive was very charming — the rain was past, and sunlight and fresh breezes poured beauty and gladness on our way. I cannot remember to have seen any where, within so short a distance, so many wild flowers. The shrubbery was more luxuriant, the trees finer and more abundant, than we had before seen — every thing on our path was beautiful and gracious save the *humanity*, which was wretched and poverty-stricken in the extreme. From the miserable little mud huts along the road ran scores of children, of all sizes, bareheaded, barefooted, and barelegged, with rags of all imaginable hues and textures fluttering in the wind, and attached to their bodies by some unknown and mysterious law of attraction — certainly by no visible bond or support. With faces begrimed by smoke, and wild eyes overhung with wilder locks, they stretched out their dirty, beseeching palms, and assailed us on all sides of our outside car — most assailable of vehicles — fit contrivance for a beggared land.

Irish carmen are a race of Jehus — driving with eccentric flourishes of the whip, and, when more than usually excited, with strange barbaric whoops and hellos, making their odd little vehicles jump along at an astonishing rate. They are commonly communicative and amusing, though by no means the quaint, cunning, delightful, inimitable wags and wits your Lovers and Levers, your Edgeworths and Halls, have pictured. It is a singular thing, that, though they are from the first free and easy in word and manner, they are never offensively so. Native tact, good humor, and warmth of heart take from their advances all appearance of boldness or impertinence. Our driver on this occasion was disposed to be particularly sociable, though not in the jocular way. He was a man of much intelligence for his station, of a serious, even sad, expression of face; and he talked powerfully and with intense bitterness of the wrongs and sorrows of the Irish peasantry. I was struck by hearing him ascribe most of

their sufferings, not to the English government, but to the *native Irish proprietors*, who, he averred, had revelled in heartless, wasteful extravagance, while the people starved, until since the failure of the potato, when many of them have been reduced to absolute want. It was almost fearful to mark the wild gleam in the man's eye as he spoke his fierce joy in this retributive justice.

We were truly fortunate in having letters to Mr. Shaw, of Monkstown, on the beautiful Bay of Cork, and received from him and his family every possible kindness, and enjoyed in his charming house most gracious hospitality. Mr. Shaw has on his property the ruins of two castles — the one at Monkstown, an exceedingly picturesque structure, dating only from the time of Elizabeth; but the other, Belvelly Castle, upon Cove Island, at least eight hundred years old. We spent much of our time, while with these friends, on the water, rowing from shore to shore, and point to point, of this noble bay, feasting our sight and storing our memory with glorious pictures. We one day rowed to Cove Island, and dined in a hall of the old castle, which had rung to the clang of rude armor and the wassail songs of Erin's princes and knights, and to the wild war notes of Irish harpers, eight hundred years ago.

I had much pleasure in visiting, with Mr. Shaw, two or three of the cottages of his tenants; for I found them all neat, orderly, and comfortable. I have since seen nothing to compare with them.

During our stay at Cork we were twice at the Exhibition, and were interested and gratified far beyond our expectation. One can no longer despair for Ireland, surrounded by such proofs of the taste, talent, and industry of her people. On our last visit we were accompanied by Sir Thomas Dean, who may count among his honors that of having been the chief projector and most able and faithful supporter of this noble work. God speed him, and such as he, in all worthy

efforts to develop and encourage art and uplift honest industrial pride in Ireland.

Belfast, September 5.

On the morning of August 16 we left Cork for Killarney, by way of Bantry and Glengariff. After a short run on the rail we took a stage coach, choosing outside seats, like enthusiastic tourists as we are, though the day was dark and showery. There was little in the scenery, and less in the condition of the country and people, to repay us for our exposure to wind and weather, until we reached Bantry. I can never forget the forlorn, unmitigated wretchedness of the people who thronged round us at the little town of Dunmanway. Among the crowd appealing to us, in all possible variations of the whine mendicious and mendacious, we saw not one man or woman in the national costume and cover all — the double-caped greatcoat and the hooded cloak; all was squalor and tatters, soulsickening and disgusting. Here was infancy, nude and needy, reaching out its dirty little hands; and second childhood, bent and tottering, with palsied palm extended, eyeing you with all the mute wistfulness of a starved spaniel. There was a full assortment of the halt, the hump-backed, and the crippled — all degrees of sightlessness and unsightliness. I turned away from the miserable creatures with a heart heavy with hopeless sympathy and vain pity, and with a conscience stricken for all my own sins of unthankfulness and discontent. And here I may as well pause to remark briefly on the condition and appearance of the peasants in the south of Ireland. Knowing that I could not fairly judge of this class by the idle and ragged crowd who gather round the coach or car in the towns and hamlets, I took occasion, during my stay at Cork, to visit several of the country cottages of the working peasants in company with one of the landed proprietors. In but one out of six did I find a regular fireplace and chimney; in but one was there a

window of glass, and that consisted of a single pane. The others had — with the exception of the door, and a hole in the roof, from which the smoke, after wandering at its own sweet will through the cabin, found its way out — no opening whatever for light or ventilation. But I forget — we did remark a sort of improvised window in one other. In a low, miserable hovel, belonging to a carman, we found a horse occupying full a third of the scanty room; and above his manger a small opening had been made through the mud wall, the good man having found that the health of the animal required what himself and his family lived without — air. To the mistress of this unique habitation, whose one apartment served for kitchen, sleeping room, *stable*, and hall, I said, in horrified amazement, "How is it possible you can live with that horse?" "Sure, miss, he's no throuble," she replied; "and it's little room he takes, after all; for the childer can sleep on the straw, under him, just, and creep between his legs, and he niver harming them at all, the sinsible cratur." It is a common thing to see hens drying their feathers by the genial peat glow, and pigs enjoying the pleasures of the domestic hearth. In another cabin we found two curious old crones, living together on apparently nothing, who loaded us with blessings in the original tongue, and actually went on their knees to offer up thanksgiving for a few halfpence, which we gave as a consideration for intruding on their retirement.

Yet, though living in low, smoky, ill-ventilated cabins, — often with mouldering thatches, and always with damp earth floors, with a pool of stagnant water or a dunghill before the door — though themselves ill fed and but half clad, it is a singular fact, that the peasants of southern Ireland are apparently a healthful and hardy race. You occasionally see fine specimens of manly and childish beauty among them; but a pretty Irish peasant girl we found the rarest of *rara*

avises. There are some families of Spanish origin about Bantry, and of these we encountered one or two dark-eyed, olive-cheeked beggar boys, who seemed to have leaped out of one of Murillo's pictures. The policemen every where are a particularly fine-looking set of fellows; indeed, none but well-made, tall, and powerful men have any chance of enrolment in this honorable, terror-inspiring, omnipresent corps. The professional beggars of Ireland seem a peculiarly hopeless and irredeemable class — not because of the poverty of the country alone, but from their own inherent and inherited idleness and viciousness. They are persistent, pertinacious, sometimes impudent, and often quick witted and amusing. A friend of ours was waylaid by a certain "widdy" woman, with an unlimited amount of ragged responsibilities at her heels. On hearing her doleful story, our friend advised the fair mendicant to take refuge in the poorhouse. "The poorhouse!" she exclaimed; "sure it's meself that keeps the poorest house in all Cork, yer honor." I was amused by an appeal made by an elderly dame to one of our fellow-passengers: "Here's a fine fat gentleman; sure he'll give a sixpence to a poor bony body that hasn't broken her fast at all the day."

If you wish to take a meditative walk among the hills, the chances are that you will return with a considerable ragged retinue; but the larger detachments of this ignoble army of almsseekers are stationed along the public roads. They make their startling sorties from the most lonely, wild, and inaccessible places; like Roderick Dhu's men, they leap up from "copse and heath." Every rock hides a waiting mendicant, and every tuft of broom stirs as we approach with a lurking tatterdemalion. They leap on your way from behind walls, and drop down upon you from overhanging trees — small footpads, or rather *paddies*, who present palms instead of pistols, and blarney and worry you alike out of pence and patience.

After a day of wet and weary travel through a melancholy country, we enjoyed to the utmost the beautiful approach to Bantry, under a clear and sunny sky, and welcomed with enthusiasm the sight of its lovely and famous bay. But even this bright vision was soon eclipsed by Glengariff, where we spent the night. Thus far on my tour I have seen nothing to compare with the glorious beauty of that place. In all the solemn shadows of its wild loneliness, the dark deeps and frowning heights of its grandeur, in all the sweet lights of its loveliness, it lives, and must ever live, in my charmed memory; but I will not attempt to picture it in words.

After dinner, though a light rain was falling, we took a row around the bay, and remained on the water until the night set in. I think we shall none of us soon forget that row over the smooth and silent bay, in the rain and deepening twilight, under the shadows of mountain and rock. The scene would have been too wild, solemn, and awfully lonely, but for the peculiar wit and story-telling talent of "Jerry," our guide and helmsman. He entertained us with some wonderful legends of a certain Father Shannon, a priest, and a famous character in this region about half a century ago. One anecdote illustrative of the holy man's quickwittedness impressed me as an instance of "cuteness" passing the cuteness of Yankees. "The good father," says Jerry, "was one day fishing, in his boat, on the bay, when he heard a swarm of bees buzzing about him. Then he begins to rattle with a knife, or spoon, in an iron kettle he had with him in the boat, till he feels that all the bees have settled on his shoulders. Then he slyly reaches back, and takes hold of the tail of his shirt, (begging your pardon, ladies!) and he suddenly turns it over his head, bees and all, and puts it into the kettle, which he covers over in a second just; and so he takes the whole swarm to Lord Bantry, and sells them for three pounds, and gets his shirt back, too, yer honor."

I am tempted to relate several of Jerry's stories, so peculiarly and richly Irish were they — odd, wild, extravagant, and ludicrous, yet now and then sparkling with a fine fancy, or a rare poetic thought, and in their drollery quaint and quiet, never coarse or common. But I should get on slowly indeed with the story of my tour if I paused to do justice, either by description or quotation, to the originality of character, the spirit and humor, the warmth and generousness of feeling of many of the Irish peasantry with whom I came in contact.

The mountain road from Glengariff to Killarney is a splendid specimen of engineering, and leads through scenery wild and beautiful in the extreme. On the sunny morning of our leaving Glengariff, landscape and air were fresh and delicious after the night's abundant rain, and with thrills and palpitations of inexpressible joy my heart responded to the gladness of nature. I shall never forget the childish ecstasy of delight with which I gazed around me, and drank in the fragrant air of the morning.

The three lakes of Killarney descended upon by this road are likely to disappoint the tourist, especially if he be an American, more especially if he be a reader of, and a devout believer in, Mrs. Hall's beautiful and most poetical book, A Week in Killarney. In truth, such fairy sheets of water seem little to deserve the name of lakes at first, but they grow on your respect rapidly as you approach; their beauty is, near or afar, quite exquisite and undeniable, and the mountains which surround them are really very respectable elevations. Our first visit was to the Torc Waterfall, by far the most beautiful cascade I have seen since coming abroad. The fall is between sixty and seventy feet; the glen into which the water comes leaping, and foaming, and flashing is wild and rocky, and overhung with richest foliage.

We passed Lord Kenmare's noble demesne, and drove through the village of Killarney to our hotel, the *Victoria*,

which is charmingly situated on the shore of the lower and larger lake. We found the house crowded with visitors of all characters and degrees — the elegant and the vulgar, the coarse and the refined, with the usual number of undefinable and unclassable betweenities. While taking tea in the coffee room, we were struck by the mien and manner of a traveller near us. He was evidently a person oppressed with a consciousness of his own consequence, and bent on having the world do its part towards bearing his burden. He gave out his orders to the wondering waiter with a military sternness and a startling rapidity; but, strange enough, ended each sentence with a sort of drawl. He was clad in a monotonous suit of checked tweed, with an extravagant cravat — a John Bull, without doubt, yet black browed and full bearded — a curious cross between a Cockney and a Cossack. After tea, this unique individual swaggered up to one of our party, a very gentlemanly-looking person, and accosted him as he was passing down the hall with a "Pray, are you one of the waiters of this hotel?" "No; are *you?*" coolly responded our friend.

In the morning we were so fortunate as to be able to engage for our guide, during our stay, the Stephen Spillane so honorably mentioned by Mr. and Mrs. Hall. We found him a young man of good education, much general intelligence, gentleness, and even refinement of manner.

Our first expedition was to the Gap of Dunloe, a wild and gloomy mountain pass, especially interesting to the reader of Gerald Griffin's fine novel of The Collegians, as the scene of poor Eily Connor's happy honeymoon and tragic taking off. Our guide furnished myself and a pleasant English friend with ponies — the remainder of the party took a car.

Though tolerably well mounted, and able to abruptly cut the company of the old, crippled, and blind of the begging fraternity, we found that we had small advantage over the boys. The fleet-footed little rascals kept up with us for miles — one

juvenile Celt, literally *sans culotte*, but in a shirt of elder-brotherly dimensions, giving us a sort of Tam O'Shanter chase. A pretty, dark-eyed boy, running by my side, held up a bunch of purple heather and wild honeysuckle, saying, with an insinuating smile, "Plase, my lady, buy these ilegant bright flowers, so like yer honor's self, this beautiful summer morning." What woman could resist such an appeal?

At the entrance of the Gap we were met by a detachment of volunteer guides, and a company of "mountain dew" girls — maidens with cans of goats' milk and flasks of "potheen," with which they are happy to treat the traveller, for a consideration. After listening to some grand echoes, called forth by the rich bugle notes of our guide, we proceeded through the pass. This, by itself, did not equal our expectation; its finest feature is the "Purple Mountain," which in the glorious sunlight of that morning was beautiful beyond conception.

From Lord Brandon's demesne we embarked upon the upper lake, rowed among its fairy islands, and ran down "the long range" to the middle lake — pausing for a little gossip with the echoes of "Eagle Nest," and shooting "Old Wier Bridge" on our way. The bay and mountain of Glenà are the gems of Killarney. Even now, looking back upon the scene through the sobered light of recollection, it is all enchantment — the shore gorgeous with magnificent foliage, the waters flashing with silver gleams, the sky golden with sunset light; and it is difficult for me to believe that there is under the broad heaven a lovelier spot. Even the echoes from this beautiful green mountain seemed clearer, yet softer and more melodious, than any we had heard before.

We took dinner on shore, in a delicious little nook, shadowed by arbutus trees, dining off a large rock, some seated *à la Turc*, some reclining in the ancient Oriental style. O, we had merry times! And what with toasts and songs, and legends, and joyous laughter ringing out, peal on peal, over

the still water, the wonder is we failed to rouse the great O'Donaghue, who, according to popular tradition, dwells in a princely palace under the lake, and only comes to the surface to take an airing on horseback every May morning. Our row homeward, through the soft lingering sunset light, with the plash and murmur of the blue waves, rising with the rising wind, heard in the intervals between the sweet songs of our guide, was a fitting close to a day of shadowless pleasure.

In the coffee room we encountered our black-bearded tourist, quite "knocked up," he averred, by the duties of the day. He had actually "done" the ascent of old Carran Tual, twice — once on his own account, and once (most amiable of his sex!) for a friend.

That evening we listened to the fine music of Gandsey, the celebrated Irish piper, a truly venerable man, very old, and quite blind, who plays his native melodies with touching expression, waking the old sorrows of Ireland and making them wail again, and giving proud voice to her ancient glories, till you believe that her lost nationality "is not dead, but sleepeth," and *must* yet rise to free and powerful life.

On the following morning, with our pleasant friend Sir Thomas Deane, we visited Muckross Abbey, a fine, picturesque old ruin. The cloisters, the refectory, and the chapel are in comparatively good preservation. In the latter lie the bones of the great MacCarthy Mor, and, it is thought, of the O'Donaghues, with the exception, of course, of him who preferred the lake to holy ground, waved his privilege of Christian burial, and his chance of canonization, it may be, for his aguish palace, aquatic court, and questionable submarine existence. After taking leave of the solemn old abbey, we commenced the ascent of Mangerton, a mountain two thousand seven hundred and fifty-four feet in height — a merry party of six, all pony-mounted. Here we were joined by a very

large company of volunteer guides, and attacked, front, flank, and rear, by an Amazonian troop of "mountain dew" girls. Barren and rugged as was that drear ascent, we found it a land flowing with goats' milk and whiskey; and at every pause which we made to breathe our ponies, or to treat ourselves to a fine view, twenty cups were held to our lips, twenty voices prayed us to drink, for present refreshment and future good fortune — that "the Lord" might "carry us safe" up that perilous steep, and grant to us and our families, to the remotest generation, health, wealth, honor, and "pace." Near the summit of the mountain we came upon a deep, dark, little lake — one of the devil's punch bowls; for his satanic majesty, who seems jovially inclined, has several in Ireland. The prospect from the summit of Mangerton is very extensive, and truly magnificent. We rested and revelled in it, for a bright half hour, on the breezy mountain top. Here we again encountered the dark-bearded tourist. Disdaining all pony aid, he had done Mangerton, as he did Carran Tual, on foot. But the trimness of his toilet, and the morning freshness of his mien, had suffered somewhat from the heat and toil of the day. His raven whiskers were whitened with dust, his hat had a backward inclination, his pantaloons were tucked into his boots, his coat of tweed was borne by the guide, his shoulders were free from the bondage of braces, which were twined carelessly about his waist, his cravat was untied, and he was at loose ends generally. Here he was first gracious enough to make some conversation with me: —

"Madam, may I ask if you are an American?"

"I have that honor, sir."

"Aw — I thought so; something in the manner a little peculiar — aw. Have you spent much time in London?"

"About two months."

"Aw — a great place is London — quite a world, I may

say. You would like the literary society of London, excessively, if you could once get the *entrée ;* but it is difficult to do that, very difficult — aw."

"Indeed! I have not found it so."

After a little more talk of this sort, our friend called to his guide, and was off. In a few minutes we saw him on an opposite peak, and very soon dashing down the mountain, towards Killarney. He seemed to give no pause for resting or "prospecting." "March! march!" seemed to be his word, as he were the Wandering Jew on an Irish tour.

On our descent, my English friend abandoned his hard-gaited pony and the beaten track, and plunged down the mountain side in a more direct course, on foot. Piqued by this ungallant desertion, I made a rash vow to follow in the very footsteps of my faithless cavalier. Such a chase as he led me, through boggy hollows, down rocky ledges, over small chasms and natural ditches, while the above-mentioned volunteer guides and mountain dew damsels followed close upon our track, uttering exclamations of delight and astonishment, sometimes more emphatic than pious — perhaps recognizing in this reckless love of fun and adventure a spirit kindred to their own.

After a charming drive through Lord Kenmare's demesne, we dined in a picturesque cottage, on the lake shore, from which place we rowed to "sweet Innisfallen," and wandered at twilight among its deep, shadowy groves, and the solemn ruins of what, ages and ages ago, was the noble temple of learning and letters. From Innisfallen we went to Ross Castle, a grand old ruin, once the stronghold of the O'Donaghue, besieged and destroyed by Cromwell, the great spoliator of Ireland. Here the fine-frenzied tourist turned up for the last time — he rushed past us as we were entering, and was quickly lost in the ruins, but appeared afterwards at various points and parapets. He did the old castle, as he had done the

other sights, in an incredibly short time — dashed down to his boat, flung himself in, ordered the men to push off — "away flew the light bark," far into the deepening twilight, and the black-whiskered tourist passed from our sight forever. As for us, we lingered till long after nightfall in the beautiful grounds of Ross Island, or on the lake before the castle, holding pleasant converse with the famous "Paddy Blake," the prince of echoes. "Paddy!" cried our helmsman, with a stentorian voice, "do ye know who's been paying a visit to yer ould castle? Listen, then, till I tell ye: the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the wild flying aigle!" Paddy seemed duly to appreciate the honor, for he repeated the words of the boatman as though in joyous surprise. It was odd to hear those dark, grand, ivy-mantled palace halls ringing with blithe bugle notes and jolly laughter — talking in such a free and easy way — vocal with so rich a brogue.

That last night we enjoyed a merry tea-drinking together, in a private parlor, and early in the morning set forth, by stage coach, for Limerick. As to the *Victoria Hotel*, the least said by me the better for its reputation. I constrain myself to silence in regard to the broken bell wires and other dilapidations in my apartments, trusting in the truth of the proverb, "The least said, the soonest mended." In our outdoor life at Killarney, our only serious annoyances were beggers and midges. Between the two, you bleed at every pore.

With the heavy mist of a dull, wet morning, Nature let down the drop curtain on the scene of all our enjoyment at Killarney. I think we all felt and looked a little blue as we took our places on the outside seats of the stage coach, and set forth for Tarbert, on the Shannon. Nor were the views and objects on our way such as were calculated to raise our spirits or kindle our enthusiasm. The country was a weary, boggy waste, with few-and-far-between patches of cultivation

and homes of comfort. The cabins of the peasants were the most miserable of imaginable and inhabitable places — the peasants themselves were yet one depth of wretchedness below any we had seen before. Now and then we passed an ivy-wreathed castle tower, which had once frowned in embattled strength on hosts of assaulting foes ; or the unroofed walls and mouldering cloisters of an ancient abbey, with the black rooks circling amid the arches through which the white incense of worship once stole, and screaming harshly above the aisles down which once rolled the pious priestly chant in full-volumed melody. Every where we saw repeated the same sad picture — old Ireland in ruins, young Ireland in rags.

Near Tarbert our driver pointed out to us what had been a good estate ; on a rising ground stood a large, imposing mansion, but the plantations surrounding it had an appearance of utter desolation and abandonment. This was the property of a jovial Irish squire, who for many years kept open house, and lived in a rioting, rollicking way, entertaining his sporting friends with horses, and hounds, and oceans of good whiskey punch.

But during the late general distress there was a scattering among the jolly guests, and the host himself, hunted by bailiffs, stripped of out-door luxuries and in-door comforts — carriages, horses, hounds, plate, furniture, library, wines, whiskey, and all — was obliged to abandon his mansion for a little thatched cottage, and actually to allow his ancestral hall to be converted into a workhouse. There is something very like retributive justice in the fact that, in the walls which once rung and rocked to the revelries of the improvident master, the poor tenants, whom his heartless extravagance tended to reduce to beggary, find in sickness and old age a quiet and comfortable home.

The passage up the Shannon from Tarbert to Limerick was

an absolute delight — the river, a broad, clear, shining flood, sweeping between softly undulating, emerald shores, here and there made more beautiful by noble wooded estates and fine lordly towers. We drew near to Limerick through a long and gorgeous sunset, which overspread the heavens, wrapped the shore, and floated on the water, in a fine glory of golden light. It was a scene for the sense of beauty to revel in, not alone for the hour, but which vanished from the outward vision but to become one of the soul's fair, unfading pictures — an illuminated memory.

We were greatly pleased with Limerick, which we found a well-built, pleasant, and apparently prosperous town.

In the morning we took a car and drove to the rapids, above the city some five or six miles. These are exceedingly beautiful — grand, indeed, and very nearly equal to those of Niagara. We went down several of the least dangerous in a long, narrow skiff, much like an Indian canoe, and I shall not soon forget the wild, almost mad excitement, the peculiar, peril-zested pleasure of the swift descent, when our little fairy bark seemed to leap fearlessly from ledge to ledge, yet quickly and cunningly to avoid all fatal enticing currents, sharp rocks lying in wait under cover of white foam, and angry waters whirling in delirious eddies.

On our return to the city we visited the old cathedral, of whose melodious bells a beautiful and well-known legend is told. After an outside survey of the old castle, which is in a fine state of preservation, considering its great age, we visited one of the largest lace manufactories, in which I was pleased to see many poor girls employed, but pained to find them crowded into two small and ill-ventilated rooms. While breathing the close air of those workshops, and looking on the pale, worn faces of some of the toiling young creatures around me, the delicate beauty of the richest lace they wrought had small charm for even my feminine fancy.

In one of our drives in Limerick we passed through a sort of rag fair, which showed us where the beggars obtained that marvellous variety of color and texture so remarkable in their costume. Here we saw some strange specimens of the last dire extremity of tattered civilization — only to be distinguished from savage scantness of apparel and imbruted stupidity by greater squalor and a sullen consciousness, which has not the grace of shame. We saw one lad whose whole attire did not boast of one ordinary garment, but who was literally hung with rags, by means of a cord wound about his body, sustaining fragments of every conceivable shape and color — so his entire costume was a curious piece of festooning. Ah, there is little need for the tourist to pass through this part of Ireland, "spying out the nakedness of the land;" it is thrust upon him at every turn. Yet you must not believe that all this outward wretchedness is real, necessary, and helpless. By far the larger number of those who apply to the traveller for charity are vagabondish in their instincts and indolent in their habits, and prefer to beg rather than to labor, either in or out of the workhouse. The professional beggar dresses, for his part, with as much care and skill as any other actor; and the whine, the limp, the melancholy tale, blindness, palsy, widow's tears, and orphan's wails are often the results of laborious practice and splendid triumphs of art. You must bear this in mind, and "set your face as a flint," if you would enjoy Ireland. I have heard here an anecdote of a wealthy American gentleman, of large-hearted and tender-hearted benevolence, who, after making a tour through some of the poorer parts of the island, and scattering pennies among crowds of ragged urchins wherever he went, dropping a tear and a sixpence into every blind beggar's extended hat, or to every "poor widdy's" hand, returned to his hotel, in Dublin, a saddened man, and shut himself in his room to muse on the sorrows and sufferings of the innumerable host of per-

egrinating paupers, infantile, maternal, juvenile, and ancient, which had thronged his way through many days. Suddenly he heard, somewhere without his door, a sweet voice, and the plaintive notes of a harp. "Ah!" exclaimed the good man, "some poor creature, having heard of my benevolence, has followed me here, and is appealing to my sympathies through one of the mournful olden melodies of her native land. What a melting, heart-breaking voice! Heavens! what a touching strain was that! I can endure it no longer;" and, with tearful agitation, he rings violently.

"Waiter, I can't stand this — give that woman half a crown for me, and send her away."

The waiter stood aghast, for the harpist and singer was a noble lady in the next room.

But I must not loiter by the way in this manner. From Limerick to Dublin by rail. At the latter place I was taken quite seriously ill. Fortunately, perhaps I should say *providentially*, I had brought a letter of introduction to Sir Philip Crampton, the distinguished surgeon general of Ireland, and the father of the present British minister at Washington, who in this hour of need gave me the benefit of his world-renowned skill, taking from the good office all air professional, and giving to it the grace of a kind, friendly proffer, and the charm of a gentle, high-bred courtesy, as indescribable as it is inimitable. Thus circumstanced, my sick bed and I soon parted company. What I saw at Dublin after I got about, and during a brief subsequent visit, I will strive to recall and relate in few words.

Our first visit was to the Mount Joy Model Prison — constructed and conducted very much on the plan of the Philadelphia Penitentiary. We were most favorably impressed by the order and neatness evident throughout the building, and by the intelligence and humane feeling shown by the officers with whom we conversed. From the prison we went to the workhouse, in the admirable management and orderly regula-

tion of which we were greatly interested. It is an immense establishment, yet every where a system of cleanliness and thorough ventilation seems to prevail. The poor inmates are well fed and comfortably clothed; their wants, physical, mental, and spiritual, are consulted, and, as far as possible, satisfied. On the whole, I was gratified and cheered by the visit. In the Lunatic Asylum, a truly noble institution, I saw greater varieties of insanity than I had ever remarked in any similar institution in my own country. Some were melancholy in the extreme, some terrible, some grotesque, some merry and mischievous, and some, by far the saddest of all, dull, imbecile, and idiotic. It is strange, perhaps, but I never felt a more deep and solemn conviction of the immortality of the soul than when contemplating those various forms of insanity. To me the great light shone with an intenser glow, a more sacred and indestructible life, thus glaring from the wild orbs of frenzy, or faintly and fitfully gleaming from the heavy-misted eyes of idiocy — like torchlight in a dungeon, or a star seen through drifting clouds, all the more vividly and startlingly real. I there felt that to despair of one of those poor creatures, capable but of one thrill of kindly sympathy, of love, or hope, or remorse — of smiling on a child, or at the sight of flowers, or of greeting gratefully the pitying face of the stranger — were sin almost beyond forgiveness. I felt, that to say of the mind wandering for years in the dark waste of hopeless melancholy, and of the soul islanded away from all human companionship in the stagnant sea of unconscious idiocy, moaning up to God its inarticulate anguish, — to say of these, "they shall utterly perish," were blasphemy. It is strange that we do not learn more meekly from Nature, who goes on ever reproducing her works in beautified and glorified forms. The rough, dull seed arising to a glorious resurrection in the gorgeous flower, holding in her sweet chalice the purest dews of the skies, and the butterfly, freed from his

unsightly chrysalis, fluttering up at our feet, bearing the glory of heaven on his wings, should rebuke the unbeliever. Shall such as these live again and again, and that fullest emanation of the Divine — the soul of man — be flung aside, as of no worth in God's economy, after one brief trial of existence?

We visited the grave of O'Connell, in the beautiful cemetery of Glasneven, where Curran is also buried. The coffin of the great "agitator," covered with crimson velvet, gorgeously wrought in gold, is exposed in the vault of a temporary tomb. So we stood very near the dust of him whose overmastering eloquence had once stirred and swayed the minds of his countrymen, as a strong tempest rouses the sea and drives the wild waves before it. He did much for Ireland, and she will keep his memory green.

We visited the Royal Irish Academy, where we saw many curious antiquities; the exhibition of painting and sculpture, where we saw a few good pictures; and the beautiful Bank of Ireland, formerly the House of Lords and Commons.

Hearing that the famous Donnybrook Fair was under full headway, a few miles from the city, we drove out one pleasant afternoon, hoping to see Irish character in some new varieties. But, on reaching the ground, we soon despaired of seeing much in this way, remarking every where the presence of those patent suppressors of popular spirit and jollity, individual originality and fun — soldiers and policemen. It was a novel, a bustling, and crowded, but by no means an animating scene. There was every thing to be sold, and nothing seemed to be selling. There was plenty of eating and drinking, and nobody seemed the heartier or happier. There was every where evident an awkward effort at enjoyment and amusement, un-Irish and lamentable in the extreme. You heard little laughter or singing, and both the fiddling and dancing were mechanical and spiritless. There were half a dozen theatres, and every variety of "show;" and for an hour

before the performance commenced, managers, actors, clowns, and "Ethiopian minstrels" paraded in front of their booths, shouting and bidding for customers with furious ringing of bells and mad beating of drums. "Ladies and gintlemin, walk in and see the Roosian Lambert, the fattest man in the civilized world." "Ladies and gintlemin, let me warn you agin a chate, in a frindly way, just — sure it's no Roosian at all, but a poor divil from Skibbereen, fatted on turnips. Walk in here, and see an ilegant collection of monkeys, and a beautiful famale kangaroo, all for a penny." "Ladies and gentlemen, come and patronize the legitimate drama, and witness the thrilling and bloody tragedy of Jack Sheppard at tuppence an 'ead!"

As a matter of course, there was on the ground a large representation of beggars. I was struck by one poor old "cratur's" peculiar and touching blessing: "May the Lord bless yer honor, and yer honor's husband, prisint or to be, and grant you both health and pace, and many happy Donnybrooks!"

As we were returning to our car, through a little crowded lane, I remarked to my friends, "It is quite true what we were told in Dublin — the glory of Donnybrook has departed since the advent of Father Mathew with his dispensation of teetotalism, and the more perfect and powerful organization of police, both throwing cold water on its ancient spirit of fight and frolic. One now hears no singing of wild ballads, and sees no swinging of shillalahs; there is an unnatural propriety, a dreary orderliness, a flat sobriety, prevailing here." Just then I was somewhat rudely pressed on by a sturdy young woman, who seemed, with elbows and knuckles, to be making a rough medical examination of my spinal vertebræ, testing the elastic properties of my ribs, and the temper of my shoulder blades. Shrinking from this severe infliction, I complained to the gentleman on whose arm I leaned of the too

pressing attentions of the person behind me; whereupon the damsel exclaimed, "I'm not behind you at all!" following this astounding declaration with certain spirited expressions, and finally indulged herself in some remarks which I could but consider irrelevant, consisting of comparisons between my personal appearance and her own, decidedly unfavorable to the former. This was the first inhospitable treatment I had received in Ireland. To have my slight feminine attractions, my humble claims to good looks, not alone questioned, but flatly denied, at that joyous ancient gathering-place, that high festival of the kindly Irish peasantry — Donnybrook Fair — by a Donnybrook fair, was an unexpected discourtesy.

The society which we were so fortunate as to see in Dublin impressed us most agreeably. All you have heard of the beauty, intelligence, tact, and charming vivacity of Irish ladies, you may believe — you cannot believe too much. The Irish gentlemen, for gifts of conversation and entertainment, and for a warm, familiar, yet polished courtesy, are absolutely unsurpassable. Yet I have somewhat against them. I have frequently found them wanting in the spirit of nationality — completely Anglicized in thought and feeling. They, many of them, speak of Ireland and the Irish as though not of it or them. An Irish aristocrat speaks of the poor peasantry very much as the southern American speaks of the blacks.

My illness in Dublin cost me the relinquishment of a visit to Galway and Connemara, and the pilgrimage which I would gladly have made to the birthplace and "the Deserted Village" of Goldsmith. My friend Mr. B——, who made this tour, was greatly charmed with the wild picturesqueness of the scenery, and reported very favorably as to the character, condition, industrial prospects, and educational privileges of the people.

CHAPTER V.

Wicklow. — Vale of Avoca. — Devil's Glen. — Valley of the Seven Churches. — St. Kevin. — Lough Bray. — Sir Philip Crampton. — Giant's Causeway. — Castle of Dunluce. — North of Ireland. — Belfast. — Lough Neagh. — Religious and Political Questions. — Anecdote.

September 18.

On the 27th of August we left Dublin for a short tour in the beautiful county of Wicklow. We discarded the car, and travelled quite luxuriously in an easy carriage, open, but shutable at will, with a pair of fine horses, and a driver of staid and respectable demeanor, and personal appearance slightly suggestive of the elder Weller.

We set forth on a lovely morning, and soon found ourselves in a country of great natural beauty, and, as compared with southern Ireland, in a fine state of cultivation. Our first visit was to the "Dargle," a dark, romantic glen, containing a swift, silvery mountain stream, and a beautiful waterfall. It is not wild enough for grandeur, — a part of Lord Powerscourt's demesne, it has too well-kept an air, — but it is a pretty, picturesque, and picnickish place. We spent an hour or two very delightfully, wandering through its cool quietudes and "sun-dropped shades."

Our next visit was to the Vale of Avoca, immortalized by Moore in his song of "The Meeting of the Waters." I looked in vain in the little streams Avonmore and Avonbeg, in their wedding at Castle Howard, and in their subsequent two-in-oneness, their slow, sedate, matrimonial onflow, as the Avoca, for that "purest of crystal" which gleams in the

song. The poet's words have a more silvery flowing than these waters, and this valley's "brightest of green" is surpassed by the verdancy of the romantic tourist who comes hither hoping to behold a picture of entrancing loveliness, which was "all in the eye" of the melodist. The current of the Avoca is evidently discolored by the copper mines worked on its banks — most unpoetic and unlooked-for adjuncts to that "scene of enchantment." Yet, believe me, I felt a deeper pleasure in seeing the poor countrymen of the poet earning an honest livelihood by mining in those beautiful hills — rude avocation for the "sweet Vale of Avoca" — than I could have known in the perfect realization of his most exquisite dream.

We next explored the "Devil's Glen" up to its beautiful cascade. His satanic majesty seems to have been a sort of surveyor general of Ireland at some remote period, and to have indulged his vanity by giving his name to all such places as particularly struck his fancy. The desire to send his fame down to posterity with this waterfall certainly does honor to his taste; for surely I never saw, in any cascade, a more enchanting combination of grandeur and grace. The glen itself, lying deep and dark between two mountain ridges, is a wild and lonely place, which art has not yet profaned, nor "custom staled."

On the second day of our tour we visited perhaps the most wonderful place in Ireland — the "Valley of the Seven Churches," or the ancient city of Glendalough. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as "the inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities;" and it surely is the haunt of shadows and the abode of mysteries. Between black, rocky, barren mountains, in a narrow, gloomy valley, containing two dark and almost fathomless lakes, are the ruins of a city founded early in the sixth century by St. Kevin, a holy and potent personage, second only to St. Patrick in the pious and popular legends of this country. In addition to the ruins of the

Seven Churches, built on a singular diminutive scale, and in a rude style of architecture, there are the sepulchres of the ancient kings and church dignitaries, and, most curious of all, one of those mysterious round towers, the origin and purpose of which has so long constituted one of the knottiest of antiquarian problems.

The almost deathly quiet, the oppressive loneliness, the strange, deep, unearthly gloom of this mouldering city of the dead are things to be *felt* in all their melancholy and weird-like power, but which could scarce be pictured by the sternest and most vivid word painting.

We selected a guide from a clamorous crowd of eager applicants, in the person of George Wynder, a wild, picturesque, long-bearded fellow, who proved to be very much of a character, and entertained us mightily by many wonderful "lagends" of St. Kevin, the famous Irish giant, Fin MacCool, and the royal O'Tooles. We first embarked with him on the upper lake for the purpose of visiting "St. Kevin's bed." This is a low, narrow cell, hewn in the solid rock, some thirty feet above the water, and only reached by a difficult and somewhat perilous piece of climbing. This dreary mountain eyry of the eccentric saint is said to possess peculiar blessedness for the faithful; to hold certain potent charms for, and to bestow certain inestimable privileges upon, such devout dames as make to it pious pilgrimages, which, from its almost inaccessible position, can only be accomplished in fear and trembling. It may be that the saint displayed, at the last, this especial graciousness towards our sex, in reparation for the slight he put upon it in the most ungallant yet most renowned act of his life. Legends tell that St. Kevin, then a young and handsome man, fashioned this rocky retreat as a hiding-place from a very singular persecution, in the form of loving and pressing attentions from a beautiful young lady by the name of Kathleen ——. The last name is not known — St. Kevin de-

clining to divulge it, from motives of delicacy, probably; but she is acknowledged to have belonged to one of the first families. Yet her conduct was scarcely in accordance with the rules of strict feminine decorum, for she regularly offered herself to his saintship; though, as our guide charitably remarked, "May be 'twas in lape year she did that same, poor craythur!" At all events, she made "young Kevin" the tempting proffer of her hand and heart — the first as a priest he could not, the last as a saint he dared not, accept; so he took safety in flight, and scooped out that hollow in the steep rock, by the lonely lake, where, according to Moore, in his song, beginning, —

> "By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er, —

he congratulated himself that he was at last quite out of the reach of his fair follower and tender tormentor. But Miss Kathleen, who seems to have been an enterprising young woman, with a courage and spirit worthy of a better cause and a better reward, followed him even here; and one fine morning when he awoke he found her bending over him, weeping, and fixing on his face "eyes of most unholy blue." Moore says, —

> "Ah, your saints have cruel hearts;
> Sternly from his bed he starts,
> And with rude, repulsive shock,
> Hurls her from the beetling rock!"

But, according to our guide, "the saint, as he lay there on his back, coolly put his two feet agin Kathleen's breast, and, without as much as a 'by your lave, my lady,' kicked her into the lake." On visiting the scene of the tragedy, the latter strikes one as decidedly the most probable version of the story. The saint could hardly have had room to "start" from "his bed" — he must have crawled into his narrow quarters, and Kathleen must have stood at the entrance, from

whence he could scarcely have thrust her into the lake, without taking at least a ducking himself, in any but the very ungentlemanly manner referred to.

Our guide told us that an adventurous Scotch earl lately took a fancy to spend the night in this holy bed with his young son. Though wrapped in the ample folds of a soft, warm plaid, his lordship got no sleep — being kept awake, not by the drear solemnity, the awful loneliness, of the surrounding scene, not by the sonorous roaring of the waves below, but by the more sonorous snoring of the laddie by his side.

In the rock of "the bed" I found carved the names of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Tom Moore, Maria Edgeworth, and Walter Scott.

Gerald Griffin, the author of The Collegians, has told the story of Kathleen and St. Kevin in a poem of much power and beauty. It leaves Moore's ballad far behind, and is curious and admirable as giving to the character of Kathleen true maiden purity, and a sweet, childlike innocence, and yet winning your full absolution for that most uncivil sin of her drowning, — the "deep damnation of her *kicking* off," — by showing that the cruel act was one of momentary frenzy, brought on by a long and fearful struggle between human love and priestly vows and saintly aspirations.

After visiting the beautiful waterfall of Powlanos, we took a reluctant and lingering leave of that valley of the shadow of ancient power — that desolated burial-place of monarchs — that old, old city of a forgotten and recordless past — Glendalough.

On the morning of the third day of our tour we early left the charming country inn where we had spent the night, and drove over a magnificent mountain road to Lough Bray, and the country seat of Sir Philip Crampton, on its shores, where we were engaged to spend the remainder of the day.

I would that I could give even a faint idea of the glorious

scenery we beheld along our way on that beautiful morning. Mountain, valley, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls around and beneath us — above us a delicious summer heaven, intensely blue in the zenith, but darkened with drifting clouds about the mountain tops, every now and then melting down upon us in a brief, bright shower, every drop chased by a sunbeam as it fell. But the climax and crowning of the wild scenery on our way, and the keen enjoyment of the morning, was the sight of Lough Bray, a lonely lake, small, but fearfully deep and dark, shut in by high heathery hills, rocky and precipitous — the entire scene, with the exception of the beautiful cottage and grounds of Sir Philip Crampton, retaining its primeval wildness, grandeur, and desolateness. The tasteful owner of this haunt of sounding mountain airs and solemn shadows has rescued, or rather created, from the boggy hillside, the ground for his gardens, lawns, and fir plantations — causing those dreary desert-places to rejoice in leafy luxuriance, and "blossom as the rose." The loneliness of the lake is relieved by flocks of tame waterfowl, especially petted and protected by Sir Philip, and by a number of those beautiful and stately creatures, the swans. A row upon this dark water was a rare delight to me, from a peculiar, deep, low, melodious surge of its waves — caused, it is said, by its great depth, and the rocky steepness of its shores.

To describe all the out-door picturesqueness of this beautiful mountain retreat were indeed difficult; but to do justice in words to its in-door attractions, to the generous warmth of our welcome, to the courteous and varied entertainment, which charmed and winged alike the hours of sunshine and shower, were quite impossible. Irish hospitality is the heartiest and most graceful in the world, and Sir Philip Crampton's is the soul of Irish hospitality.

We drove into Dublin that night, and on the following day set out for the Giant's Causeway. The places and objects of

most interest along our route were the ancient towns of Drogheda and Dundalk — fortunate, flourishing Belfast, with its bright beautiful bay — Carrickfergus and Glenarm, with their fine old castles — and the town of Larne, memorable as the place where Edward Bruce landed, in 1315 — and, above all, Fair Head. Much of the scenery of the coast road from Carrickfergus to the Causeway is grand and beautiful beyond description; but all fades fast from your memory, for the time, when you reach the crowning beauty of all — the wonder of wonders — the Causeway. I pray my reader's pardon, if here, feeling that discretion is the better part of valor, I ingloriously shrink from an effort which I fear would inevitably result in failure. I shall not attempt to describe the Causeway. I was most impressed by the caves, and by the various fine points of the Causeway itself, as seen at some little distance from the sea. A nearer inspection increased my wonderment, but did not so powerfully affect me through my sense of the strange and awful.

An object of much romantic interest, and of most fearful grandeur of site and surroundings, in this neighborhood, is the ruined Castle of Dunluce, built on an insulated rock a hundred feet above the sea, and separated from the main land by a chasm twenty feet broad and nearly a hundred feet deep, which is crossed by a bridge only eighteen inches wide. One should have a steady brain to venture upon this narrow bridge, the passage of which is peculiarly perilous if the wind be high. I came very near going over before a strong blast from Boreas, who sprang up from the chasm, like an ambushed foe, to dispute the pass with me. The guide told us that a young lady was lately taken off in this way by a sudden gust of wind, but was so buoyed up by an umbrella she held in her hand, and by her long, full skirts, that she reached the ground lightly and safely. A Bloomer costume would have fearfully lessened her chances.

We returned to Belfast in time to attend the meetings of the British Association. The Lord Lieutenant, a fine-looking, elegant man, was present, on the first day, with Lady Eglinton, a handsome, stately woman. Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, attended regularly He is strikingly like Napoleon, but stouter and darker, I should say. I was truly impressed by the manner and presence of Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, Archbishop Whately, Rear Admiral Sir John Ross, Sir David Brewster, and Lord Ross, of philosophic and telescopic renown.

September 23.

After three weeks of delightful travel, and three weeks of more delightful visiting, I am about to take leave of Ireland; and it is with real sorrow at my heart that I go, quite probably forever, from a country where I have received nothing but noble kindness — a country in whose sorrows and successes I have now a deepened and loving sympathy — from a people for whose character I must ever feel a glowing and grateful admiration.

It were scarcely possible to express the feeling of relief, consolation, and cheering pleasure which I experienced on visiting the north of Ireland, after my tour in the south. The difference is wondrous to behold. I could scarcely believe such utterly different sights and scenes to exist in one and the same country; but, as if by some potent enchantment I had been transported, in a single night, to another, a fairer and a happier realm, I gazed about me in a sort of pleasant bewilderment. The north-east portion of Ireland, in the cultivation of the country, the prosperous and business-like appearance of the towns, and the condition of the working people, to a casual observer, at least, falls but little behind England.

The higher degree of prosperity which this section of the country has for many years enjoyed over the west and south, may doubtless be ascribed in great part to Scotch emigration

and thrift; but much is also owing to its having more resident and efficient landlords, and to certain privileges which tenants have enjoyed under a peculiar custom, which has almost the authority of a law, giving to them an interest in the land they cultivate and improve. This is the famous "*tenant right*," for the extension and legalization of which noble efforts have been made by Sharman Crawford, and a few other liberal landholders and true friends of the people. It was a question at the late election, but was defeated, its friends say, by the dishonorable means of intimidation, if not of bribery.

The linen trade is the great feature of this portion of Ireland. At one season you see field on field, blue with the beautiful flowers of the flax; at another, acres of meadow and hillside white with the bleaching web. It is a sight to gladden one's heart, and, in beholding it, you wonder not that you are no longer pained by wayside scenes of squalid wretchedness, or followed by crowds of ragged mendicants.

Belfast is a handsomely-situated and well-built town, with many noble and admirably conducted institutions. The new Queen's College and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum are beautiful buildings; there are also a Lunatic Asylum and a Model Prison, one of the finest in the kingdom. But perhaps the place of most interest for one whose sympathies are especially with the young and poor is the Industrial School, a most excellent institution, under the National Educational Board, but established and carried on by several noble-hearted and devoted women, and supported by the voluntary subscription of the citizens of Belfast, assisted by the National Board. The school numbers about one hundred children, mostly under twelve years of age, and invariably taken from the poorest of the poor. They come to the institution at half past seven in the morning; take, first, a thorough washing; then are dressed in the uniform school dress, a dark gingham frock and a white pinafore; they then take a plain, wholesome breakfast,

and, after a half hour's reading of such portions of the Bible as are allowed by the National Board, and not objected to by Roman Catholics, are instructed in knitting and sewing, and the common branches of a good English education. These children make and mend their own clothes, and do very creditably a considerable amount of work furnished by friends and patrons. There is also a class engaged in weaving Valenciennes lace, of a beautiful quality, under a French teacher. The pupils all dine at the establishment, and take there a certain portion of bread at night. Before leaving, they are required to take off the school costume and to reinvest themselves in their rags, as, in most cases, it would not be safe to allow them to return to their miserable homes and wretched families in a dress which could be pawned or sold for meal, potatoes, or whiskey.

A very thorough and yet attractive system of instruction has been adopted in this school, and is carried out with the utmost faithfulness by its self-sacrificing and earnest-hearted teachers. I know not which interested me most pleasantly — the cheerful energy and enthusiasm of the intelligent and lady-like principal; or the quiet industry, the aptitude, and the bright, happy, grateful look of her pupils. I must not forget to mention that in this excellent work Catholics and Protestants, the benevolent and liberal of all parties and sects, are united, and that the entire cost of its sustainment does not exceed four hundred pounds a year.

The country around Belfast is finely cultivated and exceedingly picturesque. I have rare pleasure in driving about, with my friends, on an easy outside car, — a vehicle, by the way, to which I have become especially partial, — and visiting places of remarkable beauty or interest. One of our drives was to "The Giant's Ring," an immense druidical amphitheatre, enclosed by a high, regular mound, with the mystic number of seven openings, and containing a rude cairn, sup-

posed to have been used as an altar for human sacrifices by "the priests of the bloody faith." It is also supposed that the mound was once high enough to shut out all views save that of the heaven above. The place is utterly without trees or shrubbery; yet no deepest valley, dark and cold with forest and mountain shadows, ever wore to me a more lonesome, desolate, and solemn aspect. I shivered and shrank with a vague sense of mystery and fear as I strove to send my soul back through the Christian ages, into the far, dim, barbaric centuries; to bid it stand among that vast surging concourse of savage worshippers, and to witness those awful rites, where, for pious chanting, were the groans and cries of the victims; for baptismal and holy waters, the sprinkle and gush of their blood; and where, for wreaths of sweet incense, went up the thick smoke of their burning.

We made a pleasant excursion one day, lately, to the ruins of Shane's Castle, the ancient palace and stronghold of the princely O'Neills, and to Antrim Castle, the residence of Lord Masserene. Shane's Castle is a ruin surrounded by fine old trees and extensive grounds, and grandly situated on Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the United Kingdom. Tradition tells us that this great body of water covers what was once a fair and fruitful valley, with snug cottages and lordly castles, and grand ecclesiastical towers; that this valley contained a well, which was never to be left uncovered for an hour, under peril of a general inundation; but that a certain damsel, (there is always a woman at hand, with your historians, sacred and profane, when any mischief is to be done,) being at the well, drawing water, spied her lover at the other end of the valley, dropped her brimming pitcher, forgot to cover the well, and ran to meet him, followed by a foaming flood, which rose and rose, till maiden and lover, cornfield and cottage, turret and tower, all slept beneath the shining wave. But an old chronicler states that this piece of carelessness is to be ascribed to

the extreme maternal anxiety of a young mother, who "wente to ye well for to fetche water, and hyed her faste to her childe, who wepte in ye cradele, and left ye well uncovered." I think I like this version best. But that there are in this lake submarine church establishments, and that the fish swim about at their pleasure in castle keep and court yard, and, scaly fellows though they are, have the *entrée* of ancient aristocratic halls, we have the word of Moore: —

> "On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
> When clear, cold eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining."

The princely proprietors of those submerged possessions, who so suddenly sunk with their sinking fortunes, were after all but a degree more unfortunate than the modern lords of neighboring estates, who find it extremely difficult to keep their heads above water.

Antrim Castle is a fine, rather modern-looking building, with grounds and gardens laid out in the French style, very prettily and effectively.

In the meeting and proceedings of the British Association, at this place, great interest was manifested by all classes. This would be nothing remarkable in America, where every man, and almost every woman, feels an enlightened interest in all matters and movements of literature, science, morality, and politics; but here it is a fact significant and inspiring.

In my light and hurried sketches of travel and society in Ireland, I have avoided entering upon those vexed and intricate questions of government and religion which have caused, and are yet causing, such a wearisome and melancholy amount of discussion and dissension. England is now, it is evident, honestly and earnestly endeavoring to repair some portion of the innumerable wrongs and the immeasurable evil of cen-

turies of misgovernment, by a milder and juster rule, by a noble and impartial system of education among the poor, by the lightening of taxation, and by annulling the law of entail, and permitting the sale of encumbered estates. It is a singular fact, that by far the greater number of the lands thus thrown into the market have been purchased by Irishmen. It is to be hoped that large portions of the south and west of Ireland, left for so many years to waste and desolation by titled spendthrifts and ruined absentees, may be redeemed, cultivated, and made profitable by Ireland's worthier industrial sons. Yet it must be long, very long, ere green Erin smiles in the face of the stranger with any thing like universal prosperity, plenty, and comfort. The character of her common people has been lowered in times past by civil and religious oppression, by examples of "spiritual wickedness in high places," and of careless improvidence and selfish indulgence in their superiors by rank and fortune. There are many who say that the regeneration of this country is to be brought about alone by emigration and immigration — the first of the Irish to America and Australia, the last of the Scotch and English into the depopulated and uncultivated territory here; but I am strong in the faith that the best work for Ireland is yet to be wrought by such of her sons as are truly devoted to her good and her honor, and stay by her in her hour of need.

The strifes and dissensions between the Catholics and Protestants, which ran so fearfully high during the late elections, are still carried on with much spirit, creating and keeping alive unchristian alienations and enmities among the people. The English High church, whose grasping after wealth and power, whose manifold corruptions and abuses, smack strongly of "the world and the flesh," to say nothing of the third person in the unholy trinity, certainly displays in these contests a bitterness of denunciation and a sharpness of

sarcasm more partisan than apostolic; while the Catholic church has conducted its cause with a high hand, and with more zeal and determination than modesty or judiciousness. The Catholic party take especial pains to parade, in an exulting half-theatrical and thoroughly offensive manner, the triumphs of their faith, as manifest in the numerous conversions from Protestantism. The converts themselves are advertised and *fêted* as you would *fête* a distinguished vocalist or brilliant performer. As an example, I give you an advertisement, cut from their organ, *The Freeman's Journal*: —

"*Saint James's New Church.* — On Tuesday, the 24th instant, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by other prelates, will solemnly dedicate this magnificent church.

"The dedication sermon will be preached by the Rev. Henry E. Manning, (late archdeacon in the Protestant church.)

"On this occasion, this distinguished convert and gifted orator will deliver his first discourse in Ireland.

"The ceremony will conclude with a grand pontifical high mass.

"A grand orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. Keane.

"Reserved seats, £1; family tickets, £1 10*s.*; nave, 10*s.*; aisles, 5*s.*

"To be had at Richardson's, 9 Chapel Street; Duffy's, 7 Wellington Quay; Bellew's, 79 Grafton Street; and from the clergymen of St. James's Chapel."

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me by a pleasant London friend, a clever bit of satire aimed at the English church. On the Sunday preceding the great musical festival at Manchester, in 1836, the Rev. J. Gadsby, a Baptist minister of great talent and singularity, preached a sermon, of which he had previously given notice, on the subject of the festival. At that time the musical festivals were of a very mixed char-

acter — oratorios in the churches in the morning, with balls and concerts in the theatres in the evening — all being for the benefit of public charities. Mr. Gadsby commenced his sermon by saying, "My friends, there is to be a grand wedding this week; and as I think it improper and illegal, I intend to protest against it, and I hope that none of my congregation will sanction it with their presence. The church and the playhouse have been courting these many years, and this week they are to be married. The first objection which I make to the union is, *the parties are too near of kin.*"

To-morrow I leave, with some kind Irish friends, for a short tour in Scotland. I doubt not that my pulses will throb with unwonted fulness, and my heart swell with unutterable emotion, when I tread the beautiful land of Scott and Burns; but *my love* I leave with Ireland, the land of warm, quick blood, and of faithful though careless hearts — the land of hospitality and quaint humor, of passion and poetry, of wit and melancholy, of laughter and of tears.

CHAPTER VI.

AYR. — ALLOWAY. — THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS. — THE MONUMENT. — MRS. BEGG. — GLASGOW. — LOCH LONG. — LOCH GOIL. — INVERARY. — TARBET. — ASCENT OF BEN LOMOND. — LOCH LOMOND. — LOCH KATRINE. — STIRLING. — EDINBURGH. — HOLYROOD. — MELROSE. — ABBOTSFORD. — DRYBURGH. — NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE. — YORK. — THE MINSTER. — LONDON. — HAMPTON COURT.

EDINBURGH, OCTOBER 1.

I LEFT Belfast on the evening of the 23d of September, with my friends Mr. and Miss N——, for a short tour in Scotland. We landed at Ardrossan, a port of no particular note, and from thence took the railway to Ayr. This last is a fine, flourishing town, but, aside from the "twa brigs," containing no objects of peculiar interest as associated with Burns. Here we took a drosky, and drove over to the old parish of Alloway. It was with the true spirit of a pilgrim that I approached the birthplace of that noble poet of Love and Nature, whose sweetest songs I had learned from my mother's lips almost with my cradle hymns. As I gazed around on the scenes once dear and familiar to his eyes, my heart, if not all aglow with its earliest poetic enthusiasm, acknowledged a deep sympathy for, and did honor to, him who, while his soul was lifted into the divine air of poesy, withdrew not his heart from his fellows, — who shared humbly in their humble fortunes, and felt intensely their simple joys and bitter sorrows, — who, with all his faults, was honest and manly, with all his wants and poverty, proud and free, and nobly independent, — who, amid all his follies and errors, acknowledged God and reverenced purity.

The cottage in which Burns was born, and which his father built, was originally what is here called a "clay bigging," consisting only of two small apartments on the ground floor — a kitchen and sitting room. The kitchen has a recess for a bed, and here the poet first opened his bewildered baby eyes on an ungenial world. This room, it is supposed, was the scene of The Cotter's Saturday Night. I was somewhat disappointed to find this cottage standing on the road, and that it had been built on to, and whitewashed out of all character and venerableness. It is now occupied as an alehouse, which beseemeth it little as the scene of the beautiful religious poem above named. A few rods from the door stands the "auld haunted kirk," through one of whose windows luckless Tam O'Shanter took his daring observation of Old Nick and the witches, "as they appeared when enjoying themselves." This is a picturesque, roofless, rafterless edifice, in a good state of preservation. In the pleasant old churchyard rests the father of the poet, beneath the tombstone erected and inscribed by one whose days should have been "long in the land" according to the promise, for Burns truly honored his father and his mother.

From the kirk we went to the monument, which stands on the summit of the eastern bank of the Doon, and near to the "auld brig" on the "keystone" of which poor Tam O'Shanter was delivered from his weird pursuers, and his gray mare "Meggie" met with a loss irreparable. This monument, of which the prints give a very good idea, is of graceful proportions and a tasteful style of architecture. The grounds about it, though small in extent, are admirably kept, shaded with fine shrubbery, and made more beautiful by hosts of rare and lovely flowers. There seemed to me something peculiarly and touchingly fitting in thus surrounding an edifice, sacred to the genius of Burns, with the leafy haunts of the birds he loved, in whose songs alone would his tuneful memory live, and with the sweetness and brightness of flowers, from whose glowing

hearts he would have drawn deep meanings of love and pure breathings of passion, or on whose frail, fragrant leaves he would have read holy Sabbath truths, lessons of modesty and meekness, and teachings of the wondrous wisdom of Him who planted the daisy on the lonely hillside, and the poet in a weary world — the one to delight the eyes, the other to charm and cheer the souls, of his creatures.

Within the monument we saw that most touching relic of Burns, the Bible which he gave to "Highland Mary" at their solemn betrothal. It is in two volumes. On the flyleaf of the first, in the handwriting of the poet, is the text, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord." In the second, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." In both volumes is the name of Burns, with his mason's mark, and in one is a lock of Mary's own beautiful, golden hair — a soft, glossy curl, which in that last tender parting may have been smoothed down by the caressing hand, may have waved in the breath, or lain against the breast, of the poet lover.

The view from the summit of the monument is one of rare interest, embracing as it does many of the scenes of the life and song of Burns. The scenery of Ayr is not grand, surely, nor strikingly picturesque; but this view is lovely, quiet, and pleasant beyond description — truly a smiling landscape. Perhaps something was owing to the rich sunshine and soft air of the day, and more to the wondrous charm of association; but I never remember to have felt a more exquisite sense of beauty, a delight more deep and delicious, though shadowed with sad and regretful memories, than while sitting or strolling on the lovely banks of the Doon, half cheated by excited fancy with the hope that I might see the rustic poet leaning over the picturesque "auld brig," following, with his great, dark, dreamy eyes, the windings of the stream below; or, with glowing face upraised, revelling in the clear blue sky and fair floating

clouds above; or, perchance, walking slowly on the shore, coming down from the pleasant "braes o' Ballochmyle," musing, with folded arms and drooping head, on "the bonnie lass" who had there unconsciously strayed across the path of a poet, and chanced upon immortality. The Doon seemed to roll by with the melodious flow of his song — now with the impetuous sweep of passion; now with the fine sparkle of pleasant wit; now under the solemn shadows of sorrow; now out into the clear sunlight of exultant joy; now with the soft gurgle and silver trickling of love's light measures; now with the low, deep murmur of devotion. As I lingered there, countless snatches of the poet's songs, and stanza after stanza of long-forgotten poems, sprang to my lips; rare thoughts, the sweet, fresh flowers of his genius, seemed suddenly to blossom out from all the hidden nooks and still, shaded places of memory, and the fair children of his fancy, who had sung themselves to sleep in my heart long ago, stirred, awoke, and smiled into my face again.

Happily for me, my companions fully understood and sympathized with my mood — so little was said, that much might be felt. One sung

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon;"

and whether it was that his voice, in its soft, pathetic tones, was peculiarly suited to the mournful words and air, or that the scene itself mingled its melodious memory with the singing, I know not; but never before had I been so affected by the song.

On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the sister and nieces of Burns, — Mrs. Begg and her daughters, — who we had been assured were kindly accessible to visitors. This visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Begg lives in a simple little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birthplace, where all who seek her with a respectful interest receive a courteous and cordial

welcome. Mrs. Begg is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and shows more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly have been sweeter, or her eyes finer, at twenty. Her sight, hearing, and memory seem unimpaired; her manners are graceful, modest, and ladylike, and she converses with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, sweet Scottish accent. Her likeness to Naysmith's portrait of her brother is very marked — her eyes are peculiarly like the idea we have of his, both by pictures and description — large, dark, lustrous, and changing. Those eyes shone with new brightness as I told her of our love for the memory of her beloved brother, our sympathy in his sorrows, and our honor for his free and manly spirit — when I told her that the new world, as the old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to smiles or tears by the wondrous witchery of his song. But when I spoke my admiration of the monument, and said, "What a joy it would have been to him, could he have foreseen such noble recognitions of his greatness!" she smiled mournfully, and shook her head, saying, "Ah, madam, in his proudest moments, my poor brother never dreamed of such a thing;" then added that his death chamber was darkened and his death agony deepened by want and care, and torturing fears for the dear ones he was to leave. I was reminded by her words of the expression of an old Scotch dame in our country, on hearing of the completion of this monument: "Puir Rob; he asked for bread, and now they gie him a stane."

Mrs. Begg says that Naysmith's portrait of her brother is the best, but that no picture could have done full justice to the kindling and varying expression of his face. In her daughters, who are pleasant and interesting women, you can trace a strong family resemblance to the poet. The three sons of Burns are yet living — two are in the army, and one has a situation under government, at Dumfries. All three

are widowers. When I saw her, Mrs. Begg was expecting daily the two youngest, the soldiers, who as often as possible visit Ayr, and cherish as tenderly as proudly the memory of their father.

It was with deep emotion that I parted from this gentle and large-hearted woman, in whose kindred and likeness to the glorious peasant I almost felt that I had seen *him*, heard his voice with all its searching sweetness, and had my soul sounded by the deep divinings of his eyes. It seems, indeed, a blessed thing, that, after the sorrow which darkened her youth, the beholding the pride of her house sink into the grave in his prime, broken hearted by the neglect of friends, the contempt and cruelty of foes, by care and poverty, and, bitterest of all, by a weary weight of self-reproach, that she has lived to see his children happy and prosperous — his birthplace and his grave counted among the world's pilgrim shrines — to be herself honored and beloved for his sake, and to sun her chilled age in the noontide of his glory.

From Ayr we took the railway to Glasgow, which place we did not reach till after dark. In the morning we rose early, took a carriage, and drove to the cathedral, to which we were so fortunate as to gain admittance, even at that unusual hour. This is a commandingly situated, vast, and gloomy edifice, chiefly remarkable as the only cathedral in Scotland spared by Knox and his compeers at the time of the reformation. It is more massive than beautiful, but has a certain heavy grandeur about it, that, seen as we saw it, in the chill and grayness of the early morning, oppresses one to a painful degree. In the extensive, dark, and melancholy crypts beneath this cathedral is laid the scene of a meeting between Francis Osbaldistone and the Macgregor in Scott's Rob Roy.

On a height back of the cathedral is the Glasgow Necrop-

olis, containing some fine monumental sculptures, particularly conspicuous among which is a statue of John Knox.

Glasgow, for a manufacturing town, makes a very handsome appearance. Many of the public buildings are of a fine style of architecture; and the planted squares, those fresh breathing-places off the crowded business streets, are truly beautiful. In Waverley Square stands a noble column, crowned with a statue of Scott.

About eight o'clock we took the steamer to go up the Clyde, Loch Long, and Loch Goil. The air was fresh, and somewhat too keen; but the sunlight was brilliant, and we greatly enjoyed the trip. The first object of particular interest which we passed was the grand old rock-seated Castle of Dumbarton, famous from the earliest periods of Scottish history, and most sadly memorable as the scene of the betrayal of Wallace by the "fause Monteith."

It was not until we had passed up Loch Long into Loch Goil that the true Highland scenery began to open upon us in its surpassing loveliness and rugged grandeur. The shores of Loch Goil are rough, barren, and precipitous, but now and then we passed green-sheltered nooks and dark glens of indescribable beauty. I grew more and more silent and unconscious of my immediate surroundings, for my very soul seemed to have gone from me, to revel abroad in the wide, varied, enchanting scene. At Loch Goil Head we took outside seats on the stage coach, to drive through (I beg pardon, but I give the name as it was given to me) "Big Hell Glen" to Inverary, on Loch Fyne.

Our driver on this occasion proved to be a decided character, having a rich, comic humor of his own, a good memory, a fine voice, and admirable powers of mimicry. He told a story well, and recited poetry like a tragedian. After informing us that Loch Goil Head was the scene of Campbell's fine

ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," he recited the poem very effectively, though when he came to the passage, —

> "One lovely hand was stretched for aid,
> And one was round her lover," —

he took the liberty of making a slight change in the text, his version being, —

> "One lovely hand was stretched for aid,
> And ye may a' guess where was th' ither."

This glen, of name unholy, is one of the most beautiful passes I ever beheld — a wild, winding, shadowy, magnificent place. Verily, indeed, O Juliet, "what's in a name?" To me it certainly seemed, on that lovely day, that "Nickie Ben," in annexing this mountain pass, had imprudently laid claim to a choice bit of Heaven's own territory.

Inverary is a very small village, but we found there a nice, well-ordered hotel, where we were exceedingly comfortable — a far better inn, surely, than the one at this place, on which Burns perpetrated this witty and wicked epigram: —

> "Whoe'er he be who sojourns here,
> I pity much his case,
> Unless he come to wait upon
> The lord, their god, His Grace."

The Duke of Argyle's castle and grounds are now, as then, the chief features of the place after the scenery, which is certainly very beautiful. It is truly a princely residence in site and surroundings, though the castle itself is built neither in a style of feudal grandeur nor modern elegance. After dinner we took a stroll through the noble park, and ascended a hill nearly eight hundred feet high — in all, a walk of over five miles. The next morning proved stormy, and we were obliged to post in a close carriage round the head of Loch Fyne, through Glen Croe, past the head of Loch Long to Tarbet, on Loch Lomond. The weather cleared up, so that

we were able to have a little stroll by the lake in the evening; and the next morning, which was clear and bright, we walked before breakfast over to Loch Long, where we took a drive along the shore in a peculiar, indescribable vehicle, called a "dog cart." The morning air was a trifle too frosty, and we were on the shady side of the loch, or this drive along a most picturesque road, with some new beauty of scenery presenting itself at every turn, would have been delightful beyond compare. As it was, we soon found ourselves obliged to nurse our rapture to keep it warm, and only by heroic efforts could we restrain the zeroic tendency of our enthusiasm. So perfectly benumbed did we become, that we were only too happy to resign our state, descend from our "dog cart," and do the last two miles on foot, cheerily inspired by thoughts of the glowing fire and the hot breakfast which awaited us at the pleasant inn at Tarbet.

The ascent of Ben Lomond from Rowardennan is not perilous or very difficult, but is exceedingly tedious. The distance is about six miles: we rode the whole way on ponies trained to the business — strong, quiet, and surefooted animals, fortunately for us, as, after the heavy rain of the preceding day, the path was in an usually bad condition, with loose stones, slippery rocks, deep mire, and shaky bogs.

We started, well wrapped in cloaks, shawls, and furs, fearing the breezes of the air on the mountain summits; but we soon found ourselves obliged to lay aside one after another of these articles, for as we reached the heights we found the upper day there not only as resplendently bright, but as soft, and still, and summer-like, as the sweet, unseasonable morning we had left in the valley.

About half way up, we paused to revel in a glorious view of Loch Lomond, smiling up to heaven in all its entrancing beauty of silvery waters, verdant clustering islands, and mountain-shadowed shores.

I cannot believe that any most sweet and wondrous vision of earthly loveliness or grandeur will have power to banish that fair picture from my memory. But from the summit what a mighty, measureless panorama — what a world of light and shadow — what a glory of nature — what a wonder of God lay beneath and around us! Words can only give you an idea of the extent, of the vast circumference, of that view. To the east are the hills and valleys of Stirlingshire and the Lothians, Stirling Castle and the windings of the Forth, the Pentland Hills, Arthur's Seat, and Edinburgh Castle. In the south, the peak of Tinto, the city of Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Ailsa Craig, the Isle of Man, and the Isles of Bute and Arran — and, gazing down beyond the outlet of Loch Lomond, you see Dumbarton. But on the north I beheld the grandest sight that ever met my gaze — mountains on mountains, stretching away into the distance, and seeming like the mighty waves of a dark sea stayed in their stormy swell, petrified and fixed forever by the word of Omnipotence. Vexed indeed, and tumultuous, must have been that awful chaotic ocean, ere its vast billows and black hollows were resolved into the everlasting rock — for among these mountain forms there is a wondrous and endless variety. Our guide, a bright young laddie, seemed nowise awed by the imposing presence of the mountains, but pointed out the chief of them, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlick, Ben More, Ben Lawers, Cairngorum, Ben Cruachan, and Ben Nevis, as familiarly as he would speak of other and lesser Bens of his acquaintance. Beneath us shone Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Ard — the wild country of Rob Roy — the scene of the enchanting romance and song of Scott. Yet here, for the first time, all the associations of history and poetry lost their charm — I was above and beyond them. On that sublime and lonely height, on whose still, pure air floated no sound of human life, the thoughts and emotions of my heart were reverential and religious. The stupendous

mountain peaks, the eternal hills around, seemed altars for Nature's perpetual worship — towering types of the might and majesty of God; while the lakes with their silver shining, and the green valleys with their still shadows and golden gleams of autumnal sunlight, in all their wondrous beauty, spoke sweetly to the awed spirit of divine love and protecting care. Even while tremblingly acknowledging God from those awful mountain summits, the soul strove in vain to ascend into "the place of the Most High;" it seemed to grow blind and dizzy, and to flutter like a spent bird down into the abysses of doubt and despair. But from the valleys, the quiet, sheltered, luxuriant valleys, the happy heart could look up confidingly, and say, "Abba, Father."

On the morning of the day following this memorable ascent, we took the steamer for the head of Loch Lomond, passing Rob Roy's Cave, and beholding much beautiful scenery. Returning to Inversnaid, we took a drosky and drove across a rough, wild country, to Loch Katrine. On our way we were shown the ruins of a Highland hut, the birthplace and early home of Helen Mac Gregor.

At the head of Loch Katrine we embarked on a funny little steamer, which certainly did not hurry us past scenes on which our imagination delighted to linger. The head of this lake is not particularly beautiful, but I found that my most glowing conceptions had not surpassed the exquisite loveliness of that portion which forms the opening scene of The Lady of the Lake, Ellen's Isle, the Mountains Ben An and Ben Venue, and the defile of the Trosacks. Here island, and shore, and hill are richly clad in magnificent foliage; and the grandeur of rocky heights and dark ravines is so pleasantly relieved, so softly toned down, that you feel neither wonder nor awe, but drink in beauty as your breath — lose yourself in delicious dreamings, and revel in all the unspeakable rapture of a pure and perfect delight. A remembrance which is an

especial joy to me now, "and ever shall be," is of a walk taken with my friends that night along the shore of the lake, to the pebbly strand opposite Ellen's Isle, which seemed sleeping in the moonlight, afloat on the still waters, even as its fair vision had floated before my soul on the silver waves of the poet's song.

A stage-coach drive to Stirling, the next day, was over the ground of the chase followed by Fitz-James. We passed the once "bannered towers of Doune," now ruined and ivy-grown — a fine, picturesque old castle. Crossing the bridge over the Forth, on entering the ancient town of Stirling, reminded me of a characteristic anecdote I had lately heard of a sturdy Scotch dame, who once, during a stormy season, had occasion to cross the river at a ferry some twenty miles below. The ferryman told her that the waters ran high, and the wind promised a hard blow, but that, as her business was pressing, he would do his best to get her safely across. "Is there muckle danger, mon?" she asked. "Ay, woman, the passage wad be perilous, but ye maun put your trust in Providence." "Na, na," says the prudent dame, drawing back, "I'll no trust in Providence so lang as there's a brig at Stirling," and actually set forth to walk the whole distance round. There is a volume of national character in this little story. An Irish woman would have trusted in Providence, or rather in Saint Patrick and the "holy Virgin," and told her beads across the perilous passage, rather than wearied her bones by taking the safe roundabout way.

The Castle of Stirling is one of the most grandly situated of Scotland's old royal strongholds, and is a dark, frowning pile, thronged with sombre and bloody memories. The view from the wall is one of the most charming in its beauty, and soul-stirring in its associations, possible to take in any where, with one slow, wondering sweep of the eye. Far away in the distance tower the majestic mountain shapes of the grand

Highlands; beneath and around us lie the silver courses of the Forth, the Teith, the Allan, and all the richly-cultivated country through which they wind, slowly and quite circuitously, as though reluctant to flow away from banks so lovely; while green and beautiful as any richest meadows smile towards the smiling skies the once bloody and trampled battle fields of Falkirk, Cambuskenneth, and glorious Bannockburn.

Our guide pointed out to us the remains of the terraced garden, the round table, and the royal canal constructed under the direction of Mary of Guise, the sallyport whence issued "the Gudeman of Ballengeich," the "King of the Commons," on his *incog.* expeditions among the people, the window out of which James II. hurled the Earl of Douglas after having slain him with his own royal hand, and the tower in which Roderick Dhu is said to have died. Mary Stuart was crowned at Stirling, and James VI. was here educated under Buchanan.

We reached Edinburgh in a rain, which proved to be the beginning of the equinoctial storm, so that, though we have spent three days in the grand old town, we have had but one day of tolerable weather for sightseeing. On that, a friend, who kindly undertook the office of cicerone, conducted us first to the castle, through pleasant planted grounds, where not many years ago was a small loch. We found the view from the ramparts truly magnificent, though obscured somewhat by an envious mist. Looking down, the contrast between the dark, quaint, mouldering "old town," and the elegant, cheerful, prosperous new town, is the most curious and striking of conceivable sights.

Of all foreign places which I had ever seen, Edinburgh wears to me the most familiar aspect. I joyfully recognize object after object, street after street, as though "to the manor born," and only returned after a few years of wandering or weary exile. I needed no guide to point out Arthur's Seat,

Salisbury Crags, St. Leonard's, the Grass Market, and the Canongate.

In the most ancient part of the castle we were shown some rude, sombre apartments, once appropriated to Mary Stuart — the one of most historical interest being a small dressing room, in which James VI. was born.

On descending from the castle, we visited some interesting old places, among them the house in which Boswell lived when Johnson visited Edinburgh, the house of John Knox, and the Canongate churchyard, in which reposes the poet Ferguson, beneath a tombstone erected by Burns, and where are also the graves of Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Dr. Gregory.

We went through the Parliament House, a building of no great outward elegance, but containing some magnificent halls. We unfortunately had not time to enter the fine old Cathedral of St. Giles, venerable as the scene of a tumultuous struggle for the establishment of Prelacy in the time of the first Charles, and within whose walls the Regent Murray and the Marquis of Montrose were buried. By the way, no sight which I beheld that day more startled my heart than that of the stone balcony of an old house in the Canongate, from which the brutal Argyle and the shameless Gordon bent, exulting over and mocking at the great Montrose, on his way to receive his sentence.

The Tolbooth seemed no stranger to my eyes, and Holyrood Palace was as near as possible what I looked to see — a building neither grand nor beautiful in itself, and interesting alone for its tragic and romantic memories. After visiting the picture gallery, which we soon "did," few or none of the portraits being accounted genuine, we were shown through the apartments of Mary and the ruins of the ancient abbey. The presence chamber of the unfortunate queen, though far from being of royal dimensions, richness, and splendor, according to modern ideas, must have been a handsome apartment

in Mary's time. The roof is of oak, beautifully carved, and the walls are hung with quaint pictures and rare old prints. It is a silent, bare, and desolate room now; yet, as I stood there, vision after vision of royal magnificence, and courtly beauty, and splendid festivity passed before me — the shadows of ages fled before the gleam of jewels, and the festal lights of gay masks and nuptial rejoicings; while the drear silence of long sadness and fear was broken by rich music, the regal rustle of brocade, the soft voices and pleasant laughter of fair ladies, and the gallant words and light sword clang of noble knights, as they went down the dance. Standing in Mary's own private apartment, looking at the bed on which her lovely limbs had once reposed, and on the mirror which had so often given back the fair reflection of her face, affected most powerfully my imagination and my sympathies. The miniature which is here shown was nothing to me — I scarcely gave it a glance, but stood gazing at that faithless glass, as though hoping, by the mere force of my passionate desire, to evoke again to its cold surface one warm vision of that rare royal beauty and stately grace it had so often imaged forth in times of gladness and grief. The little room in which the queen sat at supper with David Rizzio, on the night of his murder, and the private staircase up which the assassins came from the chapel below, were next shown us. Here I felt little wonder at Mary's oath of vengeance, or at her relentless redemption of that oath. If she were innocent in the favor shown the Italian, the woman was vilely insulted by the black suspicion of the chief murderer, her husband; if guilty, the sovereign was outraged and defied by the ferocious deed; and, proud and passionate as she was, it is surely no marvel that she swore to avenge the murder of her favorite, by the wild death shrieks which rang through a heart which his sweet music had so often soothed, and by his fifty-six wounds, whose blood stained forever the floor of her chamber. Standing on

the very spot, brought the scene of this frightful tragedy and brutal outrage awfully near to the mind, and the passions of the time more awfully home to the heart.

The old Abbey Church is accounted a fine Gothic ruin, but is of a very lonely and dreary aspect; the atmosphere seemed to me heavy and noisome, and all the shadowy places haunted.

Our friend next conducted us to Carlton Hill, from which we had a wide and beautiful view of the entire town and the surrounding country. The clouds having obligingly dispersed for a little while, the sight was truly imposing and enchanting. On this hill there are several fine monuments — the first, and by far the finest, is that to Dugald Stewart. There is one to Burns, not very tasteful or well proportioned, and another to Professor Playfair; then there is the Nelson Tower, and the beautiful beginning of the National Monument, on the model of the Parthenon.

I had inexpressible pleasure in contemplating the Scott Monument, in Prince Street, which we next visited. This is a fair, complete, noble, and fitting erection. The style is a gorgeous Gothic, and all the elaborate detail is exquisitely wrought out. It seems to me admirably in keeping with the character and genius of Scott — a pure poetic creation, in the grace of its form and the delicate beauty of its adornments, yet magnificent and stately in its proportions — a proud and princely structure. This monument enshrines Chantrey's noble statue of the poet — sitting gracefully draped in a plaid, and with his faithful dog at his feet. On our walk home we were shown the house in which Scott lived for several years before he built Abbotsford.

Our stay in Edinburgh being so limited, and the weather so wretchedly unpleasant, I have not attempted to see much of society, have not even delivered the letters I brought, but contented myself with a dinner and an evening at the house

of Mr. George Combe, with whom I had a slight personal acquaintance. I here met some people whom I felt it a rare good fortune to know. First among these I trust I may mention my kind hostess herself, the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Siddons, and strikingly like her noble and beautiful mother. It was absolutely startling to glance from the splendid portraits, by Lawrence, of the immortal *tragedienne*, which adorned the walls, to her living, speaking, smiling picture in our midst.

Mr. Combe seems to retain vivid and pleasant recollections of his visit to the United States, and to faithfully cherish his transatlantic friendships; and, what is more, he keeps his early enthusiasm for, and generous interest in, all questions of true reform and noble progress. Among other agreeable guests whom I met at Mr. Combe's table was Mrs. Stirling, a Scotch authoress of celebrity, and a very charming woman, and Mr. Robert Chambers, who astonished me at first, by being a younger man, by some twenty years, than I had expected to see, and charmed me afterwards by the kindly affability, fine humor, and generous feeling which marked his manner and conversation.

I leave Edinburgh with painful reluctance, a feeling of rebellious disappointment, at having missed so many of its noble sights. Of all the cities of the world, it has long been the one which I have regarded with the most intense interest, and most eagerly desired to visit. The dark struggles of early Scottish history — the long, fierce battle storms, lit by brief splendors of heroism — the pomp of feudal power and old royal pageants — holy martyrdoms for freedom and for God — Mary Stuart's proud, sad, and tempestuous career — the romance of Scott, the poetry of Burns — all have conspired to give to this place a charm for my heart and a power over my imagination peculiar and preëminent. Thus it is only by a desperate

effort that I tore myself away, pledging myself solemnly to my own heart to return at some "more convenient season," some golden, future day.

Blackheath Park, London, October 15.

The morning of our leaving Edinburgh, though far from brilliant, was not stormy, or chill, and we were sincerely thankful for a cessation in the pelting rain which had made "auld Reekie," with all her modern beauties, so thoroughly dismal for the days of our visitation. We stopped at the Melrose station, and, taking a carriage, drove over to Abbotsford, some three miles. The country, though exceedingly pleasant, did not strike us as remarkably picturesque; and before we dreamed of such a thing, we were at Abbotsford, which lies low, on the banks of the Tweed, hidden from the road by a thick plantation. The grounds are very beautiful, and have, need I say, a peculiar mournful charm in all their lovely lights and shades of greenery, from the recollection that he, the immortal master, planned and planted, and found his purest, richest pleasure in adorning them.

The house itself is a superb, baronial-looking residence, strikingly picturesque in effect, and wonderfully in keeping with the mind and taste of the noble builder. It is one of the most natural productions of his genius. You could almost fancy it in all its varied forms of antique beauty, quaint and strange, yet ever graceful and imposing — his light, enchanting poetry and his glorious romance resolved into stone. It is a curious pile — an odd yet not inharmonious assemblage of architectural ideas, half religious, half feudal, simple yet stately — the charming conceits and bold fancies of poetry and the spirit of olden romance, revealed in towers and turrets, arches and windows, gables and chimney tops.

The entrance hall at Abbotsford is not very large, but is beautiful, and tastefully hung with armor, antlers, weapons, and interesting relics from many lands. But after the guide

pointed to a glass case, which contained the suit of clothes last worn by Sir Walter, I saw nothing beside in this apartment. These brought the picture of the grand old man, worn down and broken before his time, with wondrous vividness before me. I could see him as he tottered about his grounds, or sat in the shade of some favorite tree, with his faithful Willie Laidlaw — the great soul light in his eye dimmed with deepening mists, and his gigantic genius shrunken into a babe's bounded and bewildered capacity. I could see on his worn brow the troubled struggle of memory and thought, in his eyes the faint momentary gleaming of the old inspiration; but by the sweet, mournful smile of his wan lips, I could see — ah! nothing more, for the real tears which rained from my eyes seemed to hide the unreal picture of my fancy.

In the beautiful little study in which the great novelist wrote many of his works, I felt the air surcharged with the living magnetism of his genius. So *near* he seemed, so strangely recent his presence, so inevitable his speedy return, my mind grew bewildered, and my heart beat hurriedly and half expectantly. My very senses obeyed the strong illusion of my excited imagination. I looked towards the door by which he used to enter. I listened, and spoke low. I dared not approach his writing table and sit in his chair, for fear he might surprise me when he should come in. But O, how soon passed over my heart the chill returning wave of recollection, of reason! Gone, gone forever — dust, dust these twenty years!

The library, drawing and dining rooms, are very elegant apartments, commanding some charming views. There are several fine pictures, by foreign artists, collected by Sir Walter; but of more interest to me were the family portraits. Of these there are two of the poet, taken in his early boyhood, wonderfully like those painted in his manhood and old age. There is a handsome full-length likeness of the last Sir Walter,

and several portraits of his sister Mrs. Lockhart, whose son is the present master of Abbotsford. Of all the weapons curious and memorable in the armory, of all the valuable relics, I was most moved by the sight of the pistols of Napoleon, Rob Roy's gun, and the sword of Montrose.

The wet state of the grass preventing our wandering about the grounds, we were obliged to return much sooner than we would have chosen to Melrose.

Melrose Abbey we were disappointed to find in the midst of the little town, not far from the railway station; but we soon forgot this unromantic circumstance when we found ourselves wandering under its grand pillared arches. It is a lofty, extensive ruin, retaining much of the architectural splendor and sculptural beauty of its time of pride. Glorious as it was to us, seen under a dull sky, I could not conceive of any thing more majestic, more religiously beautiful, than "fair Melrose," viewed "by the pale moonlight."

From Melrose we drove to Dryburgh, where the sun made ample amends for all shortcomings, by beaming upon us in mellow, golden brightness. Dryburgh Abbey lies off the public road, within a nobleman's park, deeply imbosomed in noble trees, among which are some of the grandest old yews I have ever seen. It must have been an imposing structure once, of great size, and rare architectural beauty; but it is now a complete ruin — broken every where, desolated, and ivy-grown — the most mournful, lonely, and solemn place I ever beheld. Yet is the spot lovely with a calm, still, religious loveliness. The deep silence here is not drear and awful, but reverential, prayerful; the loneliness is not sad or oppressive; you feel that the present familiar world is only shut out; that the far, strange past may be brought near; and that the presence of Him who is "from everlasting to everlasting" may be more deeply felt.

O, of all places in the wide world, this surely is the one

most meet for the last long rest of a poet, who, in the midst of his glory, had suffered and sorrowed deeply. As I stood by the tomb of Scott, I felt that it was well that he should slumber there, where the moss and ivy creep over the mouldering wall, and the winds sigh through the broken arches and sweep down the desolate aisles. Had he died in his happy and glorious days, in all the vigor and splendor of his powers, I would have said, Let him lie in a gorgeous mausoleum in some stately minster, in the heart of a great town. But he shrank wearily away from the world in his last days; so should his grave be lonely. With his noble intellect in ruins, and the shadow of deep sorrow on his spirit, he fell asleep. So should he rest among the ruins where the ancient shadows lie.

At Melrose my friend Mr. N—— was obliged to leave us, and from thence Miss N—— and myself pursued our way towards London in the interesting character of "unprotected females." We spent the first night at Newcastle upon Tyne. On entering the town, in the evening, I had been much struck by a brief view of a sombre old castle, which towered over the railway, — built, the guard told us, in the time of William the Conqueror, — and immediately after supper, as the night was clear, I proposed to my friend a visit to an object of so much interest. The distance was trifling, and our kind landlady gave us very careful directions; yet as the streets were crooked, and not very brilliantly lighted, we were obliged to arrest several errand girls in mid career, and press them into our service, as guides, before we attained to the lonely dark square, surrounding on three sides the massive and venerable old stronghold. Under a pale, uncertain moonlight, in that shadowy spot, the effect was awfully grand. The height of the great tower seemed stupendous — certainly not less than five hundred feet.

After this bit of romance and grandeur hunting, we took a fancy to see something of the better and business part of the

town. For this purpose we captured a small boy, and were by him safely piloted down swift Saturday-night tides, and amid cross currents of hurrying people, through several handsome streets, and past innumerable tempting shops. Our ostensible object was to obtain a print of the old castle whose black shadows yet haunted us.

On the following day, as we were leaving at a very early hour for York, we were astonished, and a little taken aback, to find that the morning light had battered down that mighty tower to about a third of the altitude which had so imposed upon us under the wan, weird light of a misty moon.

Immediately on breakfasting at York, we went up to the minster to attend morning service. At first I was awed and bewildered by the vast height and extent, the unimagined grandeur, of this edifice, this "mountain of architecture," and felt glad to solace my oppressed senses within the beautiful choir, listening to the divine music of the organ and the chant. The other ceremonials of the service were trifling to me, the discourse which followed nothing. I had no patience with the man for his weak sermonizing. It seemed to me an impertinence, a piece of unpardonable presumption, for any man to *preach* in this solemn, majestic temple, fit alone for music and prayer.

After service, we long wandered through and around the minster, striving to familiarize ourselves to its exceeding grandeur. O for a mastery of vivid thought, for a wealth of picturing words, that I might give a clear idea of the greatness and magnificence of this wondrous structure! But a stray bird, fluttering bewildered among its gigantic columns and richly-wrought arches, were scarcely less capable of repeating the organ notes swelling there, than I of worthily painting the inner or outer glories of its architecture.

As the day was beautiful, my friend and I took a long walk on the old wall of the city, and an outside survey of the castle,

the most ancient portion of which is so fearfully memorable as the scene of the self-destruction of thousands of besieged and persecuted Jews in the dark days of old. After visiting the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, we returned to the minster for afternoon service. This time we did not enter the choir, but remained in the nave, wandering slowly through the aisles, under the glory of the stained windows, leaning against the pillars, and letting the full flood of organ music and swelling anthem sweep over our souls, as it surged along the vaulted roof and rolled down the columned distances. Music, architecture, and coloring seemed to me a beautiful one-souled trinity there, so that the sound of the first would give one blind a true ideal vision of the unseen splendors around him; and the sight of the two last triumph over the sealed sense of the deaf, and translate melody by beauty. It seemed, that, could that grand organ harmony and that glorious singing take silent shape, and pass into visible beauty, — such majestic, lofty forms, and such radiant, religious coloring they would wear, — or could those soft splendors and rich glooms fade suddenly from sight into such mellow seraphic strains, they would melt; or if those solemn arches and towering columns could dissolve into sound, in billows of such sublime music as rolled from that grand organ, they would pour themselves away.

Nowhere is the sense of antiquity so impressive as in an old minster like this. As I gazed around me, I thought of the royal splendor, the magnificent array, of the beautiful Phillippa's marriage procession, which once swept over where I now stood, and of the warlike pomp of the third Richard's coronation, when there was a silken surge of banners under these arches, and the clang of armor and tramp of mailed feet resounded through these aisles. I thought how generation after generation had wondered and worshipped here — how many centuries of suns had been glorified in those gorgeous

windows — through what countless days had the full-volumed swell of holy sound been here succeeded by awestruck silence — the ebb and flow of melodious adoration — and how, while generation after generation of men had been swept from the earth, kingdoms wasted, dynasties destroyed, religions overturned — this grand type of human aspiration towards the vastness and majesty of the divine life has endured, in almost its first sacredness and solemnity — a monument of ancient faith, a towered worship, God's praise in pillared stone.

I have been living very quietly, for the two weeks past, in one of the most pleasant suburbs of London. Yet I fear the beautiful home life which has made my deepest happiness in health, and my sweetest consolation in illness, while here, is a poor preparation for the strange, excitable, restless life of the continent.

One day lately we spent at Hampton Court — that famous old palace of Wolsey. It was considered a structure of more than royal magnificence in the time of the haughty prelate, but to modern taste is neither truly grand nor highly picturesque. It is a dingy, red brick, rambling edifice, or rather a congregation of quaint edifices. The grand hall is gorgeously beautiful, and among the multitudes of pictures are many which it is a rare delight to behold. The cartoons of Raphael are here, and Vandyke's equestrian picture of the first Charles — the grandest portrait in the world. Here are the famous court beauties of Charles II., by Lely and Verelst; pictures too well known through prints, and the charming descriptions of Mrs. Jameson, for me to undertake to reproduce by my very imperfect sketching. Through all those royally appointed apartments and lofty galleries there are countless heart-stirring pictures of those whose lives have been woven in threads of silver brightness, or guilty blackness, or tragical blood redness, into the splendid woof of English history. The grounds

about Hampton Court and the park are the most glorious enclosures I have seen in England. A view or a walk down the great chestnut avenue would repay one for a pilgrimage; and all the old trees of the immense demesne are more regally beautiful than one can conceive. They seem conscious of their royal estate — crowned with the glory and majesty of ages.

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS. — THE LOUVRE. — THE MADELEINE. — PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. — CHAPEL OF ST. FERDINAND. — NEUILLY. — HOTEL DES INVALIDES. — TOMB OF NAPOLEON. — NOTRE DAME. — PERE LA CHAISE. — VERSAILLES. — AVIGNON. — PAPAL PALACE. — INQUISITION. — PONT DE GARD. — VAUCLUSE. — MARSEILLES. — VOYAGE TO GENOA. — GENOA. — CORNICE ROAD. — PISA. — VOYAGE FROM LEGHORN TO CIVITA VECCHIA. — ROME. — THE COLISEUM. — THE CATACOMBS. — TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA. — APPIAN WAY. — BATHS OF CARACALLA. — COLUMBARIA. — CAPITOL. — VIA SACRA.

PARIS, OCTOBER 22.

WE left London on the morning of the 20th for Paris, via Folkstone and Boulogne. The day was remarkably fine, and the long-dreaded channel proved as smooth and tranquil as a sheltered inland lake. Boulogne is an unpicturesque town, backed by a flat, uninteresting country. The only distinctively national sights at the landing were the numbers of fierce-looking little soldiers, in ugly blue coats, and uglier pointed hats; and of peasant women performing the work of porters — bravely shouldering heavy luggage, and carrying it on shore in triumph, to the evident admiration of their lazier halves.

The examination of our passports at Boulogne was a light affair, as was the examination of our luggage at Paris, where we arrived by rail, at about 11 o'clock, P. M.

Early on the morning of the 21st we all walked to the Louvre, where we spent nearly the whole of the day. After all I had heard of this magnificent palace, I was astonished by its vastness and splendor. Its architecture, while elaborate and royally gorgeous, is by no means wanting in imposing

grandeur. Some of our party enjoyed most the galleries of sculpture; but I revelled among the pictures. Think what it was to wander through miles of glorious paintings and immortal statuary! Raphael and Murillo received here, as elsewhere, my highest homage — but I was much impressed by the works of David. Their style is distinctively French, but sublimated French. In his pictures, Napoleon always appears the triumphant genius of glory, or the imperial soul of majestic power — in action, a hero — in repose, a god.

After leaving the Louvre, we drove to the Church of La Madeleine, a wondrously beautiful edifice, in the pure Greek style. It has little of religious solemnity in its outward grandeur or inward magnificence; but, as a triumphal temple of art, it is the glory of modern France. It contains some fine paintings and noble sculpture.

As I stood on the steps of this church, and looked down to the Place de la Concorde, marked by its towering Egyptian obelisk, my soul staggered under the awful thought that these peaceful streets and that quiet square were once one vast surging, raging sea of human ferocity — that near where the two ornamented fountains are playing in the pleasant sunshine, stood the guillotine, spouting blood! — that there had mad yells, and brutal howls, and low murmurs of infernal satisfaction hailed alike the murder of Louis, Marie Antoinette, the Princess Elizabeth, Charlotte Corday, and the just punishment of Danton, Robespierre, and their fiendish crew.

After leaving the Madeleine, we took a delightful survey of the noble palace and gardens of the Tuileries, and a drive through the Boulevards, which surpass in gay and animated beauty all I had imagined.

We were content with an outside survey of the gloomy prison of the Conciergerie, which frowns with dark memories and the guilt of countless unexpiated crimes.

Yesterday we began a golden day, by driving, in the glory

of a lovely morning, through the Champs Elysées, past Napoleon's magnificent Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, to the beautiful Chapel of St. Ferdinand, erected upon the scene of the death of the late Duke of Orleans. This contains an altar to the Virgin, over which is a fine group of Mary and the child Jesus, and beyond which is a Descent from the Cross, by Triquetti. On the left is an altar dedicated to St. Ferdinand, and opposite is a noble and touching statue of the dying Prince, with a lovely angel figure, sculptured by the Princess Marie, at his head, supporting him, and commending his soul to Heaven. Behind the central altar is a picture representing the scene of his death, with his family and friends about him. The grief in the bowed figure of the poor mother, hiding her face in the cushions by his side, is alone deeply affecting. In front of the chapel is a building, containing several apartments draped in black, for the accommodation of the royal family on their visits to the mournful spot which was the scene of an event fatal to their fortunes, if not to those of France.

The room we entered contained two motionless clocks, cased in black marble, one marking the hour and the moment at which the Duke was thrown from his carriage — the other, those at which he died. A touching idea, though peculiarly French.

From the scene of the Duke's death, we passed naturally, as though following up the disasters of his doomed family, to the ruins of the Palace of Neuilly, one of the most melancholy of sights. This favorite summer residence of Louis Philippe had evidently little of the royal and imposing about it, but was a quiet, lovely, home-like place, sanctified by much of domestic happiness, purity, and simplicity of life — so is its destruction, its desolation, the more touching to behold. The objects of most interest in the grounds are a monument erected on the spot where a cannon ball, fired from the Bois

de Boulogne, fell at the feet of Louis Philippe in 1830, and where a few days after the crown of France was offered him; the tomb of Diana of Poitiers; and the garden of the young Comte de Paris.

From Neuilly we drove through the Bois de Boulogne to the Champs de Mars, on which grand parade ground we were so fortunate as to witness a fine display of cavalry and flying artillery. From the sight of all the animated pomp of mimic war we went to the Hotel des Invalides, to behold what real war makes of men, in the maimed, crippled, and scarred soldiers of the empire. But these brave old fighters have a noble retreat for their declining years, and seem hale, hearty, and happy, as they sit and talk together on the terrace in the genial sunshine, stroll through the fine arcades, or reverently kneel in the chapel.

In the council chamber of the hotel we saw a noble bust of Napoleon le Grand, by Bosio, and one doubly ignoble by comparison of Napoleon le Petit, by Emile Thomas. Opposite these hangs the magnificent portrait of Napoleon, in his coronation robes. Our guide, who was an old soldier, and a devout worshipper of the immortal Corsican, spoke of Louis Napoleon, as his "future Emperor," with apparent pleasure, almost enthusiasm. By the way, the Prince President displays most strikingly his keen and worldly wisdom, in repairing and adding to the palaces and churches of Paris, and vigorously carrying on all popular public works — thus, while improving and beautifying the city, employing thousands of workmen and artists, who are, of course, kept out of all mischief. There is nothing so good as bread to stop the mouths of the politically disaffected; and the true secret of this Napoleon's popularity, next to that sublimity of impudence which takes the French like an astounding *coup de théâtre*, lies in the encouragement of labor, and the security to trade, given by his government — that is, himself. But to return.

In the large and handsome library founded by Napoleon, we saw the famous picture of the Emperor crossing Mount St. Bernard, by David, I believe, in which he is very sublimely represented as dashing up an awful steep on a fiery, rearing steed, in a magnificent costume, and a most dramatic attitude — a painting full of *éclat*, but in true grandeur falling far behind the real picture of the real Napoleon, in his gray surtout, quietly ascending the mountain pass on a mule, led by an Alpine guide.

We were allowed to enter the dome, where the nation is paying almost divine honors to the ashes of the Emperor, by giving him one of the grandest burial-places and monuments which glory and poetry could devise, and art, power, and wealth could execute. It is not alone a gorgeous temple for the munificent offerings of the nation to the manes of her dead glory, but a vast *chapelle expiatoire* for the world who impiously rebelled against, and finally rejected, his Majesty of majesties. When this tomb, with all its grand surroundings, shall be finished, in most imperial splendor and triumphal pomp will he rest who died in hopeless exile, and reposed for so many years "on a lone, barren rock," in the far seas.

Here, for the resounding beat of waves on that drear shore, will be the billowy swell and majestic roll of grand organ music; and for the wild wailing of the ocean winds, the mighty sorrow and solemn supplication of countless masses said for the repose of his soul.

From the Hotel des Invalides we went to the Luxembourg, a noble and beautiful palace, though far smaller than the Louvre. I will not attempt to describe it. Imagine an edifice very magnificent and princely outwardly — very grand, lofty, and uncomfortable, inwardly. I thought the Salle des Séances far surpassing in beauty and dignity the English Chamber of Peers; and some of the modern French pictures in the gallery are, to my apprehension, finer than many by the old

masters in the Louvre. I was especially delighted with one or two by Paul Delaroche.

From the Luxembourg to Notre Dame, which interiorly scarcely answered my expectations. Its whiteness and lightness, on that brilliant day, took much from its vastness and grandeur. Yet it is a noble old cathedral, and little needs the added grace of countless glorious associations — chief among which must live forever the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

From Notre Dame to the *Hotel de Cluny*, a picturesque old mansion, built on the spot, or near the spot, where once stood the palace of the Emperor Julian, and of some of the earliest kings of Gaul. There are yet to be seen some curious Roman aqueducts, dungeons, and subterranean passages. The house itself now contains an immense and choice collection of antiquities, curious manuscripts, mirrors, pictures, statuary, carving, cabinets, miniatures, china furniture — all imaginable interesting and beautiful relics. There is one magnificent inlaid cabinet, once belonging to Louis XIV., which, opening, displays some exquisite paintings on ivory, which modern art could not excel; and there are innumerable objects of historic or romantic interest, making the shadowy old chateau altogether one of the most charming sights of Paris.

October 24.

Yesterday being very stormy, I could only spend a short time at the Louvre, and visit the manufactory of the Gobelin Tapestry, where I was astonished and delighted by rarely beautiful specimens of this splendid fabric, and by observing the wondrous art, care, and patience by which they are produced.

To-day we have visited Pere la Chaise, taken a stroll in the gardens of the Tuileries, and attended service at the Madeleine.

It was a lovely morning for the cemetery; the air had the soft, golden sunniness of Indian summer, and a sweet south

wind was wooing, rather than tearing, the withered leaves from the trees along our paths. Beautiful emblems of death, they fluttered down in showers of crimson, and gold, and bronze, upon chapel and tomb, and draped the humblest grave with a gorgeous pall. Pere la Chaise, though more crowded, and with less natural beauty, than some of our cemeteries, is a cheerful and lovely city of the dead, and has a glory and a sacredness which none of ours yet possess, from enshrining the ashes, the all that could die, of many whose memories live in immortalities of love, and power, and sorrow, beating on forever in the life currents of the heart of the world.

I thought, "O Death, where is thy sting?" where are thy terrors, thy gloom, and thy loneliness? when marking over countless tombs, beautiful little chapels, and ornamented shrines, lovely, secluded, holy places, where grieving friends may come for meditation, prayer, and sweet remembering — or gaze down long pleasant flowery vistas of graves, hallowed with gleaming crosses, and hung with votive wreaths.

The French certainly do not, like too many among us, thrust their dead away into the earth, and thenceforth avoid the spot, as though pestilences were exhaling from the grave turf. At almost every tomb you see flowery evidences of frequent and recent visitation. It is true that this sometimes looks more like the expression of a sentimental than a deep sorrow; and doubtless the rich often drop in at these elegant little chapels, and leave votive wreaths, very much as they would make a round of fashionable calls, and leave cards at the doors of their acquaintances.

The first tomb to which we were conducted was that of Abelard and Heloise. This is a large, imposing monument — a small chapel, in the Saxon style, beautifully sculptured, built over the original sarcophagus of the immortal lovers, surmounted by their recumbent statues. Their figures have a dignified, sorrowful grace, and their faces a mournful beauty,

which would touch and trouble one to whom their history were unknown. It is little consolation, to one remembering the long agony of their severed lives, to read on this tomb that here, in death, they are reunited — to know that the eyes forbidden to look devotion and tenderness, and condemned to watching and tears, are here quenched in the same darkness — that the love-warm lips, once torn asunder, now meet, "dust to dust" — that the ardent and faithful hearts, which bled apart with one anguish, now mingle "ashes to ashes."

It was with a shock of strange emotion that I found myself standing by the unmarked grave of Marshal Ney. A shiver ran through my frame, and my heart seemed for the moment motionless with sorrowful awe. There is here no monument, no chapel, no cross — only a railing and a few flowers about the grave. There was one crimson rose beside it, which I could but dream had drawn its deep coloring from his rich heroic blood.

At almost every step we came upon the resting-place of a great novelist or poet, a warrior, a philosopher, an orator, or a grand tragedian: Balzac, Molière, La Fontaine, Madame Cottin, De Genlis, Bernardin St. Pierre, Delavin; St. Cyr, Macdonald, Suchet, Junot, Gobert; Laplace, Sicard, Constant; De Sèze, Manuel, Foy; Mars, Duchesnois, Talma. The tomb of Bellini is also here, and those of several other celebrated composers.

As though strongly to contrast the shadowy solemnity and religious quiet of death with all the brightness, flush, and glory of life, we drove from Pere la Chaise to the gardens of the Tuileries, where we strolled for nearly an hour. I never beheld, nor do I believe the world could furnish, a more charming and splendid sight. The sunshine, though brilliant, was deliciously mellow — it was molten beauty, and glory, and joy. It did not seem to pour down upon you, but to float

around you, and flow over you, on the softly-undulating waves of air. Then there were fountains in play, innumerable flowers in bloom, and trees in all the gorgeousness of their autumnal foilage. The promenaders were many, forming gay, varied, picturesque, and peculiarly Parisian groups. There were ladies, surpassingly tasteful in dress and graceful in carriage; elegant gentlemen, with the blackest of mustaches; beautiful children, with their *bonnes;* students, with a characteristic jauntiness in the *pose* of their hats, with a dash of recklessness in the tie of their cravats, and a general disregard of conventionalisms in the color of their waistcoats and the plaid of their pantaloons; grisettes, with nicely-fitting polka jackets, snow-white collars, and the most coquettish little caps imaginable.

There can be few finer views in the world than the one from the front of the palace, down the central avenue, to the Place de la Concorde and L'Arc de Triomphe.

As I stood there, gazing, I thought what a sharp pang of anguish must have shot through the heart of poor Marie Antoinette, as from the ignominious cart of the condemned, or the scaffold of execution, she looked over the vile crowd of her murderers, to the scene of her former pleasures and splendors.

October 27.

Yesterday we spent in the palace and gardens of Versailles. I feel it as a relief that I am near the last hour of my last day in Paris, and thus may be excused from any attempt at describing the matchless beauties of architecture, glories of art, and unapproachable splendors of that royal wonder of the world. I found that history, romance, and poetry had given me but a faint and partial idea of the vast extent, the dazzling gorgeousness and magnificence, of this place. The picture galleries are storehouses of the treasures of centuries, where every glorious scene in the history of France or the lives of

her monarchs and heroes is before you, and every face famous or infamous in her annals looks down upon you. I had intense pleasure in thus reading the splendid military and imperial career of Napoleon. But by far the grandest historical pictures are those of a later era, by Horace Vernet, who with his wondrous genius has thrown a splendor around even the war in Algiers and the taking of Rome.

A relief and a rest, after the bewildering richness of the palace and the gardens, was a visit to La Petit Trianon, the favorite retreat of Marie Antoinette. There is a mournful loveliness, a touching quietude, about this little palace and its grounds, especially at this season of the year, strangely in consonance with memories of its beautiful and fated mistress. There is, near the borders of a beautiful lake, a weeping willow, planted by her own hand, — most fitting and faithful memorial, — and in a retired and lovely spot, you come upon the exquisite little hamlet, a charming fancy of the young queen, where the royal family often amused themselves by playing villagers. Marie Antoinette was a milkmaid, and nothing could be more beautiful than her *laiterie*.

Genoa, November 6.

Thus far towards the seven-hilled city of pilgrimages — thus far in safety and ever-improving health. I seem to drink in healing with every breath of this balmy southern air — to receive strength from the beautiful earth I tread, and hope from the delicious skies above me. I begin to feel a glad confidence that the first great object of my tour is to be fully attained, and that, under the beneficent influences of this genial climate, I shall gain vigor of body and elasticity of spirit — shall renew my life, and my joy in life.

The journey from Paris to Avignon was not one of much interest. The scenery during the latter part was very fine, but the rainy weather prevented our seeing it to advantage.

Our first stopping-place was Chalons, on the Saone, a pleasantly situated, queer and quaint town, as old as Julius Cæsar. From Chalons we took a narrow, dirty little steamer for Lyons, which we reached at night and left in the morning, so had no time to see the famous cathedral and its more famous clock. At Lyons we took the Rhone, on a yet narrower and dirtier steamer, for Avignon, stopping a night at Valence, a picturesque old town, where Napoleon once studied. The scenery along the Rhone, as you approach Avignon, is exceedingly beautiful, and the foliage at this time was both soft and gorgeous in coloring. All along, the gold, crimson, and bronze tints of autumn were mingled with the brightest and loveliest living green.

Avignon, though a densely populated, busy town, with some handsome modern buildings and bridges, has a quaint, gloomy, and peculiar aspect. The noisome shadows of Popish tyranny, superstition, and persecution seem thrown upon it yet from the old Papal palace and the prisons of the Inquisition. Remembering well the vivid and powerful description given by Dickens, in his charming Pictures from Italy, we visited these places, but found them completely transformed into barracks and store rooms, scarcely a trace of their original state and purpose remaining. Yet there was, in the very atmosphere of the dim, cavernous hall where the Inquisition sat to examine, deliberate, and condemn, and in that of the chamber of torture, something that sent a cold horror chilling along my veins and creeping through my very bones. The tower in which Rienzi was imprisoned is yet standing, but in ruins — in truth, the whole palace has an air of dreary decay and abhorrent abandonment. Thank God for the token! I could but commiserate the soldiers who swarmed in these gloomy barracks. However stupid and unimaginative they look, it seems that in stormy nights they must fancy they hear the innumerable victims "of the bloody faith" shrieking under those

blackened arches — the prayer, the sob, the vain appeal for mercy, the crack of bones upon the wheel, the "sharp, short cry down oubliettes."

After the chill, foggy afternoon in which we beheld this gloomiest of all sights, we had at Avignon two of the most glorious days imaginable. On the first of these we took a carriage and drove to the Pont de Gard, a bridge built along the side of an old Roman aqueduct — a work stupendous in height and strength, but marvellously light, graceful, and airy in its effect. The scenery about this noble work has a peculiar character of quiet, lonely beauty, and bears the look of having been ever deserted since its grand conquerors and warlike masters departed. On this excursion we first saw olives, figs, and the rich pomegranate, bursting with its crimson ripeness. The second day we visited the fountain and romantic haunts of Vaucluse, the picturesque home of Petrarch. This is the most peculiar, lonely, lovely, wild, melancholy place you could dream of in a stormy midsummer night. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the fountain itself, which gushes brightly and bountifully from the base of a bare and rugged mountain, and pours over black rocks in innumerable fairy cascades. The waters, which are of a living, luminous green, seemed just out for a special holiday. I could not realize that they always gleamed so brightly and sung so merrily in that solitary place. The waves seemed deliriously glad to escape from their prison, beneath the cold, dark hills, and leaped, and laughed, and shouted, and danced in the pleasant sunshine, and ran in and out of the green shadows of the shore, like frolicsome children just broken away from the dull tasks and stern dominion of school. The house and garden, which tradition assigns to the divine sonneteer, are yet in existence, but in a dismal state of dilapidation and dirt. The poet pilgrim to this shrine of genius must pass through perils indescribable, and encounter smells unimaginable, ere he can

hope to pluck a sprig from the old laurel tree *said* to have been planted by the great poet lover.

In the evening we ran down to Marseilles by the railway. Our party filling a carriage, with the exception of one seat, we amused ourselves, as we approached Marseilles, by manufacturing another passenger out of our extra wraps. Stuffing an overcoat with shawls and umbrellas, we fashioned a portly little gentleman, whom we made to recline in a corner, grasping a walking stick, and with his face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat. When the ticket master came, we had the satisfaction of seeing our foolish little joke succeed beyond our proudest hopes. After receiving and counting our tickets, he looked hard at the quiet little gentleman, and said, rather impatiently, "*Monsieur, votre billet.*" "*Il dort, Monsieur,*" said one of us. So, without further ceremony, he seized the oblivious traveller by the arm, and shook him into shawls, overcoats, and umbrellas, amid uncontrollable bursts of laughter on our part. The official looked a little dark and suspicious at first, and made a long and careful *post mortem* examination of the departed; but, finding that he was composed of no contraband articles, graciously joined in the laugh, only protesting that somebody must pay for "*le petit Monsieur.*"

Marseilles I saw very little of, as I was busily engaged, for the few hours I spent there, in writing private letters, and only walked out as far as the post office. But I believe I missed not much, as there are few sights in that city more interesting than those a stranger can have in driving or walking through its busy and noisy streets. I left France, after all, with regret; for I like the people — the common people, I mean, for I had relations with no other. Careless, unreliable, cunning, extortionous, unscrupulous, ignorant, and dirty, as most of them are, yet I like them; first, for their inimitable, unweariable politeness; and, next, for their gayety, their sparkling vivacity, their quick wit, their nonsense, their very

ridiculousness. Truth with them is a myth, a jest, an obsolete idea; but the lies they tell you are generally of the most flattering kind — agreeable delusions, for which you feel rather obliged than otherwise; and they will impose upon you with such an air that you really are ashamed to show proper resentment.

We were obliged to take passage to Genoa on a crowded and disagreeable English steamer; but as the sea was quite calm, and the night strikingly beautiful, we were happily able to remain on deck till very late. I was at length driven by the heavy dews into that den of gregarious discomfort, "the ladies' cabin," where my fervent adjurations to the god of slumber were for a long time baffled by the closeness of the air, and the garrulousness of two worthy English dames, who were entertaining each other with marvellous tales of successful and unsuccessful smuggling. One had had an Irish poplin torn from the sanctuary of the "bustle" itself, by order of "a nasty French officer of the customs;" while the other had once borne off in triumph to England twelve yards of "the loveliest Brussels lace" in the hem of her petticoat. From this they passed to subjects more purely domestic, — governesses, footmen, cooks, — and the last words which fell on my drowsy ear were "gooseberry tart" and "raspberry jam."

The joyfully-welcomed morning came at last, and we had a charming day, often passing very near the bold and beautiful shore of the Mediterranean, and saw the sun set at sea in a glory unapproachable by art, inexpressible by language. It was night ere we reached Genoa; so we lost the sea view of its noble bay. Yet the "superb" city was a glorious sight, seen even in the obscurity of the deepening twilight, as it rose, pile on pile of marble palaces, tier on tier of gleaming lights. We were soon able to go on shore, where we were little delayed at the custom house, on account of our passports or luggage. We are stopping at the *Locanda d'Italia*, a fine

hotel, which once was a palace, they say, where we have a suit of pleasant rooms in somewhere about the twelfth story, and are very well attended, and served bountifully with excellent food.

Rome, November 13.

Genoa is to me, in recollection, like a gorgeous dream of grand palaces, old churches, splendid and strange — narrow streets, leading up steep acclivities, and down into dark hollows, lined with towering houses, whose outside walls are painted more brilliantly and variously than interiors elsewhere — with animated and striking groups of picturesque people — pale women, with shining black hair, and long white scarfs gracefully disposed about their heads, and falling in light folds over neck, arms, and bosom, walking every where about the crowded, dirty streets, as though through carpeted drawing rooms, with a regal yet unconscious elegance — men, with rich olive complexions and glossy black beards, wearing caps of brilliant red, or brown, or purple, and talking and gesticulating on the most trifling topic, with marvellous waste of passionate energy and dramatic effect — children, limbed like sculptured Loves, with luxuriant hair, brown or raven, and cheeks round, and red, and goldened, like ripe peaches — and all these speaking in a language wonderfully melodious and impressive, and looking out of large, deep, lustrous, yet melancholy eyes. There is to me a peculiarly sad and touching expression in these grand Italian orbs — it is half expectant, half despairing ; the look of souls who have lost some great good, some priceless glory, for which they are wishing, and waiting, and searching eternally. You are struck by the native intelligence of these people. You know that many of them must be frightfully ignorant, but very few of them look so; and with the exception of the guides and priests, — "blind leaders of the blind," — none are positively stupid. Their great eyes sometimes reveal the dulness of intellectual torpor,

but never incapacity. The cloud is not dark and heavy enough wholly to hide the throbbing of the soul stars behind.

We spent two days in wandering through the Genoese palaces, churches, gardens, and streets — two days of rich, novel, unmingled pleasure. The palaces themselves are vast and noble, rather than beautiful; but they are rich in fine paintings, especially in many glorious Vandykes. The churches are the most magnificent and varied in their decoration I have yet seen — that of the Annunciation almost blinds one with its unveiled splendor and elaborate gorgeousness. In the gloomy old Duomo are kept the famous relics of John the Baptist — the ashes of his head, and one finger entire. In the chapel dedicated to these, no woman is allowed to enter — a regulation doubtless made in holy condemnation of one of our sex who excelled in a frivolous accomplishment, and turned it to an unholy account. In these churches, you see at all hours a few humble worshippers telling their beads and crossing themselves before the various shrines. But they are seldom so soundly wrapped in devotion as to be unmindful of the presence of strangers, whom they curiously follow with their eyes, while their lips move mechanically in soulless prayer.

From Genoa to Pisa we took carriages and *vetturini*, and travelled by the Cornice. The weather was delicious, and this journey of three days proved a long succession of glorious pictures. I had not only never seen, I had never *conceived*, any thing so lovely and grand. Our road now lay along the shore of the blue Mediterranean; now off in quiet, delicious valleys, smiling with picturesque cottages, lemon and orange groves; now up and down mountains, clothed with olives and pines; now over torrents and along dark precipices; now under long avenues of poplar, and aspen, and sycamores, festooned with vines, and past gardens and hedges of roses in full bloom, sweetening the air with the very sweetness of paradise.

And then the sunsets — when the splendid lights on cloud and sea seemed God's own transcendent glory made visible to man — when the very sky seemed to have descended and wrapped itself around the purple and golden hills — when heaven and earth seemed embracing in light and blending in a bridal of beauty. It were the extremest folly in me to attempt to reproduce here the vast and glowing pictures of that journey — to pour its rich sunlight or fling its grand shadows along my page — to blend its solemn sea voices, and sad pine murmurs, and gay peasant singing with the sound of my words, and to distil into my thought the rare sweetness of its roses. Yet I believe that the vision of those mountains and valleys will never fade from my soul — that that sunlight will stream through all my future life — that that music of wave and tree will never wholly die on my ear — that those roses will be a fragrant memory in my death chamber.

The *disagrémens* of the journey — the impositions of the *vetturini*, the discomfort of inns, and the persecutions from beggars — I have not dwelt upon, because, having been endured, they are so thoroughly past, so nearly forgotten.

At Lucca we visited a noble old cathedral, and took a pleasant stroll on the city walls, and at Pisa we spent half a day. The Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistry, and the Campo Santo form the most splendid and interesting group of buildings I have ever seen. We ascended the tower, which certainly leans fearfully, and enjoyed a charming view from the summit. We lingered long in the cathedral before some delicious pictures by Andrea del Sarto, and wandered through the Campo Santo, where there is some fine monumental sculpture.

From Pisa we went by railway to Leghorn, which we found a very bustling and uninteresting place. Here, on the evening of the 11th, we took the French mail steamer for Civita Vecchia. This is a small, uncomfortable boat, and on this

voyage we found it, to our dismay, crowded beyond precedent. Though not a state room or berth could be had, we were obliged to take passage by her, as a friend of Miss C—— would be awaiting us at Civita Vecchia, to accompany us to Rome. The first hours of the voyage flew lightly enough — the night was mild and beautiful. We met some American fellow-passengers, among whom was Colonel Marshall, of Kentucky, United States Minister to China, and had a pleasant chatty time on deck — where, indeed, I was disposed to spend the entire night, but was overruled by my friends, who thought me imprudent to the last degree in wishing to brave such exposure. So, about midnight, we descended into the dining cabin, where mattresses had been spread for us upon the floor. Alas! not for us alone. The place was already crowded with forlorn travellers — English, Americans, Germans, French, Italians — priests, soldiers, artists, ladies, children, couriers, and ladies' maids. After an immense amount of talk and laughter, we all got settled in our places, which were as comfortable as circumstances would allow. My companions soon fell asleep, overcome by the weariness of the day — but I was kept wide and wild awake by the closeness of the air, incipient seasickness, and the novelty and ludicrousness of the scene. As the atmosphere grew heavier and hotter, such a chorus of snoring was set up as was never before heard. It was absolutely maddening. Near me lay a stout gentleman, who astounded even more than he enraged me by the power and compass of his nasal organ. By his side lay his wife, looking pale and haggard as from innumerable sleepless nights. I raised myself on my elbow, and contemplated her weary face, her sad, sleepless, wandering eyes, marvelling at her long endurance, and feeling an insane temptation to whisper to her, that, should she at any time strangle the unfeeling monster as he lay, "making night hideous" with his unearthly snore, no intelligent jury would bring in a worse verdict than

"justifiable homicide." On my other side lay a lad, in that unregenerate state which Mrs. Pipchin refers to when she solemnly declares that "boys that sniffle never get to heaven." At length I grew almost frantic, and, seizing all I could carry, — my carpet bag, cloak, blanket, and pillows, — I rushed upon deck. At the foot of the stairs I stumbled over a man — for what fell purpose he was lurking there, I did not then divine. As soon as I could muster sufficient strength and courage, after depositing my wraps on deck, I returned for my mattress — returned to find the stranger of the stairway stretched out upon it, and sleeping, or feigning to sleep, profoundly. There was no help for it, and in a sullen rage I staggered again to the deck; when, behold! my blanket and pillows had been seized upon by some villanous marauder — even my *sac de nuit* had gone to some bourn whence no travelling bag returns. My case was now desperate, and, going up to a brigandish-looking Frenchman, who was stretched upon a bench near by, luxuriating in a suspicious superabundance of blankets and pillows, and laying my hand on the outermost covering, I said, in as stern and relentless a tone as I could command, "*Monsieur c'est a moi!*" The guilty man relinquished it at once, with a "*Pardon, madame.*" I then made a requisition for the pillows, but could only recover one — which, by the way, was not mine, but a hard little thing, wet with night dew, about as pleasant to rest one's head upon as would be a brick folded in a cabbage leaf: yet I made the best of it — wrapped myself stoically in my blanket, stretched myself on the deck, and fell a-stargazing. The sky above me was of a deep, delicious, soul-bewildering blue, thick sown with radiant orbs — heaven's canopy of state over the queenliest loveliness of earth. The clouds were light and silvery, and assumed a thousand fair and fantastic shapes. One, I remember, took distinctly the form of a graceful woman, in the flowing Greek costume; in one hand she held a star, and seemed bending

forward as though trying to blow it out. But the star was too much for her, and she finally blew herself away in vain attempts at extinguishing it.

But this heavenly contemplation becomes a decided bore when compulsory and protracted. I was getting very chill and weary, when a French lad, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, having been driven by cold from the longboat, where he had gone to sleep, happening to pass near, recognized me, and, horrified at my bedless condition, courageously plunged into the depths of the cabin, on a marauding expedition for my benefit. In about five minutes he returned, laden with spoil, in the shape of a mattress and a large pillow. He laughed very merrily, while arranging these for me, in telling how adroitly he had obtained them. He had found a stout gentleman, for whom two mattresses had been spread, sleeping on the cabin floor, and had actually succeeded in rolling him off one, which he took possession of, with a pillow, ere the poor man was sufficiently roused to resist or remonstrate.

It is singular, that, though I had felt a righteous indignation at the heinous robberies before committed on me, I did not protest against this little confiscation, but enjoyed the joke immensely, and my bed as well, sleeping soundly on it for several hours. I was awakened by the rain; but as the sea had roughened, and I was decidedly sick, I did not go below, but wrapped myself more closely in my blanket, and "endured unto the end." Fortunately, the shower soon passed, and I took not the slightest cold.

About sunrise Colonel Marshall came on deck, and naturally expecting sympathy from a countrywoman, he had no sooner cast his eyes on me than he began to pour into my ears the story of his own peculiar hardships and wrongs. Some audacious brigand, he said, had actually stolen half of his bed and his best pillow from under him, as he lay in the deep unconsciousness of innocent slumber. I declare, that, in

the dull gray of the early morning, the chilliness of the late shower, the torpor of subsiding seasickness, amid all the unspeakable forlornities of my state, I laughed till the tears rained down my face.

After going through the mere form of breakfasting in a dirty inn at Civita Vecchia, we set forth for Rome in imposing state, in an enormous diligence, with six horses and three postilions. This road runs through a bare, uninteresting, and desolate country. More than ten miles from the Eternal City we caught a view of St. Peter's, looming up like a small mountain, and every heart stood still at the sight. It was dark ere we entered Rome, yet we recognized several grand landmarks ere we reached our pleasant house in the Corso.

November 17

Ancient Rome, as yet, affects me with a singular gloomy wonder. I gaze about me sadly rather than eagerly. I am too awestruck to be curious. We spent one day among the ruins; and though the sunshine was brilliant as that of June, and the breath of wild roses was afloat on the soft air, that day was to me one of shadows and sadness. Could all the sunshine that ever streamed out of heaven make festal brightness in the mighty circle of the Coliseum, thronged, as it is, to the eye of the spirit, with dark visions of fear and horror, of fierce fight and deadly encounter, brutal ferocity and diabolical cruelty? The blood of innumerable martyrs seems yet rising from the once trampled and gory arena, a cloud between us and the beautiful skies. What a terrible power has a place like this over the imagination! I there beheld not alone the half-sickening, half-intoxicating scenes of ancient gladiatorial combat; but, as I stood near one of the ruined passages, by which the wild beasts, ages on ages ago, were driven, mad with rage and hunger, from their black, subterranean dens, into the noontide blaze of the amphitheatre, I involuntarily

listened to hear them roaring and bounding beneath me. I involuntarily looked to see them leaping into the arena, with eyes aflame and jaws agape. I listened to hear the first shriek of the Christian victims, and the mad yells, the applauding uproar, of the heathen spectators. I seemed to see the tiger burying his claws deep in the white bosom of the maiden, and the fierce leopard playing with the mangled child ere devouring it. I seemed to see the gray-haired old man and the dark-haired youth, after a vain, brief struggle with their terrible foes, rent in pieces; and, more fearful and pitiable still, fair patrician dames looking on through all, with calm, unblenched faces, and young peasant maidens clapping their brown hands, while the long thunders of acclamation rolled round the vast amphitheatre.

Here, as at the prisons of the Inquisition at Avignon, I exulted over the ruin about me with joy unspeakable. Yet what a melancholy lesson does this chance coupling of these two places present! The one is the scene of the open, cruel, yet speedy martyrdom of the earliest Christians under a bloody pagan power — the other the scene of the secret, slow, infernally ingenious torture of Christians *by fellow-Christians*. Could the martyrs who suffered here have foreseen these things — have seen priests, in the place of beasts, rending, and racking, and disembowelling to the sound of pious chants instead of fierce shouts, and in the name of the merciful Jesus instead of that of relentless Jove — could they have foreseen those bitterer than heathen mockeries, those bold blasphemies of the most high God, written by priestly hands in the blood of his children, — would they have met the maddened beasts of the arena with such superhuman serenity, such sublime faith, suffered with such divine endurance, "triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God"?

We descended into the catacombs by the usual entrance at the Church of San Sebastiano. These subterranean refuges

of the early Christians are indeed very melancholy, dismal, awful places. We were conducted by a dirty and miserable Franciscan friar, looking, in the coarse brown dress of his order, as though he had burrowed for a lifetime in those low, dark passages. Each of us bore a torch, yet never ventured to diverge from the way taken by our guide, or to fall more than a yard or two behind him. He led us through a gloomy and bewildering labyrinth, vault after vault, passage opening on passage, chill chambers of death, interminable halls of night, where our torches seemed to struggle with the heavy air, and to cast faint and fearful gleams into the profound depths of that ancient darkness. He showed us chapels and rude shrines, and every where sepulchres, hollowed from the soft rock. Since the Christianization of Rome, most of the bones of the martyrs who perished here have been removed to less humble tombs in the churches. Many are kept in costly cabinets and shrines as precious and holy relics. I shall never forget a group of graves pointed out to me in one of the chapels — they were those of a father, mother, and two children. I involuntarily exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! what a place for children!" Poor lambs! what wonder that they would not stay in this chill and sunless abode, but soon sought the "green pastures" and the "still waters" of the good Shepherd. Perhaps, when they were first brought here, they wondered and questioned why the morning was so long in coming; perhaps, when they were dying, they cried piteously for the sunshine, the flowers, and the pleasant grass. Perhaps they died in utter darkness, and the mother only knew when the cherub soul had escaped from its double prison house, and ascended to the upper brightness, by feeling the little body grow stiff and cold against her desolate bosom.

As I said, these graves have been rifled, and the bones of the faithful Christians and the sacred vessels which held the blood of martyrdom, and stood in little niches near these graves,

have been borne away to cathedrals and monasteries, while the names rudely carved on these stones have been enrolled among the holiest saints of the church. But who shall collect and enshrine the bones lying in the secret dungeons and towers of the Inquisition? What bold and pious hand could there have caught and treasured the blood which dripped from the wheel, or splashed against the walls of the oubliettes? When shall the saints, who there suffered in secret and died in extremest anguish, receive their canonization?

We drove past that proud tomb which has lifted the single name of a woman, amid the storms of centuries, above the destruction of empires and the convulsions of a thousand wars. Little could Cecilia Metella have dreamed that the inscription on the tomb, raised by "love, or pride," above her dust, would stand out clear when the language in which it was written had been silenced over the whole face of the earth — that the tomb itself would remain unlevelled, almost unbroken, when Rome had been long bowed in ruin — when the smiling country about her had become a wild waste — when her race had sunken away out of all remembrance of the glory and power which once dazzled and ruled the world.

We also drove along the tomb-bordered Appian Way, where some recent excavations let us down several feet, on to the very stones over which the chariots of Roman conquerors once rolled, and the troops of the empire and the consulate often swept, in all the splendid pomp and insolent pride of victory. Thick, on either side, stood broken and mouldering tombs, and the black, tottering walls of houses — every where dead desolation and decay. Looking off to the left, the eye grew weary in following miles on miles of ruined aqueducts. Amid the destruction around, you wonder to see so much of these grand works yet standing, and you almost expect to see them go down before your sight, arch after arch.

The grotto over the fountain of Egeria is an interesting bit

of ruin, though stripped of its rich marbles, and every way dilapidated. Of the Temple of Bacchus there remains enough to suggest a faint vision of pillared and sculptured beauty. But what a wilderness of ruin are the Baths of Caracalla! The longer you wander among these stupendous remains, the more you are amazed by the conceptions they give one of the beauty and grandeur of those vast temples of pleasure, in which the Romans revelled like gods, and in whose voluptuous atmosphere Rome's destruction ripened.

The lofty dome of the Pantheon opens towards heaven in almost its first grandeur, defying the devastations of time. Its beautiful pavement seems yet little worn by the tread of unnumbered generations, and the majestic pillars of its portico bear up grandly under the weight of more than eighteen centuries. The attempt to Christianize the Pantheon and like places in Rome, by the introduction of altars and shrines, glaring pictures and bedizened statues of saints, has, in my opinion, signally failed. Their character remains sternly and obstinately pagan. The ghosts of the dead deities flit around them still. They are forever haunted by the sensuous, voluptuous, imperious, magnificent old Roman spirit. Amid the stern simplicity of these sublime ruins, the taste involuntarily resents the accessories and parades of the theatrical Catholic worship, as it might some monstrous anachronism in poetry or art. Even the crosses and shrines in the Coliseum seem but pious impertinences and the arrogant triumphing of a new faith; and I own that I find it impossible to see the diminutive soldiers and effeminate priests of to-day in the Forum, or the ruined temples of the old heroes and divinities, without a desire to have them swept away, and their places filled by stalwart followers of Mars and manly worshippers of Jove.

Among the most interesting antiquities of Rome are the Columbaria, on the Appian Way. These subterranean tombs are so called from their consisting of tier on tier of niches,

like pigeon holes, where the ashes of the dead are stered — some in classic urns, but most in round earthen receptacles, with covers, very like preserve pots or pickle jars. You can thrust your hand into almost any one of these, and bring it up full of the ashes and bony fragments of somebody, or something. In these economical, gregarious sepulchres were deposited all that stood fire of the slaves and inferior officers of the imperial and princely houses. Over every niche is an inscription, and beside many of the urns and jars a lamp and a small vessel for containing wine.

The grandest view I have yet had of the city and surrounding country was from the tower of the Capitol. There it lay beneath me, in one vast, magnificent circle. Rome! Rome! the fact that I am indeed in its midst, which seems to come to and pass from my mind in a sort of ebb and flow of realization, broke upon me then almost overpoweringly.

No more the dream, the longing —
The pilgrim strays at last
Amid thy haunted temples,
Thou city of the past,
Whose eagles once made darkness
Where'er their wings unfurled —
Whose seven hills propped a glory
That domed the ancient world.

I wrote these lines some time last year for another, little dreaming what a few months would bring forth for me. Almost prophetic they seemed when I stood on that high tower, and looked down on those seven hills, on the yellow Tiber, on the Tarpeian Rock, on the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the noble arches of Constantine, Titus, and Septimius Severus — on the beautiful ruins of the temples about the Forum, and the dark mass of crumbling masonry, of undistinguishable fragments of columns, arches, and vaults, called, as though in bitter mockery of greatness, the Palace of the Cæsars. With

these mingled, yet forever distinct, was modern Rome, headed by that consecrated wonder and splendor of the world, St. Peter's. Out beyond the city walls our eager gaze was directed to plains, and mountains, and ancient places, whose names were familiar as school-house words — Latium, Etruria, the Camp of Hannibal, the Sabine Hills, the Alban Mount, Frascati, Tusculum, and, far away over the desolate campagna, Tivoli. But I soon turned from the distant to the near, and looked long and thoughtfully down upon the Forum and the Coliseum, once the point of the highest architectural splendor the world could boast. Soon from those glorious fragments and colossal intimations my mind grasped large conceptions of Rome's proudest times. The broken arches of the Coliseum seemed to fill out again, and the vast amphitheatre to enclose its shouting thousands. The fallen and buried columns about the Forum arose from the dust, and ranged themselves in their old accustomed places. Priests and vestals ministered at sculptured altars, to which the long-banished deities had descended. The warlike brothers sat curbing their fierce steeds — Vesta in her white purity, and Minerva in the calm majesty of wisdom, stood again before their worshippers, and Jupiter sat sublime in his ancient temple.

And the host of the historical recollections of Rome, — the memories of battles, and triumphs, and sieges, and revolutions, — how they stormed upon the heart! Scenes in the victorious, disastrous, splendid, and guilty reigns of her emperors, the countless tumults and insurrections of her republics, seemed to pass before me. I saw the Forum now surging with an assembled populace, excited to frenzy by the words of some powerful orator, now brilliant with some sacred festival, now gorgeous with the triumphal course of an army returned from foreign conquests, the victorious leader standing, laurel crowned, in his chariot, followed by captives in chains, and slaves bearing spoil; and now I beheld it overrun with

barbarian hordes, slaying, pillaging, and destroying, till the night closed in blood and flame.

Over that Via Sacra, how many of those whom the world counts among her immortals have walked! — Horace, and Virgil, and Cicero, and Catullus, and Brutus, and Cæsar, and Mark Antony, and Cato, and Coriolanus, and, it may be, Peter and Paul.

The "chaste Lucretia" must have trod those stones, and Brutus's heroic Portia, the "noble Volumnia," the high-souled Cornelia, and the hapless Virginia. The stern Virginius passed here daily, and near by he struck down a base tyrant through the tender heart of his child — surely the grandest sacrifice to freedom and virtue in the annals of time.

CHAPTER VIII.

St. Peter's. — Statues. — Sistine Chapel. — High Mass. — The Pope. — Aspect of the City. — Of the People. — Peasants. — Beggars. — Soldiers. — Priests. — Works of Art. — The Apollo. — The Dying Gladiator. — The Cenci. — Villa Borghese. — Tivoli. — Ascent of St. Peter's. — The Coliseum by Moonlight. — The English Burying Ground. — Graves of Keats and Shelley. — A Religious Procession. — Albano. — A Ride on the Campagna.

November 29.

The outside view of St. Peter's disappointed me, as it does almost every one; the great number and enormous size of the columns which compose the grand colonnade in front, and the admirable proportions of the building itself, having to the eye a strangely diminishing effect. But the first full view of the interior struck a glorious picture upon my mind, which all the waves of time can never wash away — which, it seems to me, even the light of the unsetting sun of eternity cannot fade. That moment is stamped into my soul with those in which I first beheld Niagara and the Coliseum.

St. Peter's is not alone grand, beautiful, and vast — it is absolutely sublime; you feel awestruck, utterly overwhelmed, by its immensity, its incomparable stupendousness. Were it not for the general harmony of style and just proportion, it would seem not a single gigantic structure, but a mass of congregated and consecrated buildings, all constituting a vast accumulation of the splendors of art and the wonders of architecture — the piled offerings of the pride and piety of many ages and nations, the mighty type and temple of a world's worship, towering towards God.

It were far from impossible for good Protestants to feel devotional at St. Peter's; for though lighter and less gorgeous than most Catholic cathedrals, its stillness and vastness are profoundly impressive, and among its countless shrines, statues, and pictures, there are comparatively few objects offensive to our taste, understanding, and common sense. My eye was most revolted by the stiff bronze figure of St. Peter, sitting bolt upright, key in hand and foot extended, to receive the pious homage of the people. This miserable production has long been the particular object of popular worship — the lip service of millions of the devout has repeatedly worn away the solid metal, and the holy saint has been at least thrice retoed. The best of the joke to a heretic is, that it is not St. Peter at all, but an old and very ugly statue of Jove, enhaloed, and simply grasping a key instead of a bolt.

The works of Bernini and his disciples, marked as they nearly all are by the wild extravagance and boisterous strength with which this master seemed to boil over — bushy-headed saints, who look as though they had just alighted from riding on a whirlwind and directing a storm — angels in such a state of dishevelled discomposure, with their drapery in such a crazy flutter of breezy folds, and their very wing feathers so on end, you could almost believe them just escaped from some celestial insane asylum — these are simply detestable.

There are here a few monumental works by Thorwaldsen and Canova, which go far to make you forget these sculptured abominations. Many figures, originally fine, are utterly spoiled by an atrocious addition of drapery, consisting of sheets of tin, painted in vile imitation of marble. The modesty of Holy Mother Church has evidently had an alarming outbreak of late years, in the direction of art. Scarce a gleam of a saintly leg or an angelic bosom is now permitted to shock the pure eyes of the devout; but figures poetic and allegorical — muses,

seraphs, and the larger-sized cherubs — are henceforth to be muffled up and wound about in this ungraceful and uncomfortable manner. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" O saintly nuns and holy fathers!

It is really a great and memorable thing to stand under the grand dome and look up, up, to the far shining of the pictured glory and mystery of the Godhead. The splendor of those wondrous mosaics, and all the elaborate beauty of the surrounding ornaments, seem to strike down upon you, and dazzle you like the sun at noonday.

Just as we were leaving, after that first visit, the sound of an organ came from one of the chapels nearest the altar, and rolled down the magnificent nave, rounded, solemn, and sweet. The melodious flood seemed to swell about us, sensibly, almost visibly — to lift us off our feet and bear us forth.

Since seeing St. Peter's, all other churches seem to have sunken away out of sight. I never go to any other, except to hear fine music, see some particular work of art, or witness some imposing ceremony. Yesterday we saw the Pope perform high mass at the Sistine chapel in the Vatican. Here the music was grand, and the ceremonies very magnificent, though somewhat meaningless to a heretic. Into that portion of the chapel where we sat no spectators are admitted, unless dressed entirely in black. The ladies must wear black veils thrown over their heads, without bonnets; and for gentlemen, a dress coat is as indispensable as at the opera. A gilded open-work screen separates this part from that in which are the altar and papal throne. When we entered, the Pope was seated on the latter, under the canopy of purple and gold, in his resplendent sacerdotal robes, with his towering mitre on his head, and with his red-robed cardinals about him. The blaze of silver and gold at the illuminated altar, breaking through wreathing clouds of incense — the frescoed roof and walls, where the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo stands

forth supernal in majesty and power — the magnificent costume of the cardinals, bishops, and other high-church dignitaries — the striking antique costume of the Swiss guards, the gleam of their helmets and halberds — all constituted a scene peculiar and splendid, if not to us religiously impressive.

In Rome, the "sacred elements" are removed from church to church, and chapel to chapel, every forty-eight hours. This was the occasion of their being removed from the Sistine to the Pauline chapel, which is also in the Vatican.

The Pope did not officiate constantly at the altar, but sat most of the time on his throne; and whenever he rose to take part personally in the ceremonies, whenever his soft-toned voice was heard in prayer, or his paternal hands extended in benediction, all the faithful dropped on their knees, the Swiss guard going down with a resounding clang of arms.

At length the procession formed. A small canopy of white silk and silver, very like the state umbrella of a Chinese mandarin, was held over the head of His Holiness, and with cardinals, bishops, and guards, before, around, and behind him, he walked from the altar to the first door of the chapel, where a larger canopy of white silk and silver received him, and was borne over him the remainder of the way to the Pauline chapel. I had a very near view of the sovereign Pontiff, as he passed slowly forth, praying audibly and apparently earnestly, and also as he returned, in less state and at a much less solemn pace. I like the papal countenance; it may be wanting in strength, but it is beautiful in shape and feature, and remarkably gentle and meek in expression.

The Pope is rather stout, yet by no means gross — he looks healthful, but a little indolent.

In strong contrast to him was Cardinal Antinelli, the real force and brain of the present government, who walked a little in advance of His Holiness, and showed for what he is — a proud, subtle, ambitious, unscrupulous spirit. His lips

moved mechanically, but little prayed his dark, restless, sinister eyes.

We afterwards visited the chapel in which the sacrament had been deposited with such pomp and circumstance, and found it as brilliant as rich marbles, gold, and silver, and wax lights innumerable could make it.

From thence we drove to the Catacombs, the dark subterranean source of that mighty spiritual despotism which has subverted empires and exterminated religions, but whose power and glory have declined, and are declining fast, and whose sanctity has become an idle fable, at which, openly or secretly, the world laughs.

Modern Rome is the most singular *mélange* of the grand and poor, of splendor and squalor, imaginable. The streets are narrow and dirty, but many of them lined by towering old palaces, and leading into noble piazzas. There are open squares, containing, almost invariably, fountains beautiful or grotesque, and those most sombre yet picturesque and imposing of monuments, Egyptian obelisks. The general aspect of the city, as seen from a height, is of a dark gray — a strong contrast, indeed, to Iris-hued Genoa. I have as yet remarked no fantastic-looking buildings, painted in light, brilliant colors, or with frescoed outer walls. All respectable dwelling houses are built on a large and lofty scale, with the best suites of apartments astonishingly high up, and the entrance halls chill, dreary, and prison-like.

The Romans of rank and fortune are singularly handsome. You see little in their dress to distinguish them from the English or French resident here, but unerringly recognize them by their pale, olive complexion, their shining black hair, and large, magnificent eyes — not the quick, fiery, sparkling eyes that flash lightning-like upon you in southern France, but those of full-orbed yet chaotic thought, of slumberous passion, dreamy and soft; eyes which do not strike your gaze off

from their bright surface, yet are utterly unfathomable, and into which you can look down to depth on depth of mystery and darkness.

The common people are gayer in manner, and you sometimes remark among them forms and faces of striking beauty. I regret to say that the picturesque national costume of this class seems rapidly going out, at least in the large towns. I have seen comparatively few women in the distinctive Roman dress, and most of these are old and ugly, holding on with the deadly tenacity of age to things of the past — alas! I fear a Partington-like resistance to the onward sweep of French fashions and Manchester prints. I sometimes see in the streets a *contadina* from Albano, in a brilliant dress of red and white ; or out on the Campagna a shepherd boy, clad in a regular John the Baptist kilt of sheepskin, who really look as though they had just stepped out of a picture.

They are far finer and more intelligent looking than the Irish peasants — their dwellings are better, and with pleasanter and more poetic surroundings. But the oft-told truth must be repeated — there is not in the civilized world a people of more careless and uncleanly habits. In all the towns we have yet visited, in the best streets, along the public walks, about the palaces and churches, we meet disgusting filth and vile stenches enough to breed a pestilence which might scourge the world. After a little observation of what manner of lives the common people lead, you little wonder that, for all their delicious climate, they are seldom healthful in appearance. You see very few with the rich, kindling, sun-kissed complexion which painters and poets give them — nearly all their faces are colorless, and some are sallow to the last degree. The children are usually miserably pale and thin. I have seen poor babes tightly swaddled, as all infants are here, lying on the ground or carried stiffly in their mothers' arms, like blocks of wood, whose great patient eyes looked out of

black shadows, and whose complexions were of a faint pea green. Yet among this class there are, of course, some children, treasures and godsends to painters and sculptors, whose beauty seems to spring rich and perfect from the very filth and misery which surround them, like those gorgeous flowers which feed and flourish on corruption. These dirty little vagabonds are liable to be waylaid and kidnapped by needy artists, stripped of their rags, washed and *posed*, then to reappear in profane full length, pinioned and quivered as Cupids, or in sacred quarter length, a cherubic head and wings, with indefinite cloudy continuations.

In passing through the suburbs or inferior streets of any Italian town on Sunday, or any other day of more than usual leisure, you will witness an odd and purely Italian sight — mothers seated in, or in front of, their doors, with the heads of their children in their laps, absorbed in an indescribable and hardly hint-at-able maternal duty. At first I took them for practical phrenologists, making careful and conscientious examinations of the organs of their responsibilities, that they might "train them up in the way they should go."

The beggars constitute a prominent and a most repulsive feature of Italy. They appear in every imaginable variety and degree of wretchedness, disease, and deformity. They beset you every where, and at all times — in walks, drives, churches, on the steps of palaces, in shops, *cafés*, among the ruins — at early morning, at noon, at midnight. It is not safe for you to pause to admire a handsome peasant woman, or child, however well dressed, for begging seems the earliest instinct, the universal, ruling passion of the people.

Driving in the country lately, we passed a stream, on whose banks some women were washing linen; and, on seeing us, an old dame, of at least seventy, dropped the ragged sheet she was cleansing on the rock, dashed through the water up to her venerable knees, cleared the bank with a bound, and pre-

sented her withered and dripping palm at the coach door, keeping up with the full speed of our horses — a hideous, horrible creature, chattering and howling like a very she devil, till we exorcised her with a few *bajocchi*. As for those ever legitimate objects of charity, the blind, diseased, deformed, maimed, and crippled, they seem as innumerable as the waves of the sea. You see men with sturdy, broad chests, and big, bushy heads, on legs which have shrunken into a second childhood, and lie coiled under them like cables. Among the regular lyers in wait about one of the churches is an old woman with an immense wen, projecting from her forehead like the horn of a unicorn, and a boy whose withered right arm hangs bare at his side, stiff, straight, and slender, like a pump handle. Men, legless and armless, mere *torsi*, roll down upon you from declivities; men with paralyzed spines wriggle across your path like reptiles; and, in short, there is no end to these deformed forms of humanity, these dismembered members of society. I am always most touched with the appeals of the blind and the maimed. To be sightless and crippled *in Italy!*

O "god of life, of poesy, and light"!

With soldiers and priests Rome actually swarms. You go nowhere that you do not see the French and Papal troops, though far more of the former than of the latter. Indeed, from the number of barracks, sentinelled points, parades, marchings hither and thither, bugle calls, and noisy drum beatings, one might suppose Rome entirely under foreign rule and military law. As for the holy priesthood, as was said of another institution, its "name is legion." You meet, every where, dark, sinister-looking Jesuits, in their sombre robes, moving about by twos, at a peculiar, stealthy, prowling gait — walking presentments of the very blackness of spiritual darkness; stupid, vulgar-looking Franciscans, in coarse gowns of

brown cloth, rope-girded; barefooted, shaven, begging friars, sometimes leading asses laden with the pious offerings of the faithful — the more asses they; handsome young *abbés*, who contrive in some inexplicable way to give a dandical touch to their ugly, unmanly costume, and who are seldom too much rapt in heavenly contemplation to cast searching and insinuating glances at the young and comely women they chance to meet.

On the Pincian, which is the principal Roman drive and promenade, we often encounter troops of boys and youths, in training for the church, dressed in flowing gowns, and something very like petticoats of black or white flannel, and wearing immense broad-brimmed hats. Nearly all these have faces either cunning, or to the last degree stolid in expression. We there often meet the higher church dignitaries — cardinals, whom we know by their red legs; and monsignori, who are proclaimed by their purple legs. In short, one might suppose it had rained priests for forty days and forty nights on this devoted land.

Religious processions are very common in the streets — but it is remarkable that you seldom see them followed, or observed with apparent reverence, by any but old men and women and mere children. A long procession of monks, chanting a dirge and bearing tapers, passed our house one afternoon, lately, preceding a body, borne coffinless, but richly palled upon a bier. Seeing that they entered a church in the Corso, near by, and thinking that after so much street parade the ceremonies there would be very imposing, I hurried on a bonnet and shawl, and hastened to witness them. But when I reached the church, lo! the great multitude of holy fathers had vanished, with the exception of two or three, who lounged near the door, chatting and laughing. In the centre of the dim church stood the bier, and a couple of workmen in their shirt sleeves were putting the body into a rough deal coffin, talking loudly and unconcernedly meanwhile. A group of

little children were witnesses with me to the ghastly sight. Their large eyes grew a trifle larger with instinctive fear and wonder; but they were not too much horrified to beg of me, in a low, whimpering, spaniel-like whine.

This morning I saw a less painful sight — a procession of boys, dressed in white, parading and following the body of a child. The bier was draped in white, and decked with wreaths of roses, and the dirge chanted by all those fresh, young voices, was touchingly sweet and mournful.

I am sorry to feel compelled to speak slightly or harshly of a religion which is yet dear and venerable to a few sincere souls. But the more I see of the pomps, superstitions, mummeries, frauds, avarice, and arrogant domination of the Roman church, the more am I convinced that it is the source, strength, and subtle essence of European tyranny — that it narrows, blinds, grinds down, and crushes out the very soul of the age. It is a fungous growth of error and falsehood, mocking the fair and fruitful forms of truth — a dark and gigantic unreality, for the time fearfully real — the nightmare which oppresses the world. As it seems to me, so must I speak of it. I cannot do otherwise, and keep my own truth towards God and my fellows.

December 6.

In the few brief comments which I feel inclined to make on some of the great works of sculpture and painting here at Rome, I speak by no means "as one having authority," by virtue of any ripe critical knowledge of art. I should be silent altogether on these subjects, did I not observe that one's true, fresh, and vivid impressions of such things are worthy of some respect, and that a sincere and reverential love of beauty gives one an instinctive appreciation of the spirit of the higher forms of art, however deficient the judgment may be in matters of execution and detail. One may most profoundly feel effects in art with a very limited understanding of causes.

It is rare to find an honest opinion, honestly expressed, by one not an artist or a connoisseur. Among modern English authors writing from Rome, I remember Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Dickens as most independent and individual in this respect. They boldly uttered their true thought, their whole thought, and were evidently not to be thundered down by the canons of criticism. I do not mean this as an exordium to a criticism-contemning, critic-defying dissertation; in the little I have to say on art, I may not utter any treasons — and I may. *Nous verrons.*

Of all the antique statues I have yet seen, I have been by far the most impressed by the Apollo Belvidere and the Dying Gladiator — the one the striking imbodiment of the pride, and fire, and power, and joy of life; the other of the mournful majesty, the proud resignation, the "conquered agony" of death. In all his triumphant beauty, exultant vitality, and rejoicing strength, the Apollo stands forth as a pure type of immortality — every inch a god. There is an Olympian spring in the foot which seems to spurn the earth — a secure disdain of death in the very curve of his nostrils — a sunborn light on his brow; while the absolute perfection of grace, the supernal majesty of the figure, now, as in the old time, seem to lift it above the human and the perishing, into the region of the divine and the eternal. Scarcely can it be said that the worship of this god has ceased. The indestructible glory of the lost divinity lingers about him still; and the deep, almost solemn emotion, the sigh of unutterable admiration, with which the pilgrims of art first behold him now, differ little, perhaps, from the hushed adoration of his early worshippers. I have never seen any work of art which I had such difficulty to realize as a mere human creation, born in an artist's struggling brain, moulded in dull clay, and from thence transferred, by the usual slow and laborious process, to marble. Nor can I even think of it as having, according to the old poetic fancy,

preëxisted in the stone, till the divinely-directed chisel of the sculptor cut down to it. Ah, so, methinks, the very marble must have groaned, in prescience of the god it held. To me it rather seems a glowing, divine conception, struck instantly into stone. It surely embodies the very soul and glory of the ancient mythology, and, with kindred works, forms, if not a fair justification of, at least a noble apology for, a religion which revelled in ideas of beauty and grace, which had ever something lofty and pure even in its refined sensuality — and for the splendid arrogance of that genius which boldly chiselled out its own grand conceptions, and named them gods.

The Apollo I should like to see every day of my life. I would have it near me ; and every morning, as the darkness is lifted before the sun, and the miracle of creation is renewed, I would wish to lift a curtain, and gaze on that transcendent image of life and light — to receive into my own being somewhat of the energy and joy of existence with which it so abounds — to catch some gleams of the glory of the fresh and golden morning of poetry and art yet raying from his brow. One could drink in strength, as from a fountain, from gazing on that attitude of pride and grace, so light, yet firm, and renew one's wasted vigor by the mere sight of that exulting and effortless action. But who would live in daily contemplation of the immortal agony of the Laocoön, or the mighty death pang which wrings the brow of the Gladiator? I must confess that the sight of the former gives me nothing but pain — admiration and wonder seem absolutely crushed in the folds of those enormous serpents. The vain struggling of the old man, the fear and suffering of the youths, and the endless coiling of the serpents, constitute a mass of horrors which not all the wonders of the sculpture can redeem, and from which I shrink almost with disgust.

The Gladiator, grand in his perfect humanity, a prouder figure, fallen and overcome as he is, than many an erect and

victorious hero, with the rich blood of his prime trickling slowly and sickeningly from his one deep wound, is a profoundly touching, I had almost said a heart-breaking, sight. And yet you scarcely dare to grieve — he is too royal for pity. The marble, age-imbrowned, seems shadowed by Death's awful wing. There seems a strange stillness about it, and you hush your own breath in involuntary reverence. Here is no struggle, no contortion — the soul seems making a truly kingly abdication — the "manly brow consents to death;" and yet you can see, by its deepened lines, by the sunken eyes, the relaxed lips, and by the swollen veins of the extended limbs, that the very citadel of life is stormed by mortal anguish. It is impossible to gaze on the Dying Gladiator without further saddening yourself by gifting him, as does Byron, with a heart whose sweet, sad memories blind him to the dizzying sight of the crowded amphitheatre, and whose last wild throbs of love and yearning deafen him to the shouts which greet his conqueror.

In the hall of the Gladiator are several other noble antiques — a very grand Amazon, a fine Ariadne, the Faun of Praxiteles, a charming figure, and the Antinous, considered a faultless ideal of youthful manhood. It is exceedingly beautiful, but wanting in that something superhuman which, in the Apollo, almost compels a paganish adoration. The Venus of the Capitol is but a beautiful, soulless, voluptuous creature — an exquisite animal, unworthy to lace the sandals of the pure, simple, and august Venus of Milo, which, broken as it is, still stands forth grandly unapproachable among all antique forms of lovely womanhood. Near the Venus stands a delicious group of Cupid and Psyche, whose sentiment seems to me a wonderful union of passion and purity. The expression and attitude of each figure are full of intense lovingness, childlike sweetness, and innocent unconsciousness. The soft light and warmth, the divine atmosphere, of young love, seems floating

about the group, the one pure sentiment pervades and permeates the two fair embracing forms. It flows in the drapery, it nestles in the hair, it is expressed in the slightest curve of each delicate limb, as unmistakably as in that fond kiss of lips which cling and cling forever.

I have seen many wonderful paintings of the great masters since I came to Rome; and from this world of pictorial beauty and power, I know not how to select the few objects on which I may presume to comment. The fairest and grandest of Raphael's exquisite creations, the sublime monuments of the stern and Titanic genius of Michael Angelo, the graceful and glowing forms of Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Guido, Domenichino, — I gaze upon them daily; they are becoming revered, almost beloved, objects to me. And so I cannot speak of them *en masse*, or deliberately, but may refer to some of them separately and incidentally, from time to time. But I must confess *en passant*, that I am disappointed in the Transfiguration. Its grandeur I do not question; but it has not, to my eye, all the divine, transcendent beauty I looked to see in the most perfect creation, the crowning achievement, of Raphael's genius. Some of his minor and simpler compositions impress me more. Nor can I find all that poets have found in Guido's famous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, in the Barberini Palace. The upper part of the face is truly beautiful, the brow is noble, and the eyes, in the full, living look they cast on you, have a sweet, appealing sadness and mournful hopelessness, which haunt you through days and weeks; but the mouth I think childish and characterless. I cannot imagine those lips, falling so listlessly apart, ever set with heroic energy and deadly determination. I cannot believe that this expression of weakness could have resulted altogether from the past torture or the coming death agony; and I hold to the opinion, that if Beatrice Cenci was guilty of the terrible yet noble crime for which she suffered, and bore herself so grandly through all as we

have been told she did, then this is not a perfectly true portrait.

One lovely afternoon, lately, I drove, with my friends Mr. and Mrs. S——, to the villa Borghese, where, among many other fine works of art, I saw Canova's Venus Victorieuse. This is an exceedingly graceful and elegant statue, altogether my favorite among Canova's female figures. For this Pauline Bonaparte sat, or rather reclined; and it was referring to this that she afterwards made the famous reply to a somewhat more scrupulous lady, who wondered how she could bear the exposure — "O, I assure you it was not uncomfortable; the room was well warmed" — simply treating it as a question of Fahrenheit.

This villa is one of the loveliest places in the neighborhood of Rome. I shall never forget our coming out into the grounds at sunset, and the long draughts of pure delight which I drank in as I gazed around and above me. Stately trees cast their soft shadows across my path; fallen leaves, golden, and bronze, and crimson, stirred into little eddies by the rising wind, rippled about my feet; fountains murmured dreamily in the distance, and intermingled lights and shades played over the pleasant lawn. The sky was gorgeous with purple and gold, shading off into the softest lilac and the serenest blue. Wherever I looked, on earth, or heaven, there was beauty — beauty indescribable, unimaginable; and I exclaimed, "O, God must have brooded longer over this land than over any other on the broad face of the world!"

We have spent one day at Tivoli, where we saw the yet beautiful temple of the Sibyl, the famous grotto, the falls, the ruins — had a long donkey ride over the hills, and picnicked under olive and fig trees, in sight of half a dozen silvery cascades. Tivoli is a very picturesque and charming old place, where one could linger for months, lapped in long, luxurious dreams of its past glories and splendors, when the princely

villas of Hadrian, Mæcenas, Propertius, Sallust, Brutus, and Cassius gleamed white and beautiful among its woods and waterfalls; or in quiet, ever fresh enjoyment of the indestructible loveliness of Nature.

Yesterday we attended high mass in the Sistine chapel, the Pope officiating. The cardinals were present in strong force and grand array; and on this occasion I first witnessed the ceremony of kissing the cross on the Pope's robe, and on the toe of His Holiness's shoe. After service we drove to the Basilica of San Paolo, a large and splendid church, now being erected on the site of one destroyed by fire. When finished, this will even rival St. Peter's in beauty and grandeur. I have never beheld any thing in architecture more magnificent than the double rows of pillars down the immense nave. Yet my admiration was mingled with bitterness and grief. I felt that they weighed on the crushed souls of the people, on liberty, and true Christianity. When I thought of this once noble race, oppressed, debased, beggared, and beheld this waste of wealth wrung from them by the soul-rack of superstition, all seemed to me but a gigantic mockery reared in the face of a just God, "who dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

To-day we have ascended St. Peter's to the very lantern. We found the ascent much less tedious and fatiguing than we expected, and that we had had but faint and narrow conceptions of the height and grandeur of this stupendous building. It was strange to wander about on the vast roof, among the cupolas and workshops, which seemed to constitute a small village of themselves; and after having accomplished the ascent, the down look from the top of the great dome was awfully grand. The head swam, as from the height of that pictured heaven the eye fell from circle to circle of those wondrous mosaics — seraphs, cherubs, prophets, apostles — to the illuminated altar below. Yet here also I was saddened — remembering how

thousands on thousands of God's poor children had groped in the profoundest night of ignorance and error, from the cradle to the grave, that this vast pile of marble, and gilding, and gorgeous colors might dazzle the world. I remembered with how much "spiritual wickedness in high places," with how much fraud and crime, the wealth here lavished had been wrested from the hands of the poor and the deluded; and methought over such sights as these would Jesus weep tears more bitter than those he shed over Jerusalem.

We have visited the Coliseum by moonlight, and bathed our very souls in the dreamy and desolate beauty of the scene. The Forum Romanum and the Forum of Trajan are scarcely less impressive at night; but I always feel and realize most in gazing on the ancient Arches of Titus, of Septimius Severus, Constantine, Drusus, and Janus. What floods of glorious life poured through these in the proud old warlike days — in the slow sweep of victorious armies, or the wild surge of battle and flight, or the quiet, continuous flow of prosperous peace, or the full sparkling gush of pleasure! What countless religious and festal pageants, marriage and funeral processions, have passed under them! What stormy crowds have gathered round them! What murderous faces have lurked behind them! What stars of womanly loveliness have gleamed out the brighter from their momentary shade! What sweet, childish laughters have rung through them! — tumult and crime layed and avenged, lights of beauty and childish laughters quenched and hushed these many, many centuries. And the stately columns of Antoninus and Trajan, nearly as old as Christianity, yet still wreathed with rare sculptures, alive with the matchless forms of antique art, what triumphs and captivities, splendors and desolations, have ye beheld, O wondrous dumb witnesses of a mighty past!

From amid the grand shadows and tender sunlight which fall about me here, I look out on the world, if not gayly,

surely not sadly — in melancholy, perhaps, but never in despair.

December 15.

One sunny Sabbath afternoon, lately, we visited the pleasant Protestant cemetery, where Keats sleeps, and where the heart and the ashes of Shelley are buried. I was pained to find the grave of Keats in a bare and shadowless place. He whose heart was so full of music, who loved beauty so passionately, has not a tree to shelter a bird over his lonely rest — not a flower to breathe a perfumed sigh over his lowly pillow. Surely, from the dust once instinct with his delicate spirit, sweet-breathed violets should have sprung, and his rich young blood should have nourished deep-hearted roses. And yet, violets planted on this sad grave might have been paled by receiving too many tears for dew; and here, whence even wild flowers and weeds are stripped away, few rosebuds would ever have become roses, but all have disappeared by the pious theft of countless pilgrims, and gone to sweeten cabinets, and drawers, and precious volumes, with the memory of that rich poet life, plucked, like them, with half its touching beauty unfolded — with half its divine sweetness untasted by the world.

Saddened as I was at the grave of Keats, I was yet unprepared for the flood of emotion which swept over me beside that of Shelley. He had ever been one of the "gods of my idolatry," not alone for his sublime yet most exquisite poetic genius, but for his passionate love and fervid apostleship of Freedom — for the burning rebukes, the stern warnings, for even the awful anathemas, which he shrieked out against tyranny and tyrants; but I looked not to feel the real pang of grief, which changed the deep, low breathing with which I approached into quick sobs, and dissolved in tears the admiration and reverence of a life. "The spirit of the spot" bowed me over the stone which covered his ashes, till my brow,

my lips, touched it, and my heart throbbed against it all its sorrow and regret. I thought of the loves, and griefs, and wrongs, the sweet hopes and bitter disappointments of his brief and troubled life, of the grand aspirations and imaginations which stormed heaven, and, Prometheus-like, laid hold on the divine element; and of the hard judgment, the relentless hate, chaining him, and eating into his great heart here. I thought more mournfully of the lost possibilities of his unfulfilled destiny, of his unperfected genius, of the grander strains of "heavenly poesie" with which he might have filled the world; of the yet more potent words he might have spoken for freedom, and hurled against oppression; of his own redemption from all error; of his final recognition of that matchless ideal of the divine and the true, which the crime and hypocrisy of men had for a while hidden from his sight. I thought of the peace, beauty, and love-rest of those last days by the sea, till the hour of sudden tempest and whelming flood — of the brief, wild struggle in the deep, till the freed soul cleft its swift way through the waves, up above storm and cloud, "the massy earth and sphered skies," to "the abode where the eternal are." Then I looked up comforted, feeling that all must be well with him — that a spirit by nature so pure, and so true, so like a beautiful fragment, a stray splendor struck off from the divine life, could not lose itself long in the dim, unanswering void which lies without the presence of God.

This grave is in a lovely spot — trees and ruins are about it, and near it towers the solemn pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. Near also to this grave is that of the beloved eldest child of the poet, and Mary Godwin. It is sweet to think of the fair young spirit, as running a little way on before, to open for *him* the immortal gates — as looking lovingly and smilingly back — as passing slowly in, shading his eyes from "the

white radiance" streaming about him, and as lingering by the portals till he, the tired one, came.

I fear I am succeeding but ill in descriptions of the scenes of my life in Rome. The pictures in my own mind are strongly drawn and vividly colored; but the copies I make are very feeble and pale. Even of the thought they inspire, I find I can give only the dull, empty chrysalis — the delicate, ethereal, poetic spirit escapes me, flutters above me, and mocks me with its inexpressible beauty. But, if I find it difficult to describe what I see, to utter my full thought, yet infinitely more difficult will it be to give true conceptions of what I *feel* in this life. I actually seem in a sort of prolonged poetic ecstasy. Every morning, when I awake, I say to my heart, "Throb away as strongly, as exultingly, as passionately as you will; another day you are to revel in the rich sun and delicious air which nourished the heroes and poets of the grand old time — heroes who stamped their conquering footsteps on all lands — poets who traced their highest thought with the chisel, and imbodied their divinest dreams in immortal stone." I seem to be saturated by that air whose every wave flows to me with some proud or mournful memory; and that sun seems to distil its softness and richness into my blood, and to stream along my veins. By day I live and revel in that heroic and poetic past, as I ride over the ancient roads, or out on the lonely and lovely Campagna, or stroll among the ruins. And at night — O, at night! — the beauty, and pomp, and triumph of my dreams! In them I seldom go back less than seventeen or eighteen centuries. I see Rome in her golden prime. I see her eagle-led armies, filing through her massive gates. I see her imperial palaces and the grand temples of her gods, gleaming white and perfect in their pillared and sculptured splendor. I see the altars, and the sacred groves, and the white-robed vestals. I see togaed nobles in the

forums and on the Capitoline Hill. I see games and chariot races in the Circus of Romulus, and gladiatorial shows in the Coliseum; and I seem to hear around me that old, terse, majestic tongue, from which comes the sweet, degenerate Italian, like the honey from the carcass of the dead lion. Orators thunder it from the senate, actors rant in it at the theatres, vestals hymn it to the fair divinities, peasants shout it in pæans to Bacchus and Pan, "greasy citizens" talk bloody treason and stiff rebellion in it under the arch of Septimius Severus, or lounging on the steps of the Temple of Concord — little children, running hand in hand down the Via Sacra, prattle in it, lovers murmur it in moonlit gardens, poets recite odes in it in the portico of the Pantheon, ladies "of a certain age" (for, alas! such there are in all times) gossip in it beside the fountains, and talk scandal in it between the bloody acts at the Coliseum, and housekeepers bargain in it for beef at the shambles in the Forum, — the same whence Virginius took the knife, — or in buying patent powders, lotions, and elixirs from Dr. Galen, at his drug shop, near the Temple of Peace.

December 20.

The proclamation of the empire here at Rome happened, unfortunately for the loyal French soldiers, on a festal day of the Blessed Virgin; so, as it was considered already appropriated by "Our Lady," there was no grand military procession, as had been anticipated. In the evening there were a few illuminations, the principal of which, the house of the French minister, was very fine. We went on that afternoon to the Capitol, to see the Franciscan procession in honor of the Virgin. In the sight for which I went I was ill paid for my long walk — the procession being by no means the imposing affair I thought to see. The Franciscans are the ugliest, coarsest, and the most animal-looking set of men I have ever encountered, in or out of the church. I declare, that in

all that long procession, I saw not one whose countenance revealed that he had one high thought in his brain, one pure aspiration or gentle human affection in his heart. You could not alone

"trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face,"

but the evidences of that state of corruption and decay which as surely follows moral as physical death, and the breath of which seemed to taint the sweet air as they walked along. I remember visiting, some years since, a certain state institution in Boston, the members of which are truly, as this holy fraternity proclaim themselves to be, retired from the world for the world's good. As this procession of ill-conditioned friars passed me, I was reminded suddenly and vividly of those sufferers from an unfortunate falling out with the laws, as I saw them "training in" to a dinner somewhat more frugal than even monkish fare.

The pictures and images borne in the procession were unmitigated atrocities. A Virgin, of course, — and a very coarse Virgin, — a cadaverous St. Francis, and a pictured blasphemy in the shape of a crucifixion. Then there were crosses and other symbols, and incense, and dolorous chanting, and priests and friars, friars and priests, swarming on and on, like the locusts of Egypt.

As I beheld all this tinselled and tasteless parade, all these ungracious, unmanly figures descending the long flight of steps, I bethought me that this was the Capitoline Hill, where the grand Temple of Jupiter once stood, and that, could his old warrior worshippers arise from the dust, in what a whirlwind of contemptuous indignation would they sweep away mummeries and mummers together! And I almost felt that his worship, hard and sensual, yet manly and poetical, was better than this.

I suppose I shall be set down as "little better than one of

the wicked," when I avow that I never see the figure of a saint, or a Madonna, disfiguring one of the grand antique columns, without an intense desire to see it tumbled headlong from its place. There is really no question about idolatry here, for the images of the Virgin, the Christ, and the saints are by no means equally and universally worshipped, but particular shrines and figures are devoutly frequented and adored. For instance, there is, in the Church of San Augostino, a large yellow Virgin, supposed to have once been a Juno, who enjoys an unprecedented popularity. She blazes from head to foot with real gems of great value, — tiara, earrings, necklace, stomacher, bracelets, rings, — while her shrine is the richest in Rome. It glitters with every variety of ornament, in gold, silver, and precious stones, and looks for all the world like a jeweller's shop. The right foot of this holy Mary, *née* Juno, has lately been incased in bronze, having been worn down by the kisses of her grateful or supplicating worshippers. But to return.

I was much interested in observing the various groups of peasants who thronged the steps of the Capitol, in their gay, festive dresses, infinitely varied, and many of them picturesque in the extreme. Most striking of all were the *piffarari* — wild-looking musicians from the mountains, who came down to Rome for the Christmas season.

O, the *eyes* of this people! great, deep, melancholy, bewildering. You behold them with an ever-unsatisfied interest, you lose yourself in the vain efforts to read a soul life within them, finding yourself groping in void darkness — or you shrink with something of fear from the quick, sudden flashing of their passionate fire. Wherever you go, you meet these orbs of light and night, eyes in which good and evil passions slumber together in dreamy indolence, or contend in a strife of terrible beauty — eyes into which an angel might look, and lose heaven, believing he saw it there — eyes into which a

little child might look, and dream of a hell of which he had never heard.

They are never cold, or indifferent, or unsympathetic. They seem almost always to mirror the sentiment of the place in which you behold them. Among the old fallen temples and palaces, the solemn and desolate spirit of ruin seems to look forth from them; and beside the sparkling fountains, and out on the pleasant Campagna, they laugh back the sunshine with an added splendor.

We lately spent a day at Albano, driving out in the morning, and returning at night. This excursion was one of the things to be remembered till death chills the heart against all the joy of life, and the grave shuts out all the light of beauty. We passed the lovely Fountain of Trevi, the Forum of Trajan, the Coliseum, which looked less desolate and more grandly beautiful than ever, with the glory of a matchless morning pouring through its mighty arches — past the splendid Church of St. John Lateran, and that lofty Egyptian obelisk that stands near it, which dates back to the Pharaohs, and may have cast its slender shadow upon the royal pomp of Cleopatra — out of the noble Porta Maggiore, on to the Albano road which leads past the ancient aqueducts, in sight of the old Appian Way, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and many a lonely hill of undistinguishable ruin, and through a picturesque part of the Campagna. There was nothing to vary the utter loneliness of that vast, regal domain of desolation, save an occasional group of peasants, or a drove of the magnificent Italian cattle, milk white or silver gray, the only form of physical life, it seems to me, which has not degenerated since the old heathen ages, when the gods did not disdain to merge for a while their divinity in beef, and don hoofs and horns, for the better carrying out of their pleasant little adventures — when the very head of all the gods became a head of cattle, and grazed among the herds of Agenor — when the immortal Thunderer

descended from the heights of Olympus to the Phœnician plains, and laid aside his bolts, to bolt with Europa.

The day was throughout delightful beyond compare, and we were charmed with the site and scenery of Albano. Ah, if I could have had at my side the friends my heart holds most dear, what soul out of paradise had been happier than I? But as it was, one cloud, visible to my eyes alone, saddened that heaven of transcendent beauty, and the murmurs of a heart unsatisfied would make themselves heard above the sweet sighing of the pines and the silver rustling of the poplars and olives under whose shade I strolled. We walked for miles over the hills, through the quietest and loveliest ways imaginable; we found flowers and butterflies, and dined on the green turf of a sunny slope, overlooking the beautiful Lake of Albano. Yet, in the height of this out-door enjoyment, I thought, with a shiver, of my dear home friends, in the midst of their dreary, leafless winter, surrounded by frost and snow, besieged by tempests, and howled at by fierce winds.

Yesterday we went out the Porta Maggiore, and rode for some hours along the line of the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct. The day was superb, our horses were fleet; we were confined to no road or beaten track, but passed in and out of the arches, and coursed over the green flowery turf for miles. Ha, it was glorious! We remained without the walls till the sunset hour; and then, O then, the very glory of God seemed breaking through the floor of heaven, and flooding the earth. The dark, gigantic arches of the aqueducts, and the ruins of old towers and villas, stood out grandly in that gorgeous light; the purple Alban hills, and the lovely undulations, and wide sweeps of green and brown, of that wondrous Campagna, and, above all, that sky of skies, with its exquisite tints, and infinite shades, and inconceivable brightness, made me thrill, as I gazed, from head to foot with shocks of intense pleasure, and almost to reel in my saddle with the intoxication of sight.

We go almost always, before breakfast, to meet the morning on the noble Monte Pincio. We have found out some pleasant walks beyond the Porta del Popolo, which is nearest us; one along the Tiber is an especial favorite with us for its fine views. We sometimes attend vespers at the Trinita de Monte, a church on the Pincio, when the sweet singing of the nuns is enough to break one's heart by an indefinable something which is more than sadness, and only less than despair. It seems to me but the melodious wail of renunciation, of loneliness, of love in crucifixion.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas and New Year's Ceremonies. — The Holy Cradle. — High Mass at St. Peter's. — The Pope. — Cardinal Antinelli. — Te Deum at the Gesu. — Jewish Synagogue. — The Campagna. — Doria and Corsini Palaces. — Portrait of Lucrezia Borgia. — Monastery of St. Onofrio. — Tomb of Tasso. — Propagandist College. — Art. — Modern Artists. — Overbeck. — Tenerani. — Steinhauser. — Gibson. — Miss Hosmer.

January 3, 1853.

The Christmas and new year's holidays in Rome have been something to be long and pleasantly remembered by me; not alone for their novel and splendid ceremonies, but for the delicious weather we have had through all — sunlight as brilliant as that of summer, moonlight absolutely entrancing, loveliness and soft airs every where. Every day, as it dawned, crowned with celestial glory, and garnished with beauty inexpressible, seemed fit for the birthday of a God.

On Christmas eve we witnessed some grand ceremonies at the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This is one of the most magnificent of the basilicas, and the first view of its illuminated interior almost struck one back with the blaze of its inconceivable splendor. We could see nothing for a moment but the innumerable lights, the silver, and gold, and crimson, the floating clouds of incense, and a vast crowd of people, soldiers, and priests. But presently we perceived that a procession was slowly moving round the church. It was the Pope, borne aloft in his chair of state, arrayed in his pontifical robes of white and gold, with two immense fans of white plumes nodding statelily, one on either side of his head. He sat a

little unsteadily, and looked, I thought, rather nervous at his elevation; but he never ceased to scatter, devoutly and benignantly, his blessing, right and left, upon the crowd, most of whom knelt to receive the invisible baptism.

Nothing can be finer than the sudden kneeling of the Swiss guard and the Guardia Nobile; they always go down with such a gallant tossing of plumes, and such a ringing clang of swords and halberds, as though challenging the world for their magnificent, old, warlike faith. There is more in that sound than the clang of steel against marble; something heroic, chivalrous, crusader-like — something quite indescribable, but which makes the heart beat bravely, and thrills one from head to foot.

After listening to the music and witnessing some incomprehensible rites for about half an hour, we went to a side chapel to see the famous and most holy relic of the true cradle.

At the entrance, before we were aware, we found ourselves in an absolutely ferocious crowd. Such fierce pushing and elbowing, such desperate assaults and ignominious repulses, I never before witnessed. Torn away from my companions, I at one time gave myself up for lost, believing that I must render my last sigh in a *mêlée* of devout Catholics and sightseeing heretics, the victim alike of fanatic superstition and frantic curiosity. A soldier of the Swiss guard was stationed at the door, and allowed but one or two to pass at a time. I must admit that this stern and dreadful man at arms was no servile respecter of persons, but treated all hapless cradle seekers with the same inflexible brutality. He even seized upon an enterprizing young priest, in full robes, thrust his reverence back, shook him till his scull-cap fell off and the holy man was purple with unsanctified ire. I would give something to know what penance was imposed for this sacrilegious attack, this rude laying on of unconsecrated hands. At last, when quite in despair, we were admitted, by order of an officer who happened to know one

of our party, passed the Swiss dragon in safety, and soon found ourselves standing before what we were told were the miraculously preserved remnants of the cradle in which Mary once rocked the infant Christ. In an immense case, a sort of casket of gold and glass, are kept these wonderful relics — two or three pieces of old wood, wormeaten, and partly decayed. There is nothing in their form to indicate that they were ever parts of any thing like a cradle; and so altogether rough and clumsy are they, that I found more natural than irreverent the remark of a jocose Englishman who stood near us, "Well, all I have to say is, St. Joseph seems to have been but a bad carpenter."

Yet I saw women clasp their hands, and burst into tears, at the sight of these formless pieces of wood, and brutal soldiers fall on their knees, with their hard faces softened with something like reverence and devotion, and with their stupid eyes glistening with a ray of something like soul.

We afterwards saw the procession of the cradle — these relics, borne in their golden case, under a gorgeous canopy, to the high altar, followed by the Pope and cardinals, with much chanting of monks and flaring of tapers. We went from this scene of pomp and puerility, of priestly parade and theatrical show, to the Coliseum, which seemed, by contrast, more unapproachably grand, more awful in its immensity, more solemn in age and ruin, than ever before.

As we wandered about its vast arena, we thought the night far lighter and lovelier here than elsewhere; the brightest stars seemed clustered above it — we almost felt that all was darkness without, such wondrous starry radiance was imprisoned there, so brimming was it with moonlight.

After leaving the Coliseum, we attended midnight mass in one of the churches on the Corso, where, at one time, we heard music so worldly and waltz-like in character, that for a moment I half believed it to be one of the ceremonies to

dance the old dispensation out and the new one in — almost expected to see some of the devout choosing partners, and whirling about among the pillars. I assure you, the effect of such music in such a place was strange and unsolemnizing beyond description. Some of our party were enterprising enough to "make a night of it," by attending three o'clock mass at St. Peter's. But as for me, though the spirit was willing, the flesh, after all the fatigues of the day and night, was so decidedly weak, that I was glad to creep into my bed, and forget, in earthly slumber and most human dreams, churches and chanting, cowled friars and lace-robed priests, red-gowned cardinals, and even the good old-womanly Pope himself. By the way, speaking of His Holiness, I never see him without feeling the utter absurdity of his standing in the place of St. Peter — the pious good nature, the easy, indolent benevolence, the sort of lax benignity of his face are so little in character with the boldness, the fire, the hastiness, and *emportement* of that noble yet somewhat too impulsive disciple. But when I think of the generous promises made to Freedom a few years ago, and see how they have been kept, I am reminded of that one unfortunate period in the life of the great Papal prototype, when courage, and truth, and honor failed him, and he denied his divine Master in the hour of his extremity.

This one abandoned, if he did not deny, the great truth of human freedom, in which Christ now lives, in its hour of utmost need; and if all could be known, I believe we should find that, like the other, he has not ceased to weep and repent since the Gallic cock crowed over his weakness and dishonor.

On Christmas morning we attended high mass at St. Peter's — a scene and a ceremony which seems yet to blaze on my memory, and crowd my mind with forms and colors of indescribable splendor. The sight commenced at the entrance of the grand colonnades in front of the church, where the beautiful

fountains playing in the rich sunshine of a perfect day, the magnificent equipages of the cardinals, officers of state, and foreign ministers, soldiers and guards in brilliant uniforms, and the mighty old church itself, constituted a scene on which one could be content to gaze for hours. The interior was gorgeous and wonderful to behold. The immense nave, usually looking almost dreary and deserted, was now filled with a vast crowd, infinitely varied by rich or picturesque costumes, draped, decorated, illuminated; while grand organ melodies were swelling through the arches, and strong, clear voices went circling up into the majestic dome.

We were seated on a platform near the altar, in full view of the Pope and all the august ceremonials. Of the latter I understood but few, and perhaps, for this reason, most of them appeared to me puerile, absurd, or, at the best, highly theatrical. There was much going back and forth between the altar and the Papal throne, much kissing of the Papal toe, much blessing of tapers and swinging of censers, and countless other parades, pomps, forms, and imposing mysteries. There was one portion of the ceremonies which struck me as a beautiful piece of art, producing a highly-wrought dramatic effect. This was at the elevation of the Host by the Pope, when nearly all of that vast concourse having dropped on their knees, the sole music heard was a peal of silver trumpets, which seemed sent forth by invisible players, and stole through the church, and swelled up into the dome in strains of ineffable joy and triumph — grand, mysterious, and only not awful because so inexpressibly sweet and melodious. I could think of nothing but the music of the spheres with which to compare it; and to the Divinity in whose praise the stars broke forth in singing, and whose spirit breathes ever in grand melodious sound, to the God of the celestial harmonies, I instinctively bent the knee. I then felt to a wonderful degree the magnetism of worship, emanating from the kneeling crowd around me, and

for a few moments no devoutest Catholic could have responded more unresistingly and reverently to all those solemn appeals to the senses. To my eyes, the beauty and gorgeousness of the scene grew most fitting and holy; with the incense floating to me from the altar, I seemed to breathe in a subtile, subduing spirit; and to that music my heart hushed itself in my breast, my very pulses grew still, and my brain swam in a new, half-sensuous, half-spiritual emotion. For a moment I believe I understood the faith of the Roman Catholic — for a moment I seemed to taste the ecstasy of the mystic, to burn with the fervor of the devotee, and felt, in wonder and in fear, all the poetry, mystery, and power of the church. Suddenly rose before my mind vivid wayside and seaside scenes — pictures of humblest Judean life, when the "meek and lowly" Author of our faith walked, ministering, and teaching, and comforting, among the people — humblest among the humble, poorest among the poor, most sorrowful among the sorrowful, preaching peace, good will, purity, humility, and freedom — and then, all this magnificent mockery of the divine truths he taught, this armed and arrogant spiritual despotism, in the place of the peace and liberty of his gospel, faded from before my disenchanted eyes, and even my ear grew dull to that pomp of sound, swelling up as though to charm his ear against the sighs of the poor and the groanings of the captive.

O Cleopatra of religions! throned in power, glowing and gorgeous in all imaginable splendors and luxuries — proud victor of victors — in the "infinite variety" of thy resources and enchantments more attractive than glory, resistless as fate — now terrible in the dusk splendor of thy imperious beauty — now softening and subtile as moonlight, and music, and poet-dreams — insolent and humble, stormy and tender! O alluring tyranny, O beautiful falsehood, O fair and fatal enchantress, O sovereign sorceress of the world! the end is not yet, and the day may not be far distant, when thou shalt lay the asp to thine own bosom, and die.

I ever watched with keen interest the movements of Antinelli throughout those ceremonies. Ah, it is a right kingly spirit, in the sense of pride, arrogance, and absolutism. There is an air of domination in his bearing, an almost intolerable haughtiness in his eye, which remind me of Queen Katharine's character of Wolsey. I have never seen so grand a walk as his. It is proud and firm, yet light, and full of stately grace. He treads like a conqueror to majestic music, and yet with an indescribable softness, almost stealthiness, of movement. You could fancy the step as noiseless as that of Mephistophiles.

Finally, amid light, and music, and magnificence absolutely dazzling, the Pope was borne forth in his chair, followed by the most gorgeous procession I ever beheld. High officers of the church and state, in crimson, scarlet, purple, and gold — symbols of authority celestial and terrestrial, crosses, crosiers, tiara, — sword the foreign legation, the Guardia Nobile in their rich uniforms, the picturesque Swiss guard — in all, it seemed to me as brilliant and gallant a sight as the world could show. As they swept slowly down the nave, the midday sun poured in upon them from one of the great windows with resplendent effect. The Pope stayed his blessings for an instant, to shade his eyes with his hand, while the gold and jewels on his robes seemed to leap out in flame, and the arms and helmets of his guards blazed back the hot challenge of the sun.

On this morning we had seen the royal pomp, the most patrician and *recherché* splendor, of the Papal religion — in the afternoon we went among the people, to behold its plebeian aspect. At the Church of the Ara Cœli we saw what among the peasants is the great lion of the season — a chapel arranged as a manger, with wax figures of Joseph and Mary, and of an infant Christ lying in a cradle, swaddled in the Italian style, crowned and decorated with very suspicious-looking jewelry. In the background, among some admirably-painted scenery,

were sheep and shepherds — in the foreground other shepherds, grouped about the cradle in fitting postures of adoration. Above the manger, on a sort of cloudy loft, were clustered a company of angels and cherubs, looking benignly animated and celestially curious. At intervals you heard singing, which was supposed to come from this winged choir, but which, besides being in Latin, which one can scarcely accept as the tongue angelic, had about it a monkish harshness and nasal twang which rather interfered with the solemn illusion. But the effect of the scene was, on the whole, decidedly striking. It is true, the entire holy family and the shepherds were figures to have driven a Toussaud frantic — which even a Jarley would have disowned with virtuous indignation. It is true, the cherubs and angels were rather too plump and able bodied, but the sheep were *chefs d'œuvre*.

At this church we also witnessed the Christmas preaching by children, probably in commemoration of Christ's teaching in the temple. The preachers on this occasion were two small girls, who were hoisted upon an improvised pulpit, and held forth, one after another, in a hurried, parrot-like discourse. I regret to say that these reverend little misses seemed to have a very inadequate realization of the solemnity of the occasion, or of the responsibilities of their "high profession spiritual," and were evidently too much occupied with the curious crowd about them to deliver their discourse with fitting power and unction.

On new year's eve, I heard the *Te Deum* at the magnificent Church of the Jesuits. The Pope was present, and performed some imposing ceremonies. But this time I felt them little — felt nothing but the glorious music, which was surpassingly sweet, solemn, and grand — alternately casting down the soul into depths of humiliation and sorrow, and uplifting it to sublime heights of hope and thanksgiving.

As I was returning from this church, I encountered a masked

penitent, begging for the church or the poor. He wore a robe of coarse white linen, girded with a heavy rope — the cowl covered his face, merely having small holes for the mouth and eyes. He was of a tall, soldierly figure; his eyes were dark and flashing; the hand he extended for charity, and his roughly-sandalled feet, were white and delicate. He was probably a noble, as none but the highest-bred sinners, the most patrician transgressors, are permitted thus to take the edge off their penance, which, losing all humiliation, can but at the worst be regarded as a solemn bore, and may possibly be relieved at times by adventures more or less piquant and amusing.

In our walks along the Tiber we occasionally meet the Pope, driving, preceded and followed by a small detachment of the Guardia Nobile. It is expected that all in His Holiness's way shall reverently kneel — those in carriages and on horseback descending and dismounting for the purpose. But, though we only bow with the respect due to his age and state as a sovereign, he always blesses us as benignly as he blesses those who kneel most devoutly in the most unfavorable places, laying their souls and their silks in the dust before him; perhaps more benignly, in saintly commiseration for our unregenerate condition.

On a Saturday morning, lately, I visited several of the Jewish synagogues in the Ghetto with a Hebrew gentleman of our acquaintance. I found the synagogues to differ from one another only in size and decoration — the ceremonies were the same. All were filled with serious if not devout worshippers. Among these I saw many a sharp, repulsive face, marked by the hardest and worst Jewish characteristics — cunning, avaricious, pitiless; but I also saw some of the most magnificent and noble-looking men and beautiful lads I ever beheld. No women were present. On entering, every man arrayed himself in a scarf of white silk or barege, striped

with blue, first kissing the fringe, and pressing it against his eyes. The priests wore high black caps, and read prayers and psalms from an immense pulpit or altar. Of the ceremonies, which were exceedingly simple, I remember two as deeply impressive — the bringing forth of the Bible from its rich sanctuary, and the bearing it about the synagogue, when all kissed it with evident emotion — and the solemn, simultaneous blessing which at one period of the service the fathers who had sons present bestowed; turning towards the east, lifting the eyes to heaven, and laying the right hand on the head of the young man, the youth, or the little boy. On the whole, the ceremonies, though mostly coldly conducted, were touching and mournfully suggestive.

January 8.

Gypsy-like as I have ever been in my propensities, I never had such an uncontrollable passion for out-door life and its pleasures as I have in Rome. Our house, hemmed in and towered over by other houses, is rather dark and chill at this season; and I cannot resist the inviting sunshine of more open places — the sunshine which here is softer and more vivifying than elsewhere — which kindles and keeps a June bloom in the hearts of January roses — which transmutes the leaden Tiber into a flowing sheet of gold — which kisses a flush of life and beauty into the dead face of ruin and decay. I have a pleasure indescribable and inexhaustible in my morning walks on the Pincio, tasting the early air, a little keen and frosty nowadays, and looking down upon the noble old city, almost every interesting point of which is in view. St. Peter's shows grandly from here, with its vast dome blazing with light. I witness all the sunsets from some one of the seven hills — from the banks of the Tiber, from the ruins, or out on the Campagna. We rode, a day or two since, out the Porta Maggiore, and across the plain, to the tomb of Cecilia Metella,

and the Circus of Romulus, and on to the old Appian Way, every stone of which is eloquent of the heroic past; returning just after sunset, absolutely oppressed and bewildered with the matchless, dreamy, desolate beauty of that wondrous Campagna, and of the more wondrous heaven above it. O, the glory of the sunlight on the gorgeous Alban hills! How that mellow warmth seemed to clasp them in love! I felt, as I gazed, that it must stream through their chill watery veins, and penetrate their rocky hearts, and wake the sleeping light in the gems embedded there.

In no other country, I am sure, do earth and heaven seem so in love with each other as here. The sky never seems to shut down sharply upon the earth at the horizon, but, with infinite and exquisite shades of coloring, to draw near with all the soft approaches of love; while the ground, gently undulating, seems to lift itself to blend with the sky. The hills do not tower upward abruptly and sternly, but rise in gradual slopes, as though wooing the light dallying mists and lovely indolent clouds to repose on their brown breasts.

On our last ride we went out the Porta del Popolo, and took a pleasant by-road, which brought us, after many charming windings, to a broad tract of the Campagna, on the Tiber, — a plain as level and dry as a western prairie — where we took a wild galloping race, and several trotting matches, enjoying to the utmost the pure, free air, the rich, unobstructed sunlight, and the utter loneliness of the scene. There was in view scarce a trace of human life; all was silent and solitary as a desert. At a distance, across the Tiber, we could discern a herd of ugly, black buffaloes, and a group of stately-white cattle; and docile and domesticated as these doubtless were, there was to our eyes something strange, and wild, and savage in their aspect. Once, as we were riding there, a cloud of white birds passed over our heads, flying seaward, and looking, as they sailed slowly through the deep heaven, like

a fleet of fairy barks, their wings gleaming like silver oars in the blue waves of air.

Twelfth Night was very gayly kept in Rome. It is a season of great rejoicing for the children, as they then receive all sorts of gifts from the gracious *Baffana*, a kind of female Santa Claus. She is a personage very generally and joyfully honored here — the Corso is illuminated for her, and various ceremonies and festivities mark her annual advent.

The day following, the *Bambino* was shown to the people, with much pomp and circumstance, from the steps of the Ara Cœli. This *Bambino* is neither more nor less than a sacred doll, blazing with jewels, the offerings of the devout, and having an unrivalled reputation in the miracle line. A vast assemblage of the people fell on their knees at the sight of it, as readily and reverently as they could have prostrated themselves if a shining angel of God had descended into their midst.

Yesterday we visited the Doria and Corsina palaces. The former is a beautiful and princely residence, but is not remarkably rich in works of art. Though there are in its galleries several pictures by Guido, Claude, Rubens, Murillo, Raphael, Titian, and other great masters, they are not among those masters' greatest works. In one of the galleries I was suddenly arrested by the portrait of a woman, young and beautiful, yet which seemed to fling down upon me from the wall a powerful and baleful spell. Wishing to feel to the utmost, to analyze, and, if possible, to understand, this strange and startling influence, I stood long before the picture, without looking at the catalogue to ascertain its name. It is the portrait of a woman in the full bloom and ripeness of beauty, with a rich, glowing complexion, auburn hair, and dark brown eyes. Her form is perfectly rounded, her throat and hands of great beauty, and her dress royally luxurious. But in the face I read, as clearly as though they had been set down in a

book, all the most dark, and strange, and contradictory qualities and passions ever congregated in one mortal nature, and arrogantly and fatally manifest in one human imbodiment. Intellect, keen and subtle; sensuality, and cruelty, imperiousness, revengefulness, voluptuousness, and utter falsehood.

It is the portrait of Lucrezia Borgia, by Giulio Romano.

At the Corsini palace I saw a Madonna and child, by Carlo Dolci, which to my eye, or rather to my *soul*, is the finest picture of this subject I ever beheld. The Madonna is most lovely, full of purity, with a serene and noble yet tender and womanly beauty; while the child is, indeed, an object for holy love, wonder, and adoration. He lies asleep, with a soft, dewy flush upon his cheeks and lips, and with his small hands clasped on his breast, and you feel that he is visited by sweet dreams of the celestial home he has just left. You feel that he is a pure ray of the eternal brightness, sent to light the death darkness of earth — a bud of the divine life, sent to fill our sad mortal being with the breath of its immortal sweetness. You seem to see the great God-soul throbbing and glowing through all the little baby form; and slight, beautiful, and tender as he is, you read in both face and form, as in "a sure word of prophecy," all the sorrow and grandeur of his mission of redemption — the sublime abnegation and long suffering of his beneficent life.

In this palace, after her abdication and conversion to Roman Catholicism, Queen Christina, of Sweden, lived and died. The room in which the royal madwoman breathed her last now forms part of the picture gallery. Standing within it, I could not feel quite cheerful and at peace, but was troubled as by the presence of her stormy and reckless spirit.

From the Corsini we went to the Monastery of St. Onofrio, where Tasso died. His tomb is shown in the chapel, marked by a small slab of white marble, bearing this simple inscription — "*Torqvati Tassi Ossa.*"

Into the cell he occupied, in which a mask of his face, taken after death, is kept, no woman is allowed to enter, unless by special order of a cardinal. But we saw the remains of the great poet's favorite oak, and pilfered from it certain relics, as pious pilgrims to the shrines of genius and greatness are bound to do; my portion of which poetic plunder, I am sorry to say, I lost before reaching home. I must confess that I have usually little taste for relics; I cannot feel that I shall ever need them to recall scenes of beauty or pleasure to my mind, or to touch my heart with the memory of the noble dead.

We beheld the sunset from Mount Janiculum, which commands one of the grandest and loveliest prospects in all Rome. O, what a scene was that on which we gazed! Those glorious Alban hills were overflowed with such floods of radiant coloring, that it seemed the heavenly fountains of light and beauty must be exhausted — that never again could such tides of gold and molten amethyst pour upon them from the munificent skies, and enwrap them thus from summit to base. Beneath us gleamed countless spires and domes, with the silvery flash of fountains, and golden glimpses of the Tiber; while the vesper ringing of many bells came floating up to us on the still and balmy air. At such times, the religion of the soul and of the heart chime most harmoniously together; then I dream alike of friends and of heaven — of the home I have left, and of that to which we all hope to go. If the thought of the hungry sea, now rolling between us, sweeps coldly over my heart, I am then consoled, O, inexpressibly, by gazing upward into the infinite brightness, and remembering that land of eternal reunion, "where there shall be no more sea."

JANUARY 9.

I have just returned from the Accademia di Lingue, or Propagandist College, where I have witnessed a very curious

sight, and been deeply interested in listening, without comprehending. I saw there students from all the nations of the earth, and heard speaking and chanting in forty different languages. It was a strange, Babel-like scene, I assure you, and impressed me more with the energy, vigilance, power, and fostering care of the church than any thing I have yet seen.

For some time before the performance commenced, I was occupied in regarding the faces of the students, which furnished a fine study of physiognomy and national characteristics. There were all shades of complexion — from the Ethiopian to the Norwegian, from the American to the Burmese. But when they began speaking, I became quite absorbed in the study of sound. I saw the visage of the speaker in his voice, and the strange, uncomprehended words had power to conjure up for me scenes of far and unknown lands, beautiful or barbaric. In the sweet, sonorous Persian I had most delight. There is a sentiment in its sound, luxurious and dreamily passionate, vague, and mysterious. The Turkish and Arabic partake of these indescribable qualities, and the voices of the speakers in all these Oriental languages gave out something wild and grand in the high tones, while their low tones were like whisperings of hate or fear, or like Passion murmuring in sleep. The African tongues are rude, warlike, and barbaric in sound; those of Northern Europe are cold, strong, and rugged; while nothing can be more mellow and tender, and deliciously dreamy, than those of the south.

I am writing to-night by the light of a lamp taken not long since from the ruins of a tomb on the Appian Way, where it had been, 'tis said, for two thousand years. How touching is the thought of its tender light struggling for a while against the cold, sepulchral darkness, and shedding soft warmth and brightness about the urn of the beloved dead! What tears may have fallen on it, as the mourner bore it slowly down the steps of the tomb, to place it on its watch of light! I never

use it without losing myself in dreamy conjectures concerning the dead whose tomb it once feebly illuminated. Perhaps that urn held the ashes of a youthful poet, whose fine, aspiring spirit would have flamed purely upward towards the great Source of light and poesy, but that it was ever fated to struggle vainly against the chill and heavy atmosphere of an uncongenial world; perhaps those of a young girl, whose heart burned itself away in the weary night of hopeless love; perhaps those of a gentle mother, whose life, loving and serene, filled with cheerful light some happy home; perhaps those of a brave young brother, whose smile was warmth and brightness, battling away the chill of want and the shadows of care; perhaps those of a child, whose sweet love lit the darkness of a widow's heart for a little space, and then was extinguished forever. And so, without end, dream gives birth to dream, and, more wonderful than Aladdin's, this lamp conjures up, by its pale, flickering light, visions of ancient home life, sad and sweet, and I seem to hear death hymns which were sung, and the gushing of tears which fell, two thousand years ago.

This little relic, so mournfully and poetically suggestive, is the gift of Mr. Crawford, whom we have the honor to count among American sculptors. I trust I may be pardoned for saying that I have found some of my greatest pleasures, of late, in the acquaintance I have formed with him and his lovely wife, and in the society I meet at his house. I recognized, as soon as I passed his threshold, the genial atmosphere of a true home, — breathing happiness, refinement, and gracious hospitality, — and I have ever met there a cordial and manly courtesy, and gentle womanly kindness.

JANUARY 15.

I am just beginning to understand the source of the strange disappointment I felt in first beholding the Transfiguration

and certain other renowned works of Raphael. Many of the latest and noblest pictures of this great master were painted in part by his pupils, whose heavy, glaring coloring is sadly at variance with their exquisite composition and outlining, and their high and beautiful sentiment. There are masses of obtrusive color in the foreground of the Transfiguration, which have power to distract the sight from the wondrous central glory itself. I speak but simple truth when I say that I have had more rich and reverential delight in studying fine outlines of the works of Raphael in America than I have felt in looking at the originals here. Yet I except wholly the frescoes and cartoons, whose imposing grandeur is but dimly hinted at in any engravings I have yet seen. Of the former, the School of Athens is the object of my most wondering and boundless admiration. Of Guido I have not yet seen the grandest work, — the Aurora, — but in his minor pictures I take comparatively little delight, his coloring is so repulsive to my eye. The flesh of many of his female figures seems to me cold, livid, and of a sort of puffy texture, the sight of which gives me a strangely unpleasant sensation. His Lucretia, for instance, I could fancy had been fed on poisons, or reared in the Catacombs. The Cenci has somewhat of this peculiar and disagreeable coloring; but you accept it, in her case, as the effect of torture, imprisonment, and the leaden horror of death. I am aware that I am laying myself open to the charge of presumption in speaking thus freely of one of the gods of art; but I give what I can scarcely call even my opinions, but merely intuitions — confessions, rather than criticisms. In truest truth, nothing can be farther from my heart than conceit or irreverence, in regard to Art, in this her high place, and on this her holy ground. I never so profoundly felt my own ignorance of her marvellous mysteries and beautiful subtleties — but with reverence, and faith, and conscientious study, I hope yet to attain to the art of deep and

just appreciation. In the mean time, I must chronicle my first steps, uncertain and often false though they be — I must tell truly what is truth and beauty for me to-day, though to-morrow's better light and larger want may prove its falsehood or insufficiency. I sometimes see a work of art which intoxicates me with the mere grace of form, or seems to drown thought and judgment in the delight springing from mere beauty of coloring; in which case I am sure to find, on a second visit, that I have drank the fountain dry at the first eager draught — and so henceforth that statue or that picture has nothing for me of inspiration or reality. Behold my simple and sole test — one which cannot save me from mistakes and extravagances, but which, I trust, will insure me against a long and content acceptance of that which is not nobly true, high, and pure in art.

I lately visited the studio of Overbeck, and was impressed by the peculiar spirit of his works, which are in the style of the old masters, nearly all treating of religious subjects. The sentiment of the exquisite drawings is ever tender, touching, and deeply devout, evincing the presence of a sincerely religious and reverential soul. His representations of our Lord are among the finest in modern art. Meek, yet majestic — sorrowful, yet serene — divinely gracious, pitiful, and patient. I know of none so noble, except it be the Christus Consolator of Schœffer. His Madonnas are heavenly beautiful, pure, and tender, and his angel faces have an ineffable sweetness which touches and exalts the heart of the gazer. But in the powerful heads of some of his apostles, pharisees, high priests, and Roman soldiers, is his genius best displayed.

Overbeck himself has about him an air of almost solemn earnestness, and looks as though he had watched and prayed over his works; and in this reality and depth of feeling lies the justification of his style. There can be no affectation in his painting in the manner of the old religious masters, inspired

as he is by the same devotional spirit. But I sincerely hope he may be the last of those who have narrowed a great artist life to the old worn-out ground — dedicated a glowing pencil to the thousand-times repeated traditions of the church — monk-cowled and cloister-shadowed a genius which should have had a broad lookout and a free range over the world.

In the life of art, saints, Madonnas, holy popes, monks, angels, prophets, and apostles have had their day, and a long and glorious day it has been. It is now time that the artist should recognize that art should commemorate what is high and noble, pure and heroic, in the world of to-day, in the simple humanity about us. Grand and inspiring, ay, and *holy*, are the subjects for the true artist in the every-day course of life, on the common field of the world. Love, devotion to any great truth, high endeavor, sacrifice, and death, for freedom and mankind, — are they not as sublime as the ecstasies, miracles, and martyrdoms of saints? And which is the grander sight — a lean ascetic telling his beads over a grinning skull in a gloomy cell, or some strong, fearless, and faithful spirit, fighting undaunted the good fight for man, and so for God — making every step and every blow a prayer, and, in place of regarding any cold and void image of death, keeping his eye fixed on the burning and guiding soul of an undying purpose? And which is the more divinely beautiful — a St. Cecilia, harping to the angels, with rapt face uplifted, or such fair ministers of consolation and redemption as in our own day have borne Heaven's light and peace into the gloom and despair of the prison and the madhouse, and made the very abysses of crime vocal with God's praise?

If these opinions can be sustained, and I am sure they can, what I have said of the religious subjects of art is doubly true of the mythological — as regards painting, at least, which should become enfranchised with the growth of free thought, and widen with the circles of time. The exigencies and

necessities of sculpture are more imperative and absolute. Yet, who cannot see, even in this, a breadth of spirit and a universality of thought which did not belong to it of old? Some of our great modern artists are throwing a soft flush of rose upon the pedestals and around the feet of their ideal statues. This seems to me typical of a new warmth of human feeling creeping upward into the once coldly-isolated and superhuman forms of sculpture.

I have seen in an Italian garden a stately figure of Juno wreathed about by flowering vines, and a head of Jove crowned like a Bacchus by purple-ripened grapes. And so it seems to me that the poetry and the needs of our day, in laying hold on this severe and supernal art, have added a living grace to its cold beauty, and beneficence to its stern majesty. I rejoice to see whatever there is of the heroic and poetic peculiar to our age and race passing into stone; and better than figures of Olympian grandeur, stamped with godhood, are forms on which I may gaze till I think I see the very marble heaved with the beatings of a great human heart.

Yet one of the most sublime statues of modern times is that of neither God nor man — The Angel of the Last Judgment, by Tenerani, the first Italian living sculptor. It is a colossal, sitting figure, the power, beauty, and divine majesty of which I find beyond description. The archangel holds his trump, not raised, but resting across his knees, and seems awaiting the moment and the signal to sound. There is a solemn waiting repose in the figure, and in the face an intent, absorbed look of listening for the word of doom, grand to awfulness. You hush your voice, your breath, as you gaze, and you gaze till it seems that all God's universe is listening with him. Nothing can be grander than the wings of this angel — broad and high, though but half unfolded, they shine behind him all stately and silvery white, every smallest plume seeming to make a part of that charmed stillness, and looking as though

their upbearing power and swift vitality had been suddenly frozen in that dread expectancy.

I look upon this figure, so majestic and mighty, yet waiting, subordinate, and obedient, as marvellously suggestive of the greater majesty and might of the infinite and invisible God. For this reason it is more to me than the Christ of the same artist, which is less forcible, and not more divine. Next to representations, in art, of the Sovereign Father, which are simply blasphemous, I place nearly all attempts to portray, or imbody, the inexpressible sweetness, sadness, and meekness of Him who walked earth sorrowful, poor, and lowly, yet whose death agony darkened and convulsed the world — with whose last groan Nature, dismayed, cried out to God.

In strong contrast with this grand figure is the fainting Psyche, which stands near it, in the studio of the artist. This seems to me the loveliest representation I have yet seen of that exquisite ideal of olden poetry. She has just opened the fatal vase sent by the envious goddess, and inhaled its deadly vapor. She has dropped it at her side, and is sinking towards the earth. Her beautiful life is visibly passing away; you see it dying out of her very wings, which droop with an almost leaden heaviness in their airy tissues — in the languid failing of the limbs, the weary falling of the eyelids, the death-kissed sweetness of the lips. So tender, and touching, and softly beautiful is this figure, that, gazing on it, as I did, through tears, I could scarcely believe it a work of art — it seemed rather a magic crystallization of some gentle poet's dream of love and death.

Mr. Spence, the young English sculptor, has in his studio, among many other admirable things, his charming figure of Highland Mary, which, by the way, has been commissioned by the Queen. Ah, what an omnipotent leveller and exalter is Genius! Think of the poor ploughman's barefooted peasant love in Buckingham Palace!

Steinhauser has just finished a colossal sitting statue of Goethe, attended by the Genius of Poetry bearing a harp. The figure of Goethe is full of the grand repose, and the head and face marked by the beauty, cold and proud, the almost supernal dignity, of that poet universal and irresponsible — the great I AM of German literature. The slight, youthful figure of the attending genius is a graceful accessory, whose presence, if not absolutely necessary, is yet justified by beauty.

An object of unceasing delight to me is the young violin player, but just executed in marble, which will, I am sure, take rank among the finest works of the artist. It was created in deep and sweet poetic thought — the very soul of music seems breathing over the face, and flowing through all the lines of the exquisite form, in the visible harmonies of grace.

In strong contrast alike with the powerful, subtle, Italian genius of Tenerani, as shown in his Angel of the Last Judgment, his Psyche, and his Venus, and with the poetic, dreamy, and essentially German genius of Steinhauser, is the cold, yet spirited, classic, yet emphatically English genius of Gibson. This last is by no means wanting in poetry, but he is not a poet — his love of beauty is a principle, or a religion, rather than a sentiment or a passion — he waits on the oracles of art, before delivering himself up to the inspirations of nature. In a word, he is *an artist*, fundamentally and finally, above all, and through all. Aiming at excellence rather than effect, his style, if not marked by the highest power, displays great force and vitality, joined with delicacy and grace. A reverent worshipper of the spirit and forms of antique art, it follows that his works, if not startlingly and powerfully original, are pure in conception and faultless in execution. They do not always captivate the imagination, or appeal strongly to the passions of the heart; but they delight the taste with noble

forms of beauty which are alike the triumphs of genius and the slow results of art.

Of the works of this sculptor, now in Rome, I admire most the Narcissus, an exquisite figure; the Wounded Amazon; the Cupid and Butterfly; Psyche borne by Zephyrs, and the Phæton, a composition in *basso rilievo*, full of fire and strength. In the lovely story of Psyche he seems to revel, and many of his representations are worthy of the immortality of which she is the type.

Into the studio of Mr. Gibson, Miss Hosmer (the young American sculptor) has been admitted as a pupil, and receives from that artist, a most admirable master, all the advice she needs, all the encouragement a generous heart can bestow. She has already modelled the head of the Venus of Milo, a beautiful antique torso, and is now engaged on the Cupid of Praxiteles. It may gratify her many American friends to hear that great interest is felt in her, and warm admiration expressed for her genius, not alone by Mr. Gibson, but by many of the first artists in Rome. She is a marvel to them for her industry, her modest confidence, her quiet enthusiasm; for her fine feeling for, and knowledge of, her art. They all say that the copies she has made — which, by the way, have been chosen as difficult studies — have been executed, not alone with ease, and taste, and faithfulness, but in the truest and highest style of art. With the full consent of Mr. Gibson, she is soon to model some of her own ideal compositions.

I have spoken of the artist truly, but even less admiringly, than I could have spoken. How shall I speak of the friend, of the woman, of the *child-woman*, as I call her? After three months' daily intercourse, I cannot say less than that I have never known a more charming and lovable person. Her character is a pleasing and piquant combination of qualities rarely combined — enthusiasm with steady perseverance, refined tastes with playful and exuberant spirits, poetry with

sound good sense. She is thoroughly original and independent, without extravagance or pretension of any kind — a simple, earnest, truthful girl, whose strong and cheerful heart is the peer and ally of her active and comprehensive intellect. She makes her kindly and generous spirit felt by those around her more sensibly than even her genius; and in the brilliant and peculiar career before her, she will ever be followed as well by loving pride as by admiring interest.

CHAPTER X.

AMERICAN ARTISTS. — CRAWFORD. — HIS WASHINGTON MONUMENT. — MR. STORY. — MR. GREENOUGH. — MR. MOZIER. — MR. PAGE. — BLESSING OF THE BEASTS. — THE CARNIVAL. — RACES. — THE MOCOLI. — BALL. — ROMAN NOBILITY. — KING OF BAVARIA. — MEETING THE POPE. — VEII. — ISLANDS.

JANUARY 29.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting and important work of art now being executed in Rome (to Americans, at least) is the Washington Monument, by Mr. Crawford, ordered, to her honor, by Virginia, and destined to be the chief ornament and pride of her handsome capital. Before speaking of the artistic merits of this work, let me give some idea of its plan and proportions. The entire height of the monument is to be sixty feet. This includes the equestrian statue of Washington — sixteen feet in height. Below this, which is to stand on a square pedestal, sculptured with some admirable *bassi rilievi*, are ranged the colossal statues of six of Virginia's noblest sons — Marshall, Mason, Allen, Lee, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry.

The only figures now finished are those of Patrick Henry and Jefferson. Henry is represented in the lofty passion of his fervid and magnetic eloquence — in the height of that grand outburst of freedom and patriotism which electrified the land, and will yet thrill, like a trumpet call, through the hearts of his countrymen, while they prize their dear-bought liberties, or reverence the heroic past. You see not alone in this face the fire and the force of the impassioned orator, but the sustaining strength of the hero, and the prescience of the prophet.

In striking contrast with this animated and powerful figure is that of Jefferson. He stands in an attitude of calm, deep thought, girt about with all the native majesty of greatness — with all the dignity of the statesman and patriot. He looks here what he was — the utterer of the profoundest political and moral truth ever proclaimed to the world. You recognize in him the moulding power and the controlling will of government, and you seem to read in his face, not alone the deep speculations of the philosopher and the large projects of the statesman, but the destinies of nations.

The drapery in both these noble figures is wonderfully well managed. The costume of the time of the revolution, though far enough from the classic, was yet less stiff and meagre than that of our day; and the artist has here relieved, or concealed, much of the more ungraceful detail, by a skilful introduction of the cloak.

Separately and together, these statues strike me as among the finest productions of modern sculpture — as marked by most impressive dignity, by originality, force, and grandeur of sentiment. They are about being cast in bronze, at Munich. Mr. Crawford is to make use of Houdon's bust of Washington, as the most reliable likeness. The horse, though yet in a very rough state, promises to be a magnificent work. It is represented as just curbed up from a trot, not rearing — full of strength and fire, but not rebellious — a steed fully worthy of his rider, and one which will inevitably suggest comparisons decidedly unfavorable to a certain weak-tailed charger, who holds his thin nose in the air from the top of Hyde Park gate.

The small studies for the remaining figures of this monument strike me as happy and truthful presentments of character — are important parts of a noble whole, and form a grand circle of supports and accessories to that peerless principal. Nothing ever so impressed me with the greatness of Washington

as seeing such figures as these placed subordinate to his, and feeling the entire fitness of such an arrangement.

The last finished work of Mr. Crawford is a Flora — an exceedingly graceful and beautiful figure. He is now putting into marble a charming group of the Babes in the Wood. This simple and touching subject is treated with much delicacy and feeling; and the sight of those tender and lovely little creatures, who in each other's arms have sunk in the deep slumber of grief and exhaustion, and from that have slid silently and unconsciously into the deeper sleep of death, moves one's heart, as it was moved in childhood, by that earliest fireside tale.

An exquisite group, in its sweet poetic expression, is the Hebe and Ganymede. Hebe is represented at that rather mortifying period of her life when she finds herself obliged to resign her office at court. She stands with her head drooped, and wears an expression half of grief, half of vexation; while Ganymede, the new incumbent, with his hand on her shoulder, peers into her face deprecatingly and tenderly — a look which says, "Ah, I am so sorry to take the cup from you! Indeed, I don't want the situation at all. You fill it a great deal better than I can; besides, it's a woman's business. So don't think hard of me. You know one can't do just as one pleases up here, among these gods and goddesses."

Mr. Crawford has not yet exhibited as fine an imagination as Tenerani, or as much art as Gibson, but he is younger than either of these. He does not lack imagination, fancy, or feeling — he has strength, originality, and boldness, and every new work shows an advance in artistic skill; so we may well congratulate ourselves upon a genius which to its highest development will but reflect growing honor upon our country.

Mr. Story is engaged upon a labor of love, in modelling the statue of his father, the late Justice Story. He seems to me to be making a noble work of it. The head is exceedingly

fine — the face wearing a mingled expression of benignity and strength, of calm thought and genial kindness, peculiarly beautiful. The figure is sitting — the attitude has the dignity of the judge, without rigidity or sternness — the judicial robe is managed most judiciously, and forms drapery as graceful as imposing.

Mr. Story has in his studio a little study for an ideal statue, the subject taken, I believe, from Spenser — an Arcadian Shepherd Boy, piping. I am delighted with the youthful grace of this figure, and with the sentiment of pure, primeval music, if I may so express it, which speaks not alone in face, but in form and attitude even.

Mr. Richard Greenough is now modelling a striking and original group — a Shepherd Boy attacked while robbing an eagle's nest, and defending himself against the enraged eagle. The youth is crouched upon one knee, and is just about to plunge his knife into the body of the bird, who has alighted on his shoulder. His attitude is full of spirit, and his face has a fine expression of strength and courage.

Mr. Mozier has in progress several ideal works. The one farthest advanced is a figure of Silence, which, as yet, is chiefly remarkable for the lightness and gracefulness of its drapery. And here is a point where Mr. Mozier usually excels — he manages drapery with rare skill and taste, and however much he may give to his statues, it never looks heavy, or too massive. When finished, I think the Silence will be a figure of much dignity and beauty.

Among Mr. Mozier's ideal busts I am most pleased with a Daphne, several copies of which are now in America. It is an exquisite head — not alone rarely beautiful in form, but expressive of much poetic thought. The face and bearing of the head convey a sentiment of resignation, with a tenderness and purity peculiarly sweet and touching.

With some of the works of Mr. Ives I have been much

pleased. If not an enthusiast, he seems a conscientious student in his art. If he does not produce works startlingly powerful and original, whatever he does he does well. He models with taste, feeling, and careful finish. His portrait busts seem to me remarkably good, and some of his ideal busts are exceedingly fine. Of the latter, I like, especially, a head of Ariadne — full of beauty of a noble character.

Mr. Rodgers has lately executed in marble a figure of Ruth, which is very lovely; and one of a charming, and I think entirely original, subject — a little skater, making one of his first essays on the ice. This last, which is called the Truant, delights me greatly, by a certain freshness of feeling there is about it, and by its grace, novelty, and naturalness.

Mr. Bartholomew has two ideal figures lately commenced, which cannot yet be judged of, except by their studies, which are very pleasing. This artist seems to excel in *basso rilievo*. He has in his studio a beautiful monumental group, and a Homer, with his young guide, which is marked by force, grace, and delicate feeling.

Mr. Bartholomew has poetic sentiment, with taste, strength, and patience — he has a genuine reverence for his art, and a modest estimate of himself — is beyond doubt an artist whom America will do well to encourage.

Mr. Page is here, painting some admirable pictures, and talking grandly on art to his sitters and friends. He has some peculiar, but I think profoundly just, ideas concerning portrait painting. He desires to know well his sitters, and requires to grasp somewhat more than the surface life for his picture, which he makes a study of character, a revelation of soul, as compared with other portraits; a reality, instead of a likeness; a living presence, in place of a haunting, unsatisfying shadow. You look to see the rich lights astir in the hair, the lips breaking into smiles, the breast softly heaved, the very blood beating along the veins.

Mr. Page has in his studio several copies from Titian, so marvellously true to that great master that it is difficult to believe them by any other hand than his. I am convinced that we have no painter possessed of a more clear and profound knowledge of art than Mr. Page. He lives in it, and through it; wanting the passionate energy of personal ambition, he does not pursue it ardently, but studies it with all the powers of a subtile intellect, and contemplates it with the calm devotion of a reverential spirit. By bringing so much thought and power to bear upon portrait painting, Mr. Page has done much to ennoble that branch of his art; but we yet look to see manifestations of his genius more original in character and universal in interest — something which shall be a full and worthy expression of himself, in which the artist will live as sole creator and first cause.

We went, last Sunday, to see the blessing of beasts — an annual ceremony, which takes place at the Church of San Antonio. There was an immense crowd of all descriptions and classes of people; among the rest, a vast convocation of beggars, the crippled and maimed in endless varieties, wrecks and remnants, divisions and subdivisions of men.

A priest stood on the steps of the church, with a holy-water sprinkler in his hand, and a little boy at his side, bearing the *bénitier*. The animals were trotted up before him; he read a form of benediction in Latin, shook the sprinkler at them, and they were good for a twelvemonth. Of course, this is done for a consideration — as what is not, in the way of church parades, privileges, and immunities? The first applicants for a benediction, after our arrival, were two miserable old carthorses, who looked as though the blessings of all the fathers of the church could not keep them on their legs for twenty-four hours. I fear the rite was extreme unction to them; and yet the owner doubtless led them away, rejoicing

in the faith that the crows were cheated of the poor skeletons for a year to come.

Next came a drove of donkeys, with their heads and tails decorated with gay ribbons. One of these committed the ever-to-be-apprehended asinine impropriety of braying in the midst of the ceremony. So absurd, ludicrous, and pompously farcical was this scene, — so stupid, yet consciously ridiculous, seemed the chief actors, — that it struck me the benediction might have commenced without great inappropriateness with an apostolic "dearly-beloved brethren"!

I trust I shall not be thought irreverent from this or any thing of the kind I may say. I feel a daily-increasing indignation and contempt towards the monstrous absurdities of this system of religion and the actors therein. To reverence such things and such men, were an insult to the God in whom I believe.

There came up a sudden and violent shower, and we were driven for shelter into the church, where we were brought into more intimate relations with the lower classes than was altogether safe or savory. I am a democrat, even in Italy, till it comes to garlic and *pulci*, when, I must confess, my democracy assumes a purely abstract character. After the storm was passed, the Pope's stud came, mostly driven in carriages, magnificent turnouts. Then followed those of the cardinals, scarcely less stately and gorgeous. Next came twenty-four superb horses, belonging to Prince Piombino, attached to one carriage, all decorated with plumes and ribbons — really a beautiful sight.

The horses which are to run in the Corso, during the Carnival, were blessed amid unusual demonstrations of popular feeling; and so it ended — the oddest, absurdest, most utterly ridiculous religious ceremonial I ever beheld.

To-morrow, Carnival begins. It is late at night; all is quiet in the streets, except the noise of hammers next door,

where they are putting up a balcony. The sound at this hour has something strange and sinister in it — something so scaffold-suggestive, that it almost gives one a to-be-hung-next-morning sort of a feeling.

February 8.

The first day of the Carnival was beautiful, warm, and sunny, but with an invigorating spring freshness in the atmosphere — such a day as we sometimes have at home, in early April, tempting one out into the budding woods after the first flowers.

As the windows of our lodgings are too high for Carnival convenience, we have taken a balcony somewhat farther up the Corso, near the Via della Croce — an admirable situation. To this we proceeded at half past two; but not till about three did the grand play really commence. Then indeed was the Corso a most beautiful and animating sight. On either side the windows and balconies were decorated with brilliant hangings, and filled with gay figures and smiling faces. The dark, gray old palaces seemed to put forth the most gorgeous colors and the most alluring beauty — like the sudden magnificent blossoming of rude and gigantic tropical plants. The street was thronged with revellers and spectators, in carriages and on foot, many in costumes grotesque or picturesque; and thickly and incessantly from windows and balconies stormed bouquets and bonbons, and rattled the harmless hail of confétti. This last is composed of a sort of seed, covered with plaster or flour; and though it whitens one completely, and stings a little occasionally, it does no serious injury to person or dress. Those in the carriages gallantly returned the fire of the balconies and windows, giving bouquet for bouquet, bonbon for bonbon, confétti for confétti; with whatsoever missile ye pelt, it shall be pelted to you again.

It is strange how contagious is this general joyousness and jollity. No sooner had I stepped on to the balcony than I felt

myself possessed with the true Carnival spirit; my heart danced, and the blood tingled along my veins, with a novel, wild, and childish excitement — and in a moment I was mingling in that strange, foreign sport, as ardently, energetically, and recklessly as any daring Roman woman to the Corso and Carnival born. I not only tossed and caught such sweet and fragrant missiles as bags of bonbons and bouquets, but shot and received large sugared balls, hard and sometimes not a little formidable, and showered torrents of confétti. There were twelve in our balcony, and when we singled out a carriage, and fired in concert, the effect was tremendous. It was most amusing to watch certain passers by, who drove up and down in a serious and sedate manner, taking no smallest part in the sport, and putting on a surprised, indignant, or ill-used look, whenever they were saluted with a heavy bouquet or a dash of confétti. Heaven only knows what else they expected at Carnival.

It was at first difficult to distinguish our acquaintances in fancy dresses, dominoes, and wire masks; but after we had once recognized them, they received no quarter.

After a couple of hours' unceasing exercise, my arm became almost useless with much throwing, and I then contented myself with covert attacks upon the pedestrians passing or lingering underneath the balcony. I had all the advantage of an ambush — taking the enemy by surprise, and leaving him little or no defence — an unequal, ignoble, aboriginal style of warfare, I grant, but full of excitement, and a rich, wicked zest. A deadly foe to respectability of appearance, as inharmonious and incongruous with the scene and the season, I particularly lay in wait for shiny black beavers and superfine cloths. I am happy to be able to say that these attacks, discourteous and cowardly as they may seem, were received with the most charming good nature and engaging placidity, and returned, whenever it was possible, with hearty good will. But

confétti thrown upward to the height where we stood did comparatively little execution.

At half past four the first gun was fired, and the police began to clear the Corso of carriages, for the race. At five boomed off another gun, and a company of cavalry galloped at a gallant rate from the Ripresa di Barberi to the Piazza del Popolo, from whence the horses were to start; and a few moments after the racers were loosened, and amid a wild, indescribable uproar of shouts and yells, and sharp, shrill whistles, and waving of hats and clapping of hands, dashed up the brilliant street. Riderless, but with spiked balls dangling at their sides, goading them the more the faster they ran, decorated with gay ribbons and covered with bright sheets of tin, they went flying and flashing, and ringing past, and the crowning excitement of the day was over in a moment.

There were nine of these horses, each bearing his number painted in white upon his shoulders. The winner was known by the number of guns fired after all had reached the goal, where they were caught by sheets of canvas stretched across the street. The prizes awarded to the owners of the winning horses are given, in part, by the Jews, in compensation for not running themselves, as in the good old times. By the way, we hear that the Pope has decreed that even this fine shall be no longer imposed — an act which speaks well for his innate sense of justice.

I went home excessively tired, but decidedly of the opinion that one of the few commendable institutions of this unhappy country is this same custom-sanctioned absurdity, this ancient and annual irruption of folly, this gigantic frolic, the Carnival.

Monday was a horribly rainy day, but, to our boundless astonishment, the frolic went on. This was an unexpected experience. It somehow had never entered into my head that there could be such an anomaly as a wet Carnival. We remained at home, and watched, with infinite amusement, the

mad attempt at enjoyment without. It was a scene which would have delighted Mark Tapley, as a complete triumph of his principle of "being jolly under creditable circumstances." If the weather had been fine, the display on this day would have been very brilliant, as, in defiance of cloud and wet, there was early a gallant turnout, and many striking, quaint, and curious costumes.

Soon, from drizzling showers, the heavy rain came pelting down like shot; the Corso ran a sheet of yellow mud, like another Tiber; the gay hangings of the balconies and windows were taken in; and yet the furious fun went on. Young men and girls, in all imaginable costumes, drove up and down, throwing bouquets, bonbons, and confétti as merrily as though the brightest of skies was above, and the driest of grounds beneath them — their ardor seemingly not damped, their spirits not dashed — with cocked hats pouring rivers of water from their wide brims, with ruffs and feathers flattened and flapping, with ribbons and veils, and white muslins dripping and clinging, whitened with confétti, blackened with mud, flooded with rain — a strange, peculiar, unprecedented, richly-ridiculous sight.

Our window being too high for very satisfactory interchange of compliments with the passers by, we were reduced to the monotonous extremity of bandying bouquets with our neighbors over the way. We were highly amused by a certain red-haired lace merchant, opposite us, — a countess, we hear,— and I think very likely, for countesses are almost as plenty as priests in Rome. We hire our balcony of one — a sharp-eyed old dame, very dowdyish, dwarfish, curt, and curious. But to return: this particular countess, who, abandoned by her husband, the faithless count, has taken to the lace business, looks, in her pretty little shop, quite rosy, jolly, and coquettish, under the circumstances. Indeed, I am not sure that this lovelorn Ariadne is not completely consoled for the desertion

of her Theseus, in a handsome young Roman, who lounges in her shop, and smokes cigars at her window — quite a passable Bacchus. Again to return: this fair dame, for fair she is, not being very powerful or expert in the use of her arms, yet anxious to manifest her friendly feeling towards us, stood at her window, bowing and smiling, and showered handfuls of choice bonbons and baskets of flowers into the midst of the street, with a mad prodigality and a desperate energy really alarming. At length the aforesaid Bacchus came to her aid, and from his hand we received some very beautiful offerings, they having first been kissed, and held against the heart of Ariadne — a little ceremony so charmingly and gracefully gone through as quite to make us forget her equivocal position in regard to the absent Theseus and the present Bacchus, with her vending of point lace in a small way, and to remember only that she was a pretty woman and a countess.

I was also much occupied by observing the grave folly of a sedate, spectacled, white-cravated elderly gentleman, next door, who for hour after hour did nothing but throw confétti, not upon the bold bravadoes in the open carriages, but upon the pedestrians passing beneath his balcony, nearly all of whom were well protected by umbrellas.

I did not believe it possible that, in the slimy state of the street that afternoon, the race would be allowed to come off; but at the usual hour the Corso was cleared, the cavalry came dashing down from the Ripresa di Barberi to the Piazza del Popolo, and in a few minutes more the horses leaped from their barrier, and tore madly up the Corso. Three poor creatures went down before they had run half way, rolling and sliding in a most frightful manner. All were more or less hurt, yet gallantly struggled up and ran on; but, of course, their chance was lost. And so this day closed.

Tuesday and Wednesday were festas, which suspended the Carnival. The saints in whose honor they were sent charm-

ing weather, which we enjoyed in walks and excursions into the country — of which, more anon.

Thursday it rained again throughout the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon, though not brightly or warmly — one of those chilling, threatening, disheartening, aggravating days, a thousand times more disagreeable than a regular, honest, pelting storm.

We noticed on this day an elegant carriage, containing two ladies and two gentlemen, who, amid the mad uproar and stormy pelting, sat each with a copy of *Galignani* in hand, coolly feigning to read. All were without masks, and the gentlemen were smoking cigars. Nothing I have seen in the whole course of the Carnival has delighted me so much as this; it was deliciously droll, the very refinement and soul of humor.

Friday was another festa, and, of course, set apart from all Carnival and carnal purposes.

Saturday was a nondescript sort of a day — neither warm nor cold, sunny nor stormy. The Corso was more than ever thronged, though with very few of the better class of people. There were exhibited many new and astounding varieties of costume. Scores of women, of questionable, or rather unquestionable, character, tramping through the muddy streets in draggled finery and hideous disguises; hosts of comical *Polcinelli*, making "confusion worse confounded," with trumpets, bells, and tambourines, and striking right and left among the crowd with a sort of flail composed of a blown bladder fastened to a stick. There were men dressed as women, and women as men; indeed, this fancy of a fair exchange of costume seemed greatly to prevail, and was more ludicrous in effect on so large a scale than you can imagine. There were children in quaint and antiquated attire; small harlequins and jesters without number; there were Chinamen and blackamoors. There was a gigantic man in a woman's dress, arm in arm with a dwarfish woman in the uniform of an officer,

the coat tails touching the ground. There was a Falstaff, who literally carried all before him. There were men and boys divided down the middle, into black and white, red and yellow, blue and green, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The lower classes evidently had it; it was the great day for the rabble. We took a turn or two in the carriage, but were driven off the course in disgust, on finding that the rascally young Romans in the street flung nothing cleaner than bouquets picked from the mud.

It was nearly dark when the race began, and it was a singular and beautiful sight to watch the swift course of the horses, by the gleaming of the millions of sparks struck out from the pavement. Just by our balcony two slipped and fell. One was too badly hurt to proceed; and the other, a handsome gray, ran feebly on, with the blood streaming from his shoulder — a piteous and revolting sight. Altogether, and at all times, this race is painful to me. I can but believe it a brutal and demoralizing exhibition, as the animals invariably run from pain and terror, not from emulation.

It is urged that the annual religious ceremony here observed, of the solemn blessing of beasts, must inculcate a feeling of tenderness and consideration towards them, as creatures under the protection, and sanctified by the benediction, of Heaven and the church. Yet true it is, that I have never witnessed such extreme and universal cruelty to animals as I have been shocked with here.

I am told by Italians, that, even had the weather been favorable, this Carnival would have been a poor affair, compared with those of old. Few of the Romans of the better class will join in it, from indignation at the restrictions put upon some of its innocent freedoms, and the curtailment of its immemorial amusements — the forbidding of close masks in the streets, and the suppression of masked balls at the theatres. The festivities are now principally conducted by foreigners

and the common people, and much more roughly and furiously, it is said, than formerly.

Monday, yesterday, was not rainy, but damp and lowering, yet a tolerable Carnival day notwithstanding. At about three o'clock I had just returned from a walk, by a back street, and, on passing through our drawing room, was almost stunned by the roar of the revel which came up from the street below. As I looked out, half wonderingly, I saw that the Corso ran a river of wild laughter, a surging tide of gorgeous colors and gladsome faces, and brave, defiant, triumphant merriment. The costumes on this day were more varied in brilliance and grotesqueness than ever before. Every imaginable odd fancy, absurdity, and extravagance thus found its perfect and piquant expression. The *contadine* of Rome, Albano, Frascati, and Tivoli, with a class of Roman girls answering to the Parisian grisettes, were out in all their glory; and I assure you I never saw on any one occasion so many handsome, graceful, and charmingly-coquettish women. The costumes of some of them were perfect studies of fitness and effect, and a marvel to behold were the utter freedom and careless abandon of their merriment; never rude, and never in the slightest degree immodest — the bold grace of their attitudes, the ease, and lightness, and gay fearlessness of their action. It made the brain reel with a fine, poetic intoxication to watch that bright, interminable vision of blooming young figures, plump or dainty, in all conceivable, bewitching fancies of attire — of merry mantling cheeks, and red laughing lips, and hearty white teeth, and glossy black braids, and far-flashing eyes — dark and tender, and piercing and passionate, even through the sunny holiday light in which they floated and danced for the merry hour.

To-day, to our keen disappointment, it rained incessantly, from the early morning to the time of the race, — which, however, came off without any accident, — and the *Mocoli*, the

crowning frolic, came on. Then all the world came out in carriages, on foot, at windows and balconies, with lighted tapers and torches, and every body strove to put out his neighbor's light and protect his own. Every possible contrivance in the way of extinguishers was in use; but the most successful seemed a handkerchief, tied at the end of a long reed, which could be suddenly let down from balconies, and slyly thrust up into carriages, flapping out the flame in an instant. I noticed one young man standing up in a carriage, holding his taper perfectly protected by a basket — literally "hiding his light under a bushel."

The Corso itself was a brilliant sight. Mrs. Kemble, I think, says of it, on a similar occasion, "It looked as though the milky way had dropped into it." And so it did; but imagine, in addition, the starry hosts, which stretch their long files along that same *via lacte*, having imbibed something stronger than milk, and abandoning themselves to a wild, bacchanalian revel, and leaping, and dancing, and reeling about in a most extraordinary manner.

Nothing could be more exciting, even to one not an actor in the frenzied fun, than the singular sounds in the streets — the peals of laughter — the friendly cries of warning of attempts on your light from those who the next minute flap it out themselves — the triumphant shouts of "*Senza mocolo! Senza mocolo!*" (without a light) — the rush forward, the retreat, the attempt, the defeat, the surprise, the victory. O, it was a glorious frolic, and a mad, merry, gay, and compensating conclusion to a somewhat sorry Carnival.

FEBRUARY 13.

On one of the Carnival nights we attended, at the old Braschi palace, a large charity ball, under the patronage of the Princess Doria.

We arrived about 10 o'clock, and found the rooms well

filled. Strolling through them, one after another, I came to the conclusion that this ball was conducted on a far more pleasant and sensible plan than any I have attended in America. In one apartment a large table was set out, where refreshments of all kinds were served throughout the evening, instead of one grand supper, as with us, with its uncomfortable crowding and ferocious pushing and snatching. In other *salons*, removed as far as possible from the stirring music and the musical footfalls of the ball room, gathered those who, from disinclination or disability, eschewed the dance — dowagers and staid-looking elderly gentlemen, consoling themselves over whist and *écarté*, or chatting in corners, or strolling up and down, with a free, careless, enjoyable, at-home manner, most pleasantly peculiar. There were there and in the ball room not alone scores of young ladies with their mammas and papas, but mere children, and venerable people who might years ago have arrived at the dignified estate of grandpapas and grandmammas. I like this pleasant, social mingling of youth and age — it gives a solidity to society, and a noble dignity to pleasure; and I hope that a custom so just and beautiful may become more generally adopted in our own country, where the young are too much disposed to thrust not alone the old, but the middle-aged, to the wall; where dashing youths hardly out of college, and beautiful girls who have just broken boarding school, too often lord it and queen it over society with an absolute and insolent power. I also noticed several whom I took to be clergymen; and this I liked. With us, where never a member of any religious organization may move to music without a fearful looking for of church discipline and clerical indignation, — where clergymen are hedged round with an awful respect which must become in time excessively uncomfortable, — the sight of one at even a small dancing party would be a startling apparition. Indeed, with us, the members of that venerable body are felt to be more or less

de trop at all large gatherings, except it be baptisms or burials, weddings or hangings. Would it not be infinitely better if they mingled more socially and familiarly with the people, in their every-day feelings and occupations, interest and pleasures?

The ball room presented a most brilliant appearance, and contained many people of high rank, of various nations, though principally Roman. The Princess Doria, being in mourning for her father, the late Earl of Shrewsbury, was not present; but there were pointed out to me the Princess Spada, a handsome, stout, and stylish dame of thirty and upwards; a daughter of the present Prince of Canino, a plump, pretty girl, of a striking Bonapartean face; the youthful Princess Piombino, beautiful but pallid, and slight to fragility, in whom I was interested by being told that this romantic and un-Roman thinness resulted from an unhappy and hopeless attachment. So these noble ladies have hearts, after all — hearts that sometimes break, I should say, after watching the forced smile and languid movements of this Princess, passion-pale. The King of Bavaria was present, in the character of a private gentleman. He is a man of about thirty-five, I should say — tall, slender, rather good looking, but stiff and formal in his manner. He danced the quadrille, hat in hand, coldly and mechanically. The Prince Musignano, eldest son of Canino, was also present. He has a face slightly Napoleonic, but rather on the gross order, and, though not yet thirty, is as stout as was his granduncle when in his last estate he grew in corporal as he decreased in imperial greatness.

This Prince has particularly small feet, which I suspect are a weakness and a dandyism with him, and he rolls a little in his gait. His Highness seems especially fond of dancing, and carries into it nearly as much spirit as body. To encounter him and the Princess Spada in the waltz is really no trifling matter. With a medium-sized partner, you are like an inconsiderable fishing smack under the bows of a merchantman —

run down in a moment; while the gigantic craft drives majestically on, with scarce a dipping of the spars, scarce a flutter among the rigging.

Nearly all the foreign ministers were there, among whom the Austrian struck me as carrying the ablest and ugliest face. There were some young scions of English aristocracy present — gay, fast fellows, with long, light curls and carelessly-tied cravats, and handsome, healthful, laughing, audacious faces; and sedate, reserved young men, with a proper and patrician sense of their position, individually and nationally, with their hair parted sleekly down behind, and their heads pivoting painfully in stiff white neckcloths. There was Sir Walter What-do-you-call-him, and the Hon. Mr. — I've forgotten, and the Marquis — I-never-knew, and Baron Blank, and Lord Nozoo. And there were several English ladyships, very fair and very cold, with very highly-dressed hair and low-dressed shoulders, with *prononcés* noses and retreating chins — a proud, stately, and high-bred loveliness, far as the north pole from the glowing, passionate, and darkly-splendid beauty of the Roman ladies of high rank.

As for the Italians, Germans, and French, there were none without their titles. The countesses were countless — a marquis was a personage of little mark, and a count of comparatively no account. I should have hesitated, I believe, about accepting one as a partner, had one offered his hand for waltz or cotillon, thinking that for the honor of my country I should reserve myself for a crowned head, or, at least, for a *Principe*.

Of the Americans present, there were some whose mien, manner, conversation, and principles would do honor to our country, or any country, any where; but there were also others of another stamp. Merchants, retired from business with handsome fortunes, but having left their hearts in their counting houses, and with souls yet undivorced from their ledgers —

now making the grand tour, with their portly wives and pretty daughters and promising sons. They are men who have come abroad from a sense of fashionable duty, and with a vague expectation of enjoyment, who go about sightseeing with commendable industry, making meritorious efforts at admiring and comprehending, and even attaining to something like enthusiasm at times, but really enduring it all with the resignation of martyrs. These are usually what the Methodists call "anxious inquirers" in regard to art, and are too often the victims of dealers in old paintings and third-rate statuary; they are generally better judges of canvas-back ducks than of canvas darkly daubed — of old wines than of the old masters — and, turning from stocks to stones, find their Wall Street shrewdness at fault. Highly-dressed matrons, who cluster together and grow dolorously eloquent on the discomforts and disgusts of travel, the filth of Italian inns, the extortions of *vetturini*, and the perils and perplexities of the Dogana. Young ladies who grow warm on sunsets, expand on the Campagna, and are at home among the ruins — who are subject to unconscious little lapses into the Italian, in the midst of a conversation in English — who confess to an indulgence in the *dolci far niente*, and a leaning towards Romanism, with a growing attachment for that "darling old Pope." Young men scarcely out of long hair and into mustaches, who yet consider themselves booked up on all questions of European politics — incline to the conservative side, confess to aristocratic sympathies, and pronounce their titled acquaintances "deused fine fellows."

In the early part of the night, dancing, and especially waltzing, was but an example of "the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties;" but at the latter part, when the great crowd was thinned off, it became far more agreeable. At last, at about half past two, after the cotillon, a long, somewhat intricate, and very beautiful dance, the ball closed.

I met on this night a son of Mrs. Hemans. He resembles

somewhat the portraits of the poetess — has, I should say, her eyes and hair. He is a peculiarly mild and pensive young man, whom you might almost believe had been reared on his mother's melancholy melodies. Mr. Hemans is a devout Roman Catholic. Think of the son of the author of The Forest Sanctuary as a Papist!

By the way, as my friends Miss C—— and Miss H—— came in from riding, a short time ago, they spoke of having met the Pope on the Porta Angelica road, and of having dismounted before he passed.

"What, *you* pay such homage to the Pope?" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" said Miss H——. "The worthy old gentleman was on foot, and all the Catholics in his way were on their knees; the guard would have commanded us to dismount, if we had not done so of our own accord."

"I would have turned and galloped back, or leaped the hedge and taken across the fields, or sat upright in my saddle till the guardsmen pulled me off! — any thing to save my pride and principles as a republican and a Protestant."

This I said walking the room, setting my foot down each time emphatically and anti-Papally.

A few days after this, as I was riding with Miss C—— on this same road, we saw the Pope approaching. He was walking in front of his carriage, dressed in white, with a red hat and red shoes, preceded by mounted guards, accompanied by several cardinals, and followed by officers of his household and carriages. We were near an open space, and drew a little off from the road, but still in full sight of the procession. One of the Guardia Nobile rode slowly by, giving us as he passed a look of pious anger and rebuke, as much as to say, "Frail vessels of heresy, will ye then brave the Holy See itself?" Now, if a bluff Swiss guardsman had rudely ordered me to dismount, I should have sat firm in my saddle and my sentiments, and looked at my persecutor with much the feeling

expressed by the spirited Mrs. Squeers, "I pities your ignorance, and dispises you." But to be looked at with such silent severity, to be thought wanting in manners and religion, by a noble young Roman, was, I must confess, quite another thing. I immediately remarked that I thought a change of position would do me good after so long a ride, and that I really wished to get a nearer view of the Pope. So we dismounted, and, giving our horses to the groom, approached to the edge of the bank, over the road, where we should have had a very near look at His Holiness, and received the full force of the Papal benediction. But, when only within some twenty yards of us, the provoking Papa paused, turned, remounted into his carriage, and drove back towards the Vatican. The quizzical look of the noble guardsman as he repassed us, and the laugh raised against me at dinner, are two things which I shall not soon forget.

On one of the festas during the Carnival, we, forming a large party in the carriage and on horseback, went to Veii, about twelve miles from Rome, where we spent the day. There are but the merest ruins of that ancient Etruscan stronghold, which — it makes one's brain reel to think of it — was a large and powerful city when Rome was founded. Now there is not a tower or a wall standing entire, and it is with difficulty that you trace boundaries of the town, and find the few remains of its gateways and bridges. The site is romantic and imposing, and the surrounding scenery wild and picturesque in the highest degree. The only tolerably-preserved ruins are the tombs, curiously and crudely painted on the inside, and containing many interesting Etruscan remains — vases, plates, shields, helmets, rusty old swords, and spear points.

The day was bright and balmy, and we took a picnic dinner on the soft, green turf, with the wild shrubs budding around us, and the early crocuses blossoming at our feet. We were within the sound of an old fountain, and the flowing of the

Cremera, and the dashing of its waterfalls. Picturesque, skin-clad shepherds were watching their flocks on the hills behind us, looking down curiously and sympathetically on our merry circle. One of their huge, wolfish dogs, doubtless considering us rude barbarian invaders of those classic Arcadian scenes, showed fight; but I insidiously seduced his ferocious fidelity by a crust of bread, and concluded an amnesty with a chicken leg. After dinner, however, as I was boasting of my peaceful conquest, I ventured to approach my lean and hungry friend empty-handed, when he turned, and would have rent me had I not beat a hasty retreat. Among the most cruel, suspicious, and formidable-looking animals I have even seen, are these same Campagna dogs. Heaven save me from an encounter with one, alone and undefended!

We have had, for the three weeks past, strange and terrible weather — violent and frequent storms of wind, rain, and hail, between which the sun shines out with dazzling and tantalizing brilliance. In these brief intervals of light and warmth we venture on our walks, rides, or drives, but are almost sure to have a heavy storm burst upon us, out of the gorgeous and treacherous heavens, with frightful suddenness. Yesterday we went to the Pincio to see the sunset, which promised to be very fine; but while we were admiring the purple and gold, and deep, delicious blue of one half of the sky, the other, with scarce a moment's warning, seemed to fall upon us in alternate sheets of rain and hail. The Tiber is in the state described by Cassius, when Cæsar and he leaped into it, "troubled," and "chafing with her banks" — swollen, and swift, and dark. The Campagna is overflowed all along its course, and the poor peasants in great distress, from being deprived of work, and in some instances of homes. Some countrymen attacked our baker this morning, and took from him all the bread he was carrying to his customers. The robbery

was committed in the open street; but as it was a case of starvation, the thieves were not apprehended. The floor of the Pantheon is overflowed, and it is a curious sight to see the bases of its ancient pillars buried in the yellow flood.

CHAPTER XI.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. — THE EMEUTE AT MILAN. — ITALIAN FREEDOM. — THE PAPAL SUPREMACY. — BEGGARS. — MODELS. — TABLEAUX VIVANTS. — GUIDO'S AURORA. — THE COLONNA. — THE QUIRINAL. — DRIVE ON THE APPIAN WAY. — PEASANT BOYS. — CARDINALS' RECEPTIONS. — THE SPRING TIME IN ITALY. — CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS. — CEREMONY AT ST. PETER'S. — HIGH MASS AT THE SISTINE.

FEBRUARY 22.

NEVER, in my own country, do I remember to have felt such emotion as I feel to-day, in a strange, foreign land, on the anniversary of the birth of our beloved and venerated Washington. In this lovely but degenerate clime, — the glory of whose past is but a gorgeous pall, enveloping, but not hiding, the death and decay of its present, surrounded by a people powerless, hopeless, indolent, and oppressed, but with the despairing soul of great possibilities looking from their eyes, like some forgotten prisoner gazing mournfully through strong dungeon bars, — here, breathing the close and heavy air of civil and religious despotism, do I feel what he was, and all he did for us, for freedom, and for God; and my heart glows with fervid gratitude to Heaven for the immeasurable riches of that great gift, not to us alone, but to the world, to the ages, of a pure, heroic life, imbodying, defending, and enthroning, among men, the eternal principles of justice and freedom.

When I find the character and career of Washington studied here by the few yet faithful to the forlorn hope of Italian freedom — when I see his name bring the unaccustomed light to eyes heavy with watching and mournful with disappointment — when I hear that name spoken with deep reverence by lips

that have sworn devotion, to the death, to *la libertà del popolo*, then I realize, as never before, the universality of his greatness and the quickening immortality of his memory. I believe that, though God has sent, and yet may send, leaders as pure and true as our Washington, — gifted with more of the electric element of genius, shining with more splendid qualities of heroism, — that *he* has been, and will be, the secret soul of every popular uprising against oppression, every noble political revolution; for his grand endeavor was sanctioned and sanctified by a complete and preëminent *success;* he attained to the very height and crown of his heroic undertaking; and there he stands, for all time, boldly relieved against heaven, the terror of tyranny, the strength, and inspiration, and example of the oppressed, the bold rebuker of kingly wrong, the stern vindicator of the people's right, the rebel triumphant, the soldier olive-crowned, the patriot with clean and empty hands. Such is the far-reaching depth, the eternal vitality, of one great, heroic life, sending its roots abroad into all lands, and lacing together continents and nations in bonds of unseen but indestructible sympathy — such the far-sounding weight of one mighty purpose gloriously accomplished, which, amid treacherous straits of defeat and despair, off perilous shores of rock-seated power, anchors safe against leagued tempests, the great hope of the world.

You have doubtless heard, ere this, of the *emeute* at Milan, and its disastrous termination. We see very little about it, except in *Galignani*, and its version is that of the government, or at least sanctioned by the authorities, and so can hardly be impartial. But from an Italian friend I hear that the plan of revolt was most ably and systematically formed, and might have been successful but for treachery. Still I can but regard it as a premature, an ill-advised, movement. The hour is not yet come — the cup of this people's degradation is brimmed with bitterness — I would have it overflow. They sigh, and

look weary and dejected, under the weight of oppression. I would have them cry out till the heavens heard — would have their agony turned to rage, and their shame to a righteous vengeance. Then, and then only, will they work out for themselves, resolutely and effectively, their political and religious redemption.

I see every where among the Italians faces restless, dissatisfied, and mortally sad; but few expressive of the unflinching firmness, joined to fiery valor, the strength and grandeur of purpose, and pure, honest devotion, imperatively necessary for such a mighty work. The iron pricks sharply, but has not yet entered their souls. In most modern Italians, the primitive Roman character, manly, and rugged, and stern, is but like an old kingly oak in decay, decorated and inthralled by parasite graces of poetry and romance, and a moss-like indolence and softness. The broad arms which once wrestled with tempests are fallen, and storms go by unchallenged, while in the melancholy vines which cumber the sapless trunk sweet-singing birds are nurtured. Yet the roots run deep and wide, and there are hopeful souls who believe that there is life in them still, which will yet spring up in strength and vigor greater and more beneficent than those of old. God grant it may be so!

The more I see of Italy, the more am I convinced that there is no hope for the liberty of the people here, or in any Catholic country, save through the total downfall of the Papal supremacy — that ancient bulwark of tyranny, that hoary consecrator of injustice and high-handed political crime. It is true, the church has not the visible power and glory she once had; but I am convinced that she has lost little of her real strength and weight in the affairs of the world. She may not number as many sworn knights and devout soldiers as in the old time; but she has her hosts of unsuspected and unscrupulous agents, her armies of Jesuitical priests — she is omnipo-

tent in her diplomacy, and omnipresent in her spies. In old times, she made arrests and executions in the open day; she now arrests in the night, and the dark sequel may never be known. Some of the terrible prisons of the Inquisition may be emptied and thrown open, but only, it would seem, to let forth upon society their poisoned atmosphere, sending suspicion, and insecurity, and cruelty abroad. The satanic spirit of the Inquisition, which once sat in haughty supremacy, dispensing flames and tortures, has been driven from his throne by the spirit of the age, but not destroyed. He may have taken to dark and mysterious ways — may act secretly and insidiously, may deal more with the soul, and less with the body — but his ancient power is but little broken, his purpose all unchanged; he sets himself, as of old, against all true freedom of conscience, against all true enlightenment and progress of the masses. Therefore do I believe that the only great and successful European revolution must also be a reformation more complete and comprehensive than that of Luther — that with the glorious watchward and battle cry of Mazzini, "*Deo ed il popolo!*" must be thundered down the despotisms of church and state together.

One thing seems to me certain — the present state of things cannot long endure. The hatred of this people towards their French and Austrian masters, and their impatience under priestly rule, grow hotter and more intolerable daily, and the long-suppressed indignation of their proud and passionate spirits must at last get the better of their despairing indolence. The soil of Italy is even now shaken with volcanic tremblings, and, disregard these warnings as they may, the great convulsion, the rain of fire, shall come. Silence the voice of Freedom as they may, her indestructible spirit will throb in the air, and her glorious impulses burn in the secret heart. And so shall it be till the hour of her full and triumphant revelation in this her ancient realm — an angel of deliverance to the

captive, a Nemesis to the oppressor, the divine genius of enfranchisement, justice, and equality to the people.

FEBRUARY 23.

This morning I returned from a long walk on the Pincio, full of hope that the dark and rainy weather we have had for the month past — the thunder and lightning, and hail and snow — were at last giving place to sunlight and warmth, and bird songs and flowers. The air on that delightful promenade was clear and still — the sky soft and blue, without one threatening cloud, and the sunlight such as seems to melt through your very flesh, till you fancy it flows with a golden and winey richness through your veins. Whether it played in the gardens of the slopes, glistening over the laurel leaves, adding a richer tinge to the ripened orange, nestling passionately in the hearts of roses, or kissing pityingly the rain tears from the faces of the chilled violets, — or, flashing on the dome of St. Peter's, and against the snow crowns of the Sabine hills, — it was the same peculiar, delicious, Italian spring sunshine, tender and loving in its utmost splendor — not darted down in trenchant rays, but falling softly and slowly — a dew of light.

Scarcely an hour has gone by, and Nature has returned to her frowning and stormy mood — the whole heavens are overcast, and the rain is falling in torrents.

These are hard times for the beggars, as they, like Italians of better estate, are extremely susceptible to wet and cold. During a rain, you will scarcely meet one in a long walk; but in the sunny interludes they come out upon you, from unsuspected places, thick and fast, hungry and clamorous, the lame and the lazy, boundless in impudence and inexhaustible in impositions. Some two weeks ago, as I was coming down from the Trinita di Monti, I found a poor man lying by the way, apparently dying of hunger and disease. Having no money with me, I ran into a studio near by, and begged a few *ba-*

jocchi of an artist friend, while a woman who had come up to the man while I stood by him applied at a neighboring house for a piece of bread. She brought a whole loaf, which he grasped, and began to eat ravenously, pocketing the *bajocchi* I gave him without a word. He seemed suffering from low fever, and was so frightfully pale, week, and emaciated, that I did not believe he could live; but yesterday, in nearly the same spot, I found him again, in quite as critical a state, apparently. Again I gave him money, which he took with a feeble groan, not even lifting his face from the pavement. His hearing was dulled, or his voice too weak to answer my questions; and, seeing some Italians approaching, I hurried away, fearing he might give up the ghost at my feet, and not choosing to witness the melancholy scene. About two hours later I came across the same man, carrying on his dying agonies in the Via della Croce, on the other side of the Piazza di Spagna. He was lying prostrate, and with his face hid, as usual; but as I approached him, I observed for an instant a keen eye peering up through straggling black locks. Then, as though he had mustered his expiring energies for one last appeal to my humanity and womanhood, he sent forth a fearful groan. But I was up to him this time.

There is one little beggar boy I frequently meet, who is an actual delight to me for his witty persuasion and graceful impudence. He is a child of about nine — not handsome, but remarkably clever looking, with lively, saucy, laughing eyes, a musical voice, and the most easy, dashing, *insouciant* manner imaginable. He begs for a blind father; but whenever he sees any of us whom he knows, he will leave the old man to grope forlornly, and run at our side, hat in hand, talking smilingly and coaxingly in this wise: "Good morning, kind ladies! You have several *bajocchi* for me to-day!" "No." "Then perhaps you have a *paolo* — that's all the better. Remember my poor father; he is blind; he cannot see the sky,

the flowers, and the beautiful ladies. O, yes, yes, you will give me something for him." And we are sure to give, if we have a *bajoccho* in our purses; if not, he still smiles cheerily, saying, "*Un altro giorno*," (another day;) and on the next occasion of our meeting he never fails to remind us of our promise, though always in the most gallant and agreeable terms possible.

I am a good deal interested and amused by the professional models who "most do congregate" on the great flight of steps leading up to the Trinita di Monti from the Piazza di Spagna. There are often to be seen picturesque and varied groups, and single figures of striking character. Handsome peasant women, with charming brown babies — wild, long-haired boys from the mountains — raven-bearded young men and snowy-headed old men — and coquettish young girls, with flashing eyes and dashing costumes. There is one grand-looking old man, with a bounteous white beard, who is said to do a great business in the saintly and patriarchal line. He is a multitudinous Moses, an inexhaustible St. Joseph, and the pictorial stock Peter of many seasons. There is also a powerful, handsome, dark, and terrible-looking fellow, who does the brigand and bravo.

These various candidates for artistic favor seem to have the most social and agreeable relations with each other — indeed, I have remarked the patriarch chatting and laughing with the brigand in a familiar manner, scarcely in keeping with his own venerable character. But, let an artist or two ascend the steps, and, presto! the dark-eyed young girls cease their idle gossip and spring into position — look archly or mournfully over the left shoulder, or with clasped hands modestly contemplate the pavement — the pretty peasant woman snatches up the baby she had left to creep about at its own sweet will, and bends over it tender and Madonna-like, while, at a word from her, a skin-clad little shepherd boy drops his game of

pitch penny, and takes up his *rôle* of St. John. Perhaps a dark, dignified, but somewhat rheumatic old woman, with her head wrapped up in a brown cloth, makes a modest venture of herself as St. Anna, while the fine old man I have described makes the most of the comparatively unimportant character of St. Joseph, or, separating himself entirely from the group, looks authoritative as Moses, or inspired as Isaiah, or resolute as Peter. The handsome bravo or brigand gives a fiercer twist to his mustache, slouches his pointed black hat, appears to be concealing a dagger under his brown cloak, or on the point of drawing an imaginary pistol from his belt, sets his teeth, scowls, and cultivates the diabolical generally in attitude and expression. It is altogether a very amusing and skilful piece of canvassing.

Though nine years have rolled by, and brought revolutions and a few other little changes in Rome, since Dickens spent a winter here, yet these steps are to-day precisely what he pictures them. Indeed, I believe that our friends, the patriarch and the brigand, are the identical personages whose portraits stand out so livingly in his grotesque but exquisite description.

We lately attended an entertainment, at the Braschi palace, of *tableaux vivants*, after the old masters. Here some of the noblest and most beautiful figures of Raphael and Guido were very creditably represented by Roman models. The old patriarch of the Scali Nate played many parts with immense applause. There was also a fine female model, named Carucci, who showed very grandly in some characters; and there were several handsome children, who did their difficult and wearisome devoirs in a most admirable manner. Some of the effects produced were striking and beautiful in the extreme; but the selection of pictures did not seem to me very happy. There were too many Holy Families — it is not in human, at least heretical, nature to enjoy such a monotonous succession of Madonnas. The long intervals between

the pictures, only relieved by some dismal harp playing, were tiresome enough, and the hall uncomfortably cold; so the entire affair was rather slow, and I was heartily glad when it was over. Against one of the walls of the Braschi palace stands the antique torso, to which the witty satires of the tailor Pasquin and his friends were affixed in the time of the Borgias. This, though supposed to be a figure of Menelaus, is called the Statue of Pasquin; and the bold breeches-maker's fame is also perpetuated and spread over the world, in the term *Pasquinade*.

MARCH 7.

On Saturday last, as the morning was bright and beautiful, we went to the Rospigliosi to see Guido's Aurora. I had been long waiting for a clear day, to see to advantage this wonderful picture, which cannot be viewed aright, except in the full-tided splendors of such a morning as it typifies. The Aurora is a fresco, on the roof of the central room of the Casino, a beautiful little building, originally intended for a sort of summer house, and which you approach through a garden, freshened with fountains in continual play, and fragrant to intoxication with delicious flowers. I think I have never seen a great picture so fittingly enshrined and surrounded as this. At first view, it seemed that the flowers which the Aurora was so prodigally scattering had been freshly gathered from the gardens without, and that the airs on which she floated, which swelled the soft folds of her drapery, were the same that a moment before I had seen stirring the pines, swaying the vines, and rippling in wave-like shadows through the grass.

After all I had heard from others, and seen in prints, this *chef d'œuvre* of Guido surpassed my expectation. The coloring struck me as both softer and brighter than any thing I had before seen by this master; and the composition, spirit, life, and soul of the picture are beautiful beyond description.

To me it is a wondrous ideal of the first dawn of the creation, rather than of the many thousand times repeated daily miracle of nature — so full it seems of primal light and strength, freshness and glory. The face of the Apollo, radiant and triumphant, is that of a young charioteer just entering on his first course. The Aurora has for the first time unlocked the gates of day, and let forth the golden tides of light and life on a blind and breathless world; while the eager steps and smiling faces of the attendant Hours seem to witness that they have never looked upon mortal suffering, or flown over battles or graves. Even the steeds have an untaxed vitality, an affluence of exultant power and energy, about them, which shows that they have drunk at the just-opened fountains of day — their eager eyes gleam with the fire of the first sun, their spread nostrils snuff the untainted air of the new creation; their hoof falls are on clouds which are the first morning exhalations of the world.

I think, of all the parts of this grand composition, I like the steeds best; they have such exquisite grace in powerful action, such force and fire in complete subjugation, such emulation in unity. All piebald and perfectly matched, surely guided by a silken rein, they plunge forward on their airy course, striking out their eight hoofs together, but with infinite small varieties in the large harmony of their character and movement. They are certainly the most magnificent pieces of mythological horse flesh I have ever beheld.

Among the group of Hours in this picture, I noticed a head which is a good deal like that of the Cenci; and this goes to confirm my heretical opinion that Guido's lovely portrait of that heroic unfortunate is more or less unreal. It seems to me that this master would scarcely have dared to introduce into his great fresco even a faint likeness of one who at that time was an object of horror and ignominy; whose name it was unlawful to speak. According to the history of the strict

manner in which Beatrice Cenci was guarded, from the time of her arrest to that of her execution, a portrait could scarcely have been taken of her, even by stealth. Yet Guido's picture may have been painted from memory, — from the true and noble character of the upper part of the head, I am inclined to believe so, — though it in nothing corresponds with the portrait by Paul Veronese, in the Spada palace. This latter, though accounted by many authentic, is by no means beautiful; and a devoted adherence to its lovelier rival is one of the poetic faiths of the world which it were scarcely wise to disturb.

From the Rospigliosi we went to the Colonna, one of the grandest old palaces in Rome. The picture gallery is very magnificent in itself, but adorned with few fine pictures. I never shall forget one old painting I saw there — decidedly the most horrible and grotesque picture I have seen in Rome; and that is saying an immense deal. It represents a severe contest between the devil and a mother, assisted by the Madonna, for a child. The mother, a frightfully-ugly creature, has hold of one leg of the baby, and appears to be screaming "Help!" and "Murder!" most lustily; while the devil, a disgusting, nondescript animal, made up of many hideous forms, a manufactured monstrosity, a patchwork of deformities, with infernal fire breaking through the chinks, has grasped an arm, and buried his claws in the flesh. Just over this group is the Madonna, seated on a little pile of pillowy clouds, looking very fierce and determined, and armed with a no less familiar weapon than a huge poker. She has already drawn diabolical blood, and has her arm raised for another onslaught; her grim antagonist shrinks back aghast, and you feel that on another exhibition of divine wrath, in the fall of the poker, his flame-darting countenance will "pale its ineffectual fires," and that he will take speedy flight, leaving but a sulphureous aroma and a few scratches on the infant's arm to tell where he has been. Thus far, he certainly has the worst of it; and the

child is evidently safe, for this time at least. I wonder much that true Roman Catholics of education allow such disgusting exhibitions of superstition and bad taste a place in their collections. They are not only ridiculous in themselves, but they make the form of religion which tolerates, calls for, and creates them ridiculous. Yet there is scarcely a gallery in Rome which is not disgraced by things of this kind.

From the Colonna we went to the Palazzo Pontificio, the Quirinal. Here we saw Guido's beautiful Annunciation, and a few, a very few, other pictures of merit. This Papal palace is by no means rich in works of art, but is a magnificent residence. It is spacious, and furnished with a rich plainness and a simplicity most fitting and imposing. But though there is a good deal of light and warmth from windows and hangings, there is a peculiarly cold and lonely grandeur about this vast abode of high and holy celibacy. It is all splendid architecture and upholstery; there is no faintest trace of the taste and fancy of woman, or of the comforts and delights of home.

Yesterday afternoon we drove out on the Appian Way, some five miles beyond the walls of this city. Never has a drive over that old Roman pavement, through that street of ruined tombs, affected me so profoundly. I was absorbed with the grand memories which thronged along that storied way, and awed by the solemn sermons which those stones were preaching of the passing away of the glory of man and the beauty of art. I cannot think there is in the world such a melancholy panorama of ruin as this road. It affects me more than the sight of the ruins of any one building, however majestic — this demolition and confusion of sepulchres — this devastating war upon the sacred domains of death. It seems to me, that they whose tombs are thus battered or crumbled down, whose urns broken, whose ashes scattered, are doubly dead.

From the summit of a large circular tomb we looked out

on the Campagna, a broad, sealike expanse, islanded with lonely ruins. The warm, spring sunshine was upon it, flushing into verdure, almost visibly and momently, the frost-imbrowned turf. Yes, the delicious, delectable, Italian Spring has come at last. Her *avant courriers*, the birds, made melodious proclamation of her coming weeks ago; and her scouts, the crocuses, peeped slyly up in pleasant places to see that all was ready. We had before known she was come — we had felt her soft breath on our eyelids — we had seen thousands of violets springing in her steps — but to-day we had a new and indubitable proof of her advent. On the summit of this tomb, in the warm sunshine, sat two little peasant boys in jackets and *shirts*, quietly, and apparently comfortably, engaged in repairing certain dilapidations in their nether garments. These young amateur tailors were handsome, grave, proud-looking boys, who scarcely lifted their eyes to us, and, *mirabile dictu!* never once condescended to beg. They may be the descendants of the very old Romans who built this vast tomb — their noble and warlike ancestors may have invaded Gaul and Britain — may have headed legions and stormed fortresses. What a fall, from making breaches to mending breeches!

March 8.

There is a little stir in the fashionable and ecclesiastical world just now, which rather pleasantly breaks in upon the sacred monotony of Lent. There have been half a dozen new cardinals created, and on the auspicious event the people are called upon to rejoice and render thanks, and the nobility to throw open their palaces and show off their diamonds. I am inclined to think that the last-mentioned perform their duties on the occasion with the most exemplary alacrity. Each cardinal receives at a palace — his own, or that of some princely family with which he is connected — for "they are all honorable men," none of your plebeians. The primitive practice of

selecting the pillars of the church from the ranks of the people went out with the apostles and early saints. Did not Christ, when he "had not where to lay his head," prophetically behold the more than kingly establishments of his Papal viceroys? Did not the disciples, as they toiled over Judea on foot, preaching the perilous word as they "fled from city to city," behold in blest visions their successors, the cardinals, rolling in chariots of crimson and gold, and dwelling in princely palaces? Doubtless the foreknowledge of all this consoled and supported them under their privations and persecutions.

But to return. We drove first to the Church of San Luigi di Francese, which was brilliantly illuminated in honor of one of the cardinals, who is a Frenchman. This was a beautiful sight, but I suppose the mildest possible sort of a suggestion of the grand lighting up of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday.

From this church we drove to the Colonna palace, where the French minister and his lady received for the French cardinal, who is now in France. There was a most magnificent show. A splendid suite of apartments were thrown open, radiantly lighted and filled with a brilliant assembly. There were Roman, Neapolitan, Austrian, Russian, Prussian, French, English, and American officers, with rich uniforms — there were *Cardinali* and *Monsignori*, priests and princes. Then there were beautiful princesses, wearing grand old Roman names and rich old family jewels. I never before beheld such a blinding blaze of diamonds. The fair creatures were darting off living gleams and scattering showers of light, with every slightest movement, from head, and breast, and arms, and throat, and waist — regularly illuminated women. I declare, I almost felt the necessity of *lunettes* of smoked glass to protect my dazed, unaccustomed sight.

From the Colonna we went to the Quirinal, where a venerable and noble-looking old cardinal received us most graciously. Here the assembly was less brilliant and far smaller than at

the Colonna; but we met Cardinal Antinelli face to face, which was an event. You cannot see this man, even for an instant, without involuntarily bowing before the pride and power of his presence.

After leaving the Quirinal, we went to the Farnese and the Massima, where we were received by two good-natured but rather vulgar-looking cardinals. By the way, each holy man was assisted in doing the honors of his palace by some gracious and be-diamonded princess.

March 13.

I can hardly yet speak of Spring as having openly declared herself in Rome. She is but timidly peering through the disguise of her gray domino, and a few loving flowers have answered her smile, a few loyal trees put on her livery; but she will scarcely make her grand *entrée* while defiant old Winter sits ice-enthroned on the Sabine hills. But never in all my life has the first, faint dawn of the spring time seemed to me so beautiful, so balmy, and bounteous in promise. There seems in all the air a strange, charmed hush of expectation — the full-budded young trees seem quivering with impatience to array themselves in the glossy green apparel which Mother Nature, having drawn up from their trunks, stands ready to unfold — the early flowers seem bending to call up their belated sisters; while the birds, in their sweetest warblings, seem actually choking back their choicest melodies for a more convenient season.

The gardens and grounds of the Borghese, Pamfili Doria, and other Roman villas are becoming more ravishingly beautiful day by day with sprouting grass, and budding shrubs, and gorgeous flowers; while in the Coliseum, the Baths of Caracalla, the Vale and Temple of Egeria, fragrant violets and wallflowers and wild anemonies are making their lonely desolation more lovely than all the smiling, unworn beauty of the others. There is something so touching in the tenderly mater-

nal manner in which Nature makes haste to beautify decay — sowing flowers and planting mosses over mouldering walls and broken arches, and bridging with luxuriant ivy the rents and chasms of ruin. Flowers grow very profusely in the Baths of Caracalla, but very sparsely about the Coliseum; and it would almost seem that something of the atmosphere of olden luxury lingers in the first, to nourish their growth; and something of the air of fear and the chill of horror, belonging to the last, checks and represses their spread and bloom. But this is a foolish little untenable fancy, for the Baths are abandoned to the beautiful ministrations of Nature, while the Coliseum is under the special protection of the church, which has banished shrubs and flowers from the once blood-dewed arena, to make way for execrable shrines, pictures, and images.

Nothing can now surpass, in clearness, sweetness, and invigorating freshness, the air on the Monte Pincio, as we taste it in our early morning walks. There we go to bid the sun *buon giorno*, and to watch his hostile operations against the icy strongholds of Winter on the distant mountains. On this spot, favored with the earliest sunshine, bird songs, and flowers, I stroll daily, my senses flooded with an enjoyment too intense and deep for speech, and only to be breathed in the silent orisons of the heart.

I have now been about four months in Rome, and I am feeling marvellously at home among its grandeurs and glooms, its modern palaces and ancient temples, its towers and tombs, its obelisks and columns, arches and multitudinous churches. I gaze on its treasures of art with ever-increasing wonder and interest, and wander among its ruins with an ever-deepening, solemn delight, which I despair of conveying in words — which I never comprehended through imagination, or the experience of others. It sometimes possesses me like a silent madness — rapts me away from the present, and merges thought, consciousness, my very being, in the great life of

the past. After such times, when it has seemed that the centuries have rolled back and borne me into the midst of the beautiful and mighty world that has been, — when I have triumphed in its glories and splendors, and revelled in all the refined luxuries of its poetry and art, — I awake with a heavy sigh to the degeneracy and degradation, the poor theatrical pomps, the false taste, and cold, prosaic sentiments which surround me to-day.

As to modern Rome, I have become so used to its peculiar aspects, that on my return it will seem excessively odd to take a walk in town without passing half a dozen palaces and barracks, twenty churches, several obelisks and ancient temples — without having splendid great eyes starring upon me out of dark alleys and entrances — without hearing bugle calls, and troops of horse galloping clangingly by — without meeting tall, armed policemen in handsome uniforms, and dwarfish French soldiers in little hats, immense coats, and red-flannel trousers — cardinals in flaming turnouts, and perambulating priests in hats of queer fashion, and gowns of all colors, cuts, and qualities — without hearing the dolorous chanting of monks in funeral processions, and the piteous whine of a hundred beggars — without encountering a mendicant friar at every gateway, and passing a shrined virgin at every corner.

From all I have seen of the Italians, I am inclined to think them a more amiable and less dangerous people than they have been usually represented. True, they rise into sublime rages on small occasions, but in their fiercest bursts of passion seldom proceed to extremities. Their anger is of the loquacious and imprecatory sort — their disputes are stormy, and accompanied by furious gestures, but generally end in nothing more serious than sharp *coups de langue*. I have several times remarked two men in the street, engaged in such an animated colloquial contest, cursing and gesticulating at such a rate, that in England or America a ring would be instantly

formed about them, or the police summoned to arrest them. But here they are left to wreak their rage in words; and they desist, at last, from loss of breath, not blood, and part quietly, after having blackened each other's characters, not eyes.

One day, when we were riding, we observed a company of Italian dragoons, fine, gallant men, passing one of the barracks of the French soldiers, when these last, small, brutish-looking fellows, set up a laugh and shouts of derision. I started with apprehension, expecting nothing less than a charge and a hot street fight. But, from contempt or conscious helplessness, the Romans contented themselves with looking their fire, and, while my blood was boiling at the insult they had received, rode on with the utmost imaginable *sang froid*.

There seems to be no class in Rome answering to the swell mob of England and America. That is evidently one of the institutions of a free country. All meetings and associations of the people are so discountenanced and forbidden that the people themselves seem annihilated. The day has long gone by for popular orations in the Forum, and democratic discussions on the steps of the Capitoline — the "greasy citizens" who drove Coriolanus from Rome are powerless and unheard of now. In the streets, where two or three are gathered together, there is presently a soldier in their midst, or a policeman comes up with a polite admonition to move on; and at night, after ten or eleven o'clock, this seems but a half-inhabited city. Even the Corso has a desolate and melancholy look, badly lighted as it is, and deserted by all but the police and a few straggling carriages. There are hundreds of young Romans who were engaged in the last revolution, and are still suspected of republicanism, who are not allowed to be out of their houses after Ave Maria.

Italy, for all its artistic and musical celebrity, is perhaps the country of the whole world where your eye is most often

offended, and your ear agonized, by bad pictures and bad music. In almost every church and gallery you meet paintings and statuary so monstrous, grotesque, and hideous, that they haunt you for days in before-unimagined shapes of horror, and oppress you in your dreams — a new breed of nightmares. As for the music, you hear it of the finest, or at least most brilliant, quality in good Italian society; but the voices of some of the professional singers are piercing, rasping, wiry, and unsympathetic to the last degree. Italy, I believe, almost beggars itself of great musical artists, to answer the demands of France, Russia, England, and America.

I half expected, in coming to Italy, to find untutored Marios among *vetturini*, Lablaches among innkeepers, Grisis and Pastas among *contadine* — but I was wofully mistaken. Yet, if I was disappointed in the music of the common people, I have been beyond expectation pleased in their manners. They are almost universally good humored, gentle, kind, and obliging — in native elegance and real politeness, leaving their Gallic neighbors far behind.

It is my opinion, from all the observations I have been able to make, that the religious devotion of the Italians is a largely overrated virtue. In my visits to the churches, from St. Peter's down, during all times of service, I have noticed very few devout worshippers, except old men and women. When the young Romans go through the forms of prayer, it is commonly in a cold, careless, preoccupied manner. I am assured, by those who have lived here long enough to be certain of what they say, that there is an immense amount of atheism among nominal Roman Catholics. Even the children are precocious truants from the school of the holy faith. The priests on Sundays send out young boys, bearing crosses and ringing bells, to call other children to catechism; but I have noticed they enlist few recruits, especially since this fine, sunny weather,

though they scream forth, at the top of their small voices, all sorts of blessed promises and fearful warnings. Sometimes a troop of ragged urchins, who have followed them about for the show of the thing, disgrace themselves by deserting at the church steps. As for the priests, some of the younger ones have a look of fasting, watching, and penance, devout to ghastliness. They creep along the streets in their black or coarse brown robes, with their dull, downcast eyes, expressing a degree of humility and abnegation which is next to annihilation itself. But the elder priests have evidently grown in worldly wisdom, flesh, rosiness, and general jollity of appearance. There are few among these who look the saint or the anchorite; indeed, I am inclined to suspect that the Hibernian shrewdness of the pilgrim who boiled the peas he had vowed to wear in his shoes is a quality which prevails to a considerable extent among the fathers of the church.

On last Thursday we went to St. Peter's to see the new cardinals offer their devotions at three or four of the principal shrines. They came in state, and one of the finest sights I have yet seen was their arrival at the church in their splendid equipages, with all the officers and servants of their establishments, preceded and followed by mounted guards. But to me there was something essentially absurd in all this pomp and parade, on the occasion of four or five old men going to church to say their prayers.

This morning there was high mass performed in the Sistine chapel, in presence of the Pope and a full conclave of cardinals — those I have mentioned wearing their new honors, and airing their new robes of high spiritual state for the first time. It was evident that their little blunders and *gaucheries*, during the ceremonies, were neither unobserved nor unenjoyed by their elder and more *au fait* brethren.

I am becoming excessively fond of the Italian language, as

spoken by the Romans. It is peculiarly the language of passion and sorrow — it sounds of the great past, as shells sound of the sea. It is like a rich-flowering shrub grafted on the decayed trunk of the majestic Latin — or rather it is the softened and melancholy echo of that trumpet-like tongue which once pealed over the world.

CHAPTER XII.

A Gallop on the Campagna. — The Church of the Cappuccini. — The under-ground Cemetery. — Visit to the Galleries of the Vatican by Torchlight. — Holy Week. — Palm Sunday. — The Miserere in the Sistine Chapel. — Scene at the Entrance. — The Ceremonies of Holy Thursday. — The Crowd and Crush. — The Pope waits upon the Apostles at the Table. — Miserere in St. Peter's. — Washing the Altar, and Exhibition of the Relics. — Scene at the Trinita dei Pellegrini.

March 17.

On the 14th we rode out the Porta del Popolo and around the city walls to the Porta San Lorenzo, from whence we followed the road to a grand old bridge, the Ponte Mammolo, across the Anio.

From this spot we explored the by-roads and lanes in various directions, in search of a good open piece of Campagna. This we found, at last, a glorious stretch of firm, grassy, flowery, undulating ground, where we gave free rein to our horses, who, the moment their hoofs struck on the turf, seemed possessed with all the fresh, glad impulses and elastic vigor of the spring, tossed their heads, leaped at once into a mad gallop, and ran till the very winds were outwinded. Yet not so swiftly did they fly but that we caught the smell of the violets crushed beneath their feet, and marked all the lovely shadows flung about us from purple clouds floating above. There were larks overhead, singing as they soared — some ascending towards heaven in a spiral column of sweet sound — some circling slowly in a level orbit of song — some dropping towards earth in lessening circles, as though whirling in a vortex of

melody. The Campagna was dotted with flocks of snowy sheep, which looked like the shadows of the fleecy, wandering clouds which flecked the fields of heaven — the sky was soft, the sunlight mild and variable, the very soul of spring was abroad on the air.

The entire ride was one succession of delicious pictures and more delicious sensations — one of those perfect pleasures, half physical, half spiritual, the sentiment and enjoyment of which I long intensely, but, alas! I know how vainly, to convey to others.

To return from such a ride, with the soul filled with images of beauty, and the frame invigorated by pure air and noble exercise, with the heart expanded by the love of nature, and the pulses all in bounding play — then to pass through one of the old historic gates, and by the Coliseum, and through the Roman Forum — to have the grand shadows of the past flung about you with the shadows of the twilight — this completes and crowns an ordinary pleasure with a sentiment poetic almost to sublimity.

This morning we witnessed a beautiful sight from the summit of the Pincio. There was a heavy, silvery fog covering the whole city — a sea of mist rolling over it in beautiful, billowy masses. At one time, the tower of the Capitol and the dome of St. Peter's were the only distant objects distinctly above it; while the villas on the hills beyond the Vatican looked like castles in the air. There was one which was so beautiful it reminded me of some of the glimpses which the "Pilgrim" caught of the heavenly city from the "Delectable Mountains."

Yesterday I visited the Church of the Cappuccini — St. Maria della Concezione — where I saw the Archangel Michael of Guido. The face is surely wonderful for its combination of beauty and power, of sweetness and sternness, and triumph and sorrow. As he stands, wielding his slender sword, with

his foot on the prostrate Lucifer, you are struck at once with the youthful lightness, grace, and tenderness of his figure, but you do not doubt that he is hurling his enormous adversary hellward with immense force and velocity. The head of the Lucifer is infinitely more horrible and disgusting to me, for its humanity, than any horned and fiery-tongued representation of the prince of the infernals I have ever beheld. It is said that this is a likeness of Cardinal Pamfili, afterwards Innocent X., on whom Guido took revenge for some criticism, by sending his head and shoulders down to posterity, by the mere addition of a dragon's tail. "To what base *ends* may we come at last"!

From the church we descended to the cemetery underneath, where one of the most curious, and certainly the most horrible, sights I ever beheld met my eyes. Within four low vaulted chambers are kept the bones of ten thousand monks!

When a member of this fraternity dies, he is buried in his coarse brown robe, in the cemetery, the earth of which was brought from Jerusalem; but, after some months, his bones are taken up and arranged in a variety of ways about the walls of the cemetery. The skeletons of the most eminent or holy fathers are preserved entire, and recline on couches of skulls, or stand in bone-built niches — wearing the coarse brown robes and cowls they lived, and died, and were buried in, and holding rosaries and crucifixes. All about them are bones — columns and altars of skulls, festooned with vertebræ, finger and toe joints — ribs made into crosses — arm bones and collar bones made into lamps — leg bones supporting shelves of shoulder blades and kneepans — bones of all sorts, arranged in all sorts of emblematical forms — such as scythes, scales, hourglasses. On the ceiling overhead, in horrible mockery of frescoes of smiling Cupids and Ganymedes, small, shining skeletons grin down upon you, and seem about to strike you dead. To the robed skeletons in the niches some dried flesh and portions of

skin adhere, and from the chins of two or three yet depends a long, grizzly beard.

It was evidently expected, from the position in which these defunct fathers are placed, that they would wear a look of devotion or pious meditation; but the attempt has not been altogether successful. Expression varies in these death's heads quite as much as in living faces. For instance, there is one who seems chuckling with sly merriment under his wormeaten cowl — one who has a foxy look of cruelty and cunning — one who seems to have died cursing — and one who seems to have never died at all, but, as he lies stretched out, with his cowl shading his face, his beard on his breast, and his mouth open, looks simply like an emaciated, macerated old monk, sound asleep, and snoring.

This under-ground cemetery is so small and ill ventilated, the earth above the buried monks seems so light, that one feels that the air must be surcharged with pestilence and death. Yet the monks perform masses there, wander and meditate there — breathe in the musty atmosphere of the bones of the long-departed ten thousand, and the exhalations from the uncoffined bodies of the lately-departed ten. How strange it must be for them to contemplate the certain disposition of their own poor remains — their skulls labelled and packed in arches, and their bones built and wreathed into ghastly ornaments! Perhaps old friends talk to one another in this wise: "You will see, Brother Anselmo, that they do not scatter my bones too much — you yourself will place my skull where you can come and see it sometimes."

On one night in the year this cemetery is illuminated. Can you imagine a scene more grandly horrible? From yellow lamps and swinging chandeliers of bones, the ghastly light gleaming on graves and skeletons, flashing on polished skulls, and searching into thousands on thousands of eyeless sockets! Think of the awful shadows lurking in the arches and about

the niches where lie or stand the dead monks, robed and cowled! Think of masses being said here, and penitential psalms sent wailing through these crowded courts of Death! Think of processions of dark-gowned, long-bearded monks, passing slowly through, while the cowled heads of the skeletons nod, and the lamps swing, and all the small bones rattle at their tread!

I must confess, that, fearful and disgusting as it was, the sight of those old monks, half skeletons, half mummies, had for me a sort of horrible fascination. Loathsome paraders, rather than solemn preachers of decay and mortality, they yet are full of the peculiar humanity, half dead when most alive, of their order. Without their robes, you would know them for monks. They look dark, and secret, and humble, with an indestructible air of fraternity. I had a strange feeling that they not only regarded me, but one another; and I half believed that at night, when they should have the place all to themselves, they would talk to each other, in husky and sepulchral voices, of the past glory and present decay of the church — of matters that concern their order — of the sanctity and severity of its founders, and of the laxity and imbecility which have crept into it in these degenerate days — and, perchance, lament solemnly and piteously together the good old times when popes planted their feet on the necks of emperors, and the flames, and racks, and oubliettes of the Inquisition were in full play.

But perhaps I do the cowled mummies wrong — one and all may have been mild, inoffensive, and charitable — given to fasting, prayer, and ministrations of mercy among the poor — men who shut the glory of the world and the light of human joy from their cloistered lives, that the pure lamp of divine truth might shine more clearly there — shut out the sounds of human struggle and pleasure, that the heavenly voices might steal on the solemn stillness — men in whom the love of God abounded, and who were not wanting in loving kindness for all his creatures.

Among the thousands of priests, monks, and friars whom I meet in Italy, I sometimes remark a form of a gracious and manly character, and a noble and saintly head, borne with that true humility which is the highest dignity — a face thoughtful without severity, gentle without weakness, wakeful and earnest without cunning or fanaticism. There are some whom you thus recognize at once as Christ's ministers — poor and self-denying, meek and gentle, and sorrowful — going about doing good among the sick, the imprisoned, and the afflicted. Such are the true *holy fathers* — for the blessing of such I would kneel as readily as the devoutest Catholic in the land. But, as far as I can judge by observation, there are few of this class — the greater part are unintellectual, inferior, repulsive-looking men. Many are gross, many gloomy, hopeless, and utterly abject in expression. The monastic orders especially seem soulless and decayed — the life of letters, which of old was their peculiar strength and glory, having departed from them.

We are told that the church should be preserved and revered for what she has been in the far past — for having served as the sole asylum of learning during the dark ages, when floods of barbarism were sweeping over the earth. But we do not read that the patriarch Noah was commanded to preserve the old hulk of the ark which bore the elect of humanity, above a drowned world, on a sea which circled the globe — whose waves ran before the sun through all his march. We do not read that he was directed to make of its storm-battered and water-rotted timbers an eternal habitation for his race. No; the good old craft, having done its work, was doubtless left to go to pieces, according to the decrees of Nature. The church was surely Heaven-appointed for a grand and beneficent purpose; that purpose is accomplished — her great work for humanity is done. As well, a thousand years after the flood, could all the life sprung from the life which once it bore have been crowded within the compass of

the ark, as to-day could the life of art, and learning, and the free spirits of the world be brought within the bounds and under the control of the church.

MARCH 18.

Last night we enjoyed a rare pleasure, a visit to the galleries of the Vatican, and a long contemplation of the great statues by torchlight. It was a wondrously beautiful, an impressive, even a solemn sight. I was one of a party of thirteen, mostly familiar friends; yet, in the three hours we spent together there, scarcely a word was spoken above a whisper. There was something strange, startling, almost awful in the scene, when, falling a little way behind the one great torch, we walked between long lines of antique figures, forms of a past and buried world, which seemed suddenly to spring up around us and live out before us from the dissolving darkness. Our friend Mr. H——, who was with me, said, in his quick, earnest, characteristic manner, "Don't you wish the torch could be extinguished for a moment?" "Why?" I asked. "*O, I think it would look so like the resurrection!*" But I am sure the scene had enough of that look as it was.

After all I had heard, I was astonished by the effect produced by the torchlight on most of the great statues. It were impossible to imagine any thing more lifelike or godlike than the Apollo Belvidere, the Minerva Medica, and the head of Jove. Among many others, I noticed, as showing to great advantage, the Venus coming from the bath, the Antinous, the Ariadne, the exquisitely draped figure of Modestia, the statue of Demosthenes, the head of the young Augustus, the Faun and Cupid of Praxiteles, that most glorious fragment, the Torso Belvidere, and the colossal figure of Father Nile, alive with wee children, like Lemuel Gulliver swarming with Liliputians. But upon the group of the Laocoön the effect was absolutely terrible. To my eye, it lifted it at once from the merely painful and horrible to awfulness and sublimity.

All the injuries which that marvellous masterpiece of art has sustained, all the modern restorations, were lost; while, by the new and deep shadows flung about it, the action, the agony, the terror, all the tremendous tragedy of the group were infinitely heightened and intensified.

I almost looked to see the drapery heave on the breast of the sleeping Ariadne, to see her heavy eyelids lift under the glare of the torch.

The vulgar and brutally powerful figures of Canova's Boxers took neither beauty nor dignity from the light by which the ancients viewed their pure and majestic works; while his Perseus, that presumptuous plagiarism in stone, shone all the poorer in its fair emptiness of face, and in the theatrical strut and stretch of its extravagant pose. But the Apollo, peerless in beautiful majesty, instinct with unconscious divinity, seemed bursting from the darkness, radiating new light from his triumphant brow, breathing new life from his delicate, disdainful lips. I bowed before him as the most worthily immortal shape of power, and beauty, and grace, the fairest and highest heathen imagining of a God, that the world contains.

MARCH 21.

Yesterday began Holy Week with the imposing but tedious ceremonies of Palm Sunday at St. Peter's.

At nine o'clock in the morning we were in our places — seats erected for the occasion near the high altar, dressed in the costume prescribed by church etiquette — black throughout, with black veils on our heads. At about ten the Pope entered, and the rites, ordinary and extraordinary, the masses and processions, continued until one.

The entrance of the Pope into this his grandest basilica was, as usual, a beautiful and brilliant sight. He came splendidly vested, wearing his mitre, and borne in his chair of state under a gorgeous canopy, between the *flabelli* — two

enormous fans of white peacock feathers. He was preceded and followed by cardinals, bishops, archbishops, monsignori, abbots, the apostolic prothonotaries, generals of the religious orders, officers of the state, of the army, of his household, and the Guardia Nobile.

He took his seat on the throne, and received the homage of the cardinals, who, kneeling, kissed his right hand, covered with the red cope. This is a ceremony which is always gone through with in the most formal, mechanical, business-like manner possible. Some palms, not in natural branches, but cut and wreathed in various strange, fantastic forms, lay on the altar. The Pope's chief sacristan took one of these, a deacon another, a sub-deacon a third, and knelt at the foot of the throne. His Holiness read prayers over them, sprinkled them with holy water, and incensed them three times. One of these is held beside the throne by the prince assistant during the service; another is borne by the Pope when in procession.

After this, multitudes of palms were brought up for the Papal benediction. First came the cardinals, each, as he received his palm from the Pope, kissing it, the right hand and knee of His Holiness; then the bishops, who only kissed the palm and his right knee; then the abbots, who were only entitled to kiss the palm and his foot; then the governor of Rome, the prince assistant, the auditor, the treasurer, the maggiordomo, the secretaries, the chamberlains, the mace bearers, the deacons and sub-deacons, generals of the religious orders and priests in general, masters of the ceremonies, singers, clerks of the Papal chapel, students of Roman colleges, foreign ministers and their *attachés*, Italian, French, Spanish, Austrian, Russian, Prussian officers, noblemen and gentlemen, all came up in turn, knelt, received blessed palms, and kissed the foot of the Sovereign Pontiff. Among those who voluntarily debased the dignity of their freedom and their manhood, to

Protestant eyes, at least, I noticed two young officers in the uniform of the English army.

During the distribution of the palms, anthems were sung by the choir, who were caged up in a sort of trellice workbox at the right of the altar. This long but brilliantly picturesque ceremony through, the Pope, after washing his hands, again mounted into his *sedia gestatoria*, and bearing his palm, preceded and followed by all those to whom he had given palms, passed slowly down the nave of the church, blessing the kneeling and bending multitude right and left. This procession of palms was very striking and gorgeous from the beauty and variety of military arms and uniforms, the more than royal richness of the priestly vestments, the gleam of mitres and maces, and of innumerable sacred symbols and insignia; but to me it was neither solemn nor truly grand. The Pope, it is said, is always made sick by being borne aloft in his chair; and he certainly looks miserable enough. He moves his head doubtingly and dizzily, his eyes are half closed, and the gesture of his hand, stretched forth in benediction, is feeble to a painful degree. It is the situation in which the irresolution and weakness of his character show the most undisguisedly and piteously.

In contrast with the strong and venerable figures of some of his cardinals, especially in contrast with the powerful and designing face of Antinelli, he looks like a mere pontifical puppet, tricked out in the solemn splendors and girt about by all the pomp of spiritual and political supremacy, but in reality subject utterly and hopelessly to the will and word of those deeper, shrewder, and more unscrupulous intellects. His smooth and quiet face is ever beaming, and his very presence balmy, with a soft and aimless benevolence. A sort of languid goodness seems to fall faintly upon the people from his mild eyes, and to trickle from his delicate fingers, in benedictions; but never may be seen in him that subdued force in action, that

severe earnestness, which should mark the men Heaven-appointed to answer the growing needs and hopes of the race, and as wisely as bravely to help on the inevitable progress of the age. Yet he looks sincere, and under all his placid meekness you can scarcely doubt that he believes himself the highest and purest earthly receptacle of heavenly power, wisdom, and grace, instead of that which he has been proved to be — a poor, untempered vessel, through which the divine element weekly oozes, and which is found most empty when for God's great purposes it should most abound.

After the procession had passed into the portico, two singers reëntered, and shut the door; then, turning towards it, sung the hymn, "*Gloria, laus, et honor*," alternately with the choir without. This, the effect of which was very fine, being finished, the sub-deacon knocked on the door with the cross; it was opened, and the procession returned in the same order in which it went out. After this, high mass was performed, the only part of which that impressed me particularly was a passage in the chanting of the gospel, when, at the words, "Jesus, crying with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost," the Pope, cardinals, and all that immense Catholic assembly knelt with one accord, many utterly prostrating themselves, and kissing the ground.

But I feel how hopeless is the endeavor to give, by this most bare description, a clear and just conception of these magnificent church ceremonies. After all, the place, the surroundings, were more than they. The overpowering grandeur and immensity of St. Peter's, under whose wondrous dome we were; the multitude of its chapels and altars, whose lights gleamed among the distant shadows like far-away stars; the warm splendors of the mosaics in the dome, rising circle on circle towards heaven; the cold and awful repose of monumental statuary, the height and beauty of the altar, the richness of the Papal throne, the glory of color, the swell of music,

and, above all, the presence of that vast and varied multitude, bound me in a spell of wonder and admiration, voiceless and profound, but far enough from reverence and devotion. My eye was delighted, my ear charmed, but my deep soul was untouched. With reflection came ever a mournful indignation at what seemed to me but a solemn travestying of the humble triumph of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem mounted on an ass, over garments and palm branches cast on his way by his friends and brothers, the poorest and lowliest of the earth.

I own that I can never look upon pompous ceremonies and gorgeous displays of any form of religion, calling itself Christian, without amazement, instead of reverence, and protestation, in place of prostration of soul; remembering the sublime simplicity, the bare majestic truth, the grand poverty which marked the life on earth of the divine Founder of Christianity. In waters so mired by the vice and crime of the world, so covered by the argosies of its riches and the armadas of its power, who can taste the first sweetness, who can behold the fresh purity, of the river of life which burst from the Rock of Ages for the salvation of nations?

Who, in listening to the Latin ritual of this church of Rome, can believe that he hears that gentle voice which taught the poor by the Lakes of Galilee and Gennesaret, on the mountain, and by the wayside? Who, on beholding the Pope in all his magnificent state, seated on a throne, propped up by the great despotisms of the earth, girt about by foreign bayonets and hireling spears, can for one benighted moment believe him the true representative and high priest of the meek and lowly Jesus, Martyr divine, Preacher of freedom, Prophet of democracy, and Prince of Peace?

But difficult as it is for me to comprehend the moral and mental state of the devout and all-believing Catholic, I yet have daily proof that these ceremonies, rites, and relics, vain, unsubstantial, and unreal to me, are to him "the substance of

things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" — and when in the temples of his worship, I endeavor, by a quiet seriousness, to show respect for that which, of all the attributes of the human soul, is most to be reverenced — faith. Indeed, it is only when removed from the spell of its magnificence, and the magnetism of its mystery, that I am able to smile at the incongruities, absurdities, and childish superstitions of this form of religion; whenever in the immediate presence of its glory and state, I am deeply, sadly, impressed by its power, antiquity, and universality. As to the indignation to which I am perhaps too often moved, it springs from my intense love of freedom, and from my conviction that the church is the great enemy of a true and a large liberty; that her atmosphere has for ages stifled the highest and freest aspirations of humanity; that monstrous forms of bigotry and superstition, spiritual tyranny and political aggrandizement, nurtured at her bosom, have, vampire-like, sucked the lifeblood of the world.

March 23.

I have just returned from witnessing the services called *Tenebræ*, in the Sistine chapel, and from hearing the *Miserere*. Though these functions do not commence until four o'clock in the afternoon, we were obliged to go at two, so small is the chapel, and so great the rush for seats. Even at that early hour we found a large crowd on the stairs awaiting the opening of the doors; but through the influence of the American minister, a small party, among whom I was, were admitted by a private passage, thus being mercifully saved the ordinary crush and scramble. When, at length, the doors were thrown open to the impatient outsiders, the scene, but for certain ludicrous points, would have been fearful. They came rushing, and rolling, and tumbling in like great waves of a boiling black sea, beating on either side against the Swiss guards, who stood like rocks to oppose all unlawful inroads.

Among the men there were great trampling and raising of dust and voices, and losing of hats and tempers, and sharp but vain contentions with halberded harlequins in authority; terrible fellows, who, in their uniform of striped red, yellow, and black, look like huge spiders, and pounce upon hapless heretics as though they were flies. Among the women there were fierce elbowing, and passionate pushing, and crying, and mon-Dieuing, and tearing of veils, and dishevelling of tresses. Most entered with a tremendously accumulated velocity, as though shot in; some were tossed in; some borne triumphantly above the crowd; some, with laces and fringes entangled in the buttons of energetic strangers, were dragged in, struggling and expostulating.

This rush, and tumult, and confusion of tongues lasted about five minutes, then subsided into comparative quiet; every available place, every unsanctified niche and corner of the chapel, being filled by the eager toilers and fighters after the most *recherché* of religious pleasures — the elect few comfortably seated, the unfortunate many standing amid the crush and heat of the crowd. I sat near the railing, and must confess to the heartlessness of smiling at the pathetic expression and melancholy condition of some of my male acquaintances. A young German amused me much by his comical complaints. At one time he exclaimed, "I shall be twice as long to-morrow as I am dis evening, dey squeeze me so." At another time, as a tall, stout woman was leaning on his shoulder, he looked up piteously, saying, "Ah, I am very fast becoming a pancake." But, fortunately as we were situated, we were not entirely without annoyances; our peculiar tribulation consisting in being seated near a party of restless and senseless young ladies, who could not or would not be quiet, but chattered like magpies far into the service.

One of the peculiar ceremonies of the *Tenebræ* is connected with certain tapers, which stand on a triangular candlestick.

These lights, fifteen in number, are extinguished one by one, after the psalms, to the last and highest, which is hid behind the altar just before the singing of the *Miserere*, and brought forth at the close. In this process of extinguishment, the party of which I have spoken seemed most profoundly interested; you would have thought that they were there simply and solely to see the putting out of those candles. Through all the solemn chants and pathetic lamentations they seemed intent on nothing else; and if by any chance they missed seeing one extinguished, they lamented it as a serious loss.

The Pope officiated, or rather presided, at this ceremony, as there was very little done beside chanting. The royal box was occupied by the King of Bavaria and his suite.

The *Miserere* was to me a new revelation of music. Never had I heard any thing at the same time so solemn and so tender, so grand and so sad. It was the sigh, the wail, the supplication of mortality unto God, yet breathed the profound sweetness of his eternal harmonies. It did not come in bursts, and gushes, and sudden floods of melody, but in grand, wave-like volumes, calm and deep; now swelling softly towards you, now slow receding; overflowing the soul, and floating it out into the infinite. Never had immortality, holiness, and heaven been more eloquently proclaimed to me than through that cry of the human for mercy and redemption; never had I bowed before God with more lowly prostrations of the heart and the spirit than in obedience to that divine evangel of music. I felt, as all must have felt who heard, that that mournful and pleading voice of confession and supplication, calling from the deepest depth of man's nature, must rise above all the sounds of earth, above the rolling of the worlds, and steal into the ear, and search into the bosom, of the Father.

The darkness of the chapel and the mourning vestments of the priests added much to the solemnity of this service; but the strange, rumbling, rattling noise with which it closed only

disturbed and shocked me. This concluding uproar is made in imitation of the confusion of Nature at the death of Christ; but to me it sounded like very poor theatrical thunder.

During the actual singing of the *Miserere*, there was perfect stillness in all the chapel — even the talkative young ladies were silenced and solemnized. Not alone the voices, but the very breath, of those around me seemed hushed under the spell of those heavenly strains; and if every knee was not visibly bowed, I believe that every spirit bent in secret adoration. I have had my soul shaken with more varied and powerful emotions on listening to music, but never so borne down, so uplifted and expanded — winged to such joyful heights, lowered to such sorrowful depths — sent voyaging over such solemn seas of thought.

So I believe that, heretic as I am, I was able to grasp what was best and highest in this service. Its deepest spiritual meaning, breathed in the language of music, answers to a universal want, and is comprehended by every soul which truly yearns towards its immortal home.

March 28.

The ceremonies of Thursday are, perhaps, the most attractive of all in Holy Week. On that day the Pope washes the feet of the apostles, and waits upon them at table. As there is little interval between these ceremonies, the first of which takes place in St. Peter's, and the last in the hall above the portico, we thought it not advisable to try to witness both; but, having heard that the latter was the most of a sight, took a stand in the Sala Regia, through which the apartment where the dinner is served is entered. As we were accompanied by one of the monsignori, we were early passed by the line of guards, and given a favorable position near the door. But here we were obliged to wait a full hour, during the last half of which we were in danger of being crushed to death by the well-dressed mob behind. It was a new and an awful experience.

From the elevation where we stood, looking backward and downward into the black vortex of the crowd, the scene was absolutely appalling. Even as I was situated, on the outer edge of the boiling gulf, I felt myself surged against by the tempestuous human torrent, and, but for the strong arm and resolute will of my friend Mr. H——, should have been overwhelmed. As it was, my shoulders and sides were battered and bruised by a complete assortment of foreign elbows, and my feet trodden on by feet of every nation in Europe. Even in this unenviable position I had life enough in me to laugh, occasionally, in a wild, hysterical way, to be sure, and to mark certain curious features, incidents, and accidents of the scene. It was next to an exhibition at the Propagandist College to hear the expostulations, threats, entreaties, and desperate witticisms in all languages — it was a fine study of national characteristics to watch the rush and struggle, the attacks and repulses, of the crowd. The French charged with the greatest impetuosity, but the English stood their ground the most sturdily; the Russians were the most imperious, the Germans the most brutal, the Yankees the most coolly impudent and resolutely go-ahead-ative; while the Italians gave way on all sides, whether from politeness, disgust, or cowardice, it were difficult to say. During the height of the crush, one of the Pope's chamberlains came forcing his way through the crowd, ordering us to let pass his party. Borne down by his grand costume and ferocious mustache, we allowed him to drag by us no less than six ladies; but when the seventh appeared, on the arm of a stout German with a nasty imperial, we closed our ranks, and boldly opposed their passage. O, then to behold the rage of the stout German, who wore a star on his breast, and was evidently somebody, somewhere. He abused Mr. H—— in half a dozen languages, all more or less gutturally intoned, and received in reply a smile of placid contempt. He then called upon the Swiss guard to come to his aid — impe-

riously, frantically, but, of course, vainly; whereupon I had the temerity to turn and laugh in his face; for which act of insolence I received what I took to be some sort of a damning in Dutch, and a succession of prodigious digs of the elbow in the right side. Though I made no outcry, I suppose I must have paled under the infliction, for the lady on my enemy's arm actually held her vinaigrette to my nose, exclaiming, "*Etes vous veritablement malade, madame?*" "*Oui,*" I replied, "*mortellement malade — Monsieur votre mari me tue.*"

While we stood there, the Pope passed, going in solemn procession from the Sistine to the Pauline chapel, bearing the Holy Sacrament; then came the crush of crushes, as the outer circles of the crowd, borne back by the guard, were forced, in a heavy, dense, stifling mass, upon us. Such strangely intimate relations as were suddenly entered upon then — such involuntary embracings — such momentary *mésalliances* for mutual protection — such fraternizing among natural enemies. And when, soon after, the doors were thrown open, and the awful, final rush was made, what a trampling on and rending of dresses — what a crushing of hats — what a wrenching apart of locked arms — what a falling up stairs, and running, and calling, and scrambling, and contending! Young gentlemen bore off fragments of lace veils, like love tokens fluttering at their buttons; and I have an indistinct recollection of hearing a feminine shriek, and of seeing, an instant after, a gallant young English guardsman dash forward, with a torn lock of fair hair entangled in his epaulet.

The apostolic *salle à manger* is a handsome oblong room, and on this occasion was richly decorated — altogether about as different as possible, I should say, from that "upper chamber" in which Christ waited upon his disciples. The table stood on a raised platform — it was covered with gay dishes, monstrous gilt vases, and mammoth bouquets, making it look for all the world like a stage banqueting board. Before every

seat was a gilt statuette of an apostle, bearing some distinguishing insignia; opposite the table was a large platform, appropriated to ladies; above that the royal box, where sat the King of Bavaria and a batch of princes and princesses. Between the two platforms was a sort of pit — the general standing-place of the gentlemen. Only the tallest of those behind the first rank could see any thing; consequently, the rush and struggle for the outermost positions were tremendous. Securely and pleasantly situated as I was, I watched, with more amusement than apprehension, this exhibition of rampant curiosity in the lordly sex, and was not a little startled to see a young lady near me bursting into tears at the sight. On my questioning her as to her affliction, she exclaimed, "*Ah, mon Dieu! mon mari est la bas, on le tuera!*" I assured her that there was not the slightest danger of such a calamity; but she replied, "*Pardon — il y a un Monsieur qui a deja perdu la connaissance;*" and, looking in the direction in which she pointed, I caught a glimpse of a very white face, with parted lips and closed eyes, tossed up by the surging crowd like the face of a drowned man by the waves of a boiling sea. We had a comfortable amount of room, and plenty of fresh air from a large open window behind us, — there was no provocation, not even a decent excuse, for fainting, — yet a couple of susceptible young ladies managed to get up a sensation in that way, perhaps out of sympathy for the poor, interesting young man — perhaps because belonging to that class of delicate females with whom the syncope is a chronic affliction, almost a normal condition — but who do not, for that reason, avoid crowds — by no means. About one of these gathered several elderly ladies, offering contradictory suggestions, keeping off the air, and looking any thing but unhappy at the little supplementary excitement; to the succor of the other, "*un militaire*" was summoned, who, in order to remove her, was obliged to lift her over the railing. I was amused to see her revive in time

to adjust her dress very properly about her feet as she went over.

At length, with considerable rather unapostolic parade, the thirteen banqueters were marshalled into the chamber, and ranged on the platform before the table. They were dressed in loose white robes, with high white caps on their heads; and, had it not been that they carried huge bouquets, presented by the Pope at the *lavanda*, it would have struck any one, I think, that they looked, each and all, as though just about to be hanged. For several minutes, while waiting for the Pope, they were exposed to the concentrated, scrutinizing, criticizing, merciless stare of the crowd. In their queer, unaccustomed dress, they looked conscious and foolish, and smelled away vigorously at their bouquets, which they held with various degress of awkwardness, and looked down on their newly-washed feet in uneasy contemplation.

Immediately on entering, the Pope had his train tucked up, and a napkin pinned about him, in place of a waiter's apron. He then washed the hands of the apostles, who, one after the other, took their seats at the table, each behind his particular statuette. Then it was first clearly manifest which was which. As usual, there had been proper attention paid to character. Back of the figure of Peter sat an energetic, determined-looking priest; John's place was filled by the youngest and mildest of the party; while, I am sure, every body was gratified to see a sufficiently ugly, hard-looking personage go skulking into the place of Judas. With but two or three exceptions, they were a most ill-favored set of men, and — the truth must be told — any thing but venerable, saintly, and apostolic in their air. As the Pope began his duties by serving the soup, there was a fresh and violent outburst of excitement and curiosity in the pit. I was at first scandalized by what appeared to be a game of leapfrog, carried on in the midst of the solemn rites and in presence of His Holiness; but I soon

perceived that it was an ingenious contrivance of some young gentlemen of limited stature, who, by hoisting themselves up by the shoulders of those in front, were able to catch a momentary view of the stage.

The Pope — who, in his tucked-up gown and apron, and with his short, waddling gait, looked, in honest truth, like a fat, ruddy-faced landlady — was attended by richly-dressed prelates, who handed him the dishes, kneeling reverently; and whenever he approached the foot of the table, the Guardia Nobile stationed there lowered their swords, lifted their casques, and bent nearly to the ground — making the scene queer and incongruous to the last degree. I must confess that I was obliged, repeatedly, to hide my face and laugh. I should have laughed had I died for it.

A priest read something aloud from some religious book, to which nobody appeared to pay the slightest attention; the Pope seemed rather to hurry through his duties, serving course after course with a rapidity little favorable to healthful digestion, and pouring wine very generously,

Soon after the serving of the dessert, he bestowed his blessing, and retired with his prelates and guards.

Though the thirteen had not manifested any painful degree of restraint in his presence, they yet seemed to enjoy their meal none the less for his absence. The perpetual taking off of their tall paper caps, as he served them with meats and wine, must have interfered somewhat with the principal business in hand. They certainly did very good justice to a very good dinner — indeed, it was the general impression that they had previously fasted, in order the better to relish this feast sacred and extraordinary.

When the dinner was at length concluded, thirteen large baskets were brought in, and each apostle stowed away, for himself, all that pertained to his seat at table, — remains of food, wine, bouquets, knives, forks, napkins, and spoons, —

with the gold and silver medals presented by the Pope at the *lavanda* — no inconsiderable perquisites, and showing that it is worth a poor priest's while to play an apostle's part for the nonce. I should not wonder if, for even Judas's *rôle*, there were at least fifty applicants; and for those of the more popular disciples, such as Peter and John, doubtless the competition was tremendous.

I am sorry to have to record that St. Andrew and St. Mark had some little difficulty about a napkin. It seemed that St. Mark had accidentally dropped his napkin, and had afterwards laid hands on that of St. Andrew, which he was caught in the act of packing away in his basket. But I am happy to add, that, on the lost napkin being found, the matter was amicably settled.

Half an hour after, as we came out of the Pauline chapel, which was brilliantly illuminated, we observed St. John, with an amiability in keeping with his character, dividing his bouquets among a group of friends.

In the evening of this day we heard the *Miserere* in St. Peter's, standing outside the Choral chapel, through whose open doors the solemn, full-tided flood came pouring and surging — sweeping abroad over the vast basilica, and swelling up into its shadowy arches and mighty dome. After the *Miserere* a very curious ceremony took place — the washing of the high altar with wine. The cardinal-priest and canons of the church, various orders of priests, acolytes, and young choristers pour wine upon it, and wash it with *aspergilli*, or brushes. They do this, and the succeeding drying with sponges and napkins, chanting, and going in rapid succession up and down the steps and before the altar, each giving it a dash and a wipe as he passes. There was small amount of solemnity in the ceremony — indeed, some of the boys seemed to consider it rather in the light of a bit of fun; but the darkness and mourning of the church — whose pictures were covered,

whose crosses veiled in black, and a peculiar, monotonous wail in the chant — gave a strange wildness, an almost awful mystery, to the scene.

At the conclusion of this altar washing, the most holy relics were exhibited for the adoration of the faithful, from a high gallery, above the statue of St. Veronica. These are solemnly declared to be, *a fragment of the true cross — a part of the lance which pierced our Savior's side* — and *a true likeness of Christ, imprinted in bloody sweat on a handkerchief, with which St. Veronica wiped his face, when he was on his way to Calvary.* This last is called the *Volto Santo*, or Sacred Face. These famous relics are set in glass cases, framed in costly jewels, and kept with the most jealous care — never shown to the people but from a great height, for other reasons, very possibly, than their great sacredness. I was rejoiced to see that few beside priests and the poorest peasants knelt in idolatry, real or feigned, before the glittering deceptions — the impious impositions.

This evening we also visited the Trinita dei Pellegrini — a hospital where pilgrims are entertained during Holy Week, and where feet washing and waiting at table are carried on extensively, and in real earnest, by noblemen and ladies — princes and princesses. There are separate departments for male and female pilgrims, and our party was obliged to divide — the gentlemen going one way, the ladies another. No pilgrim is here received who does not bring a certificate of having come from a distance of not less than sixty miles; and from the wayworn, weatherbeaten, and filthy appearance of those I saw, I should suppose they had walked at least five hundred. The sights I witnessed that night were death to all my romantic ideas of saintly pilgrims in flowing brown robes, with rosary and staff. Somehow, I had always associated good looks and a decent degree of cleanliness with this class of devotees; but such a pitiably poor, wretched, and repulsive

set of women I never before beheld collected together. Wild, coarse, uncouth, unwashed, uncombed, covered with the merest rags, at loose ends altogether, some were old and decrepit, none very young, all hideously ugly. Three or four had children with them — poor, forlorn little creatures, who looked ill, and tired, and frightened, and whose dirt-begrimed faces were marked by the courses of many tears — deep cuts in the soil. There was one, a mere babe in arms, who was half dead, or idiotic — kept its great glassy eyes wide open, but never moved; yet whose tattered swaddling clothes were visibly so independently animated, that I half wondered they didn't move off and set up on their own account.

For each pilgrim there were at least six ladies eagerly proffering their services — eloquently canvassing for the office of feet washer and waiter. These fair devotees — principessas, duchessas, marchessas, and Roman ladies untitled, but of wealth and fashion — were dressed in black, but many very richly, and wore large aprons of some bright-red stuff, with waists of the same, and a badge of the Virgin on the left breast — altogether a very becoming and a slightly-coquettish costume, especially to the young Italians, whose dark, rich beauty showed to unusual advantage. The dress did not suit quite so well the pale-haired and high-colored English ladies — for there were several of these, and the most eager, and bustling, and solemnly fussy of all.

The entire company certainly went through with their duties to admiration — washing the feet with their bare hands, in tubs of warm water, with plenty of soap — scrubbing away lustily at successive deposits of weeks on weeks of pilgrimage.

The feet thoroughly washed and carefully dried, — perhaps for the first time within the memory of the pilgrims, — there followed some religious services; and then they ascended to the upper room, each conducted and supported by her lady. I noticed a Roman princess — whom I had seen one night at

the Colonna palace so blazing with diamonds that I almost shrank back from her as from a gleam of lightning — come up, arm in arm with the most squalid and bedraggled beggar of them all. To see the velvet of her robe and the rich lace of her sleeve in close contact with the not merely suspicious, but too evidently offensive and migratory, filth of those rags, was to me simply disgusting. The pilgrim, who looked a hearty woman enough, seemed afflicted with a sudden debility, and leaned rather heavily against the princess. Perhaps she liked the feeling of velvet.

I pitied, while I condemned, this pharisaical parade of a soulless and worthless humility in a set of women of a limited mental enlightenment, and, it is to be hoped, also, of moral responsibility; but my heart burned with indignation against a church encouraging these tramping devotees, and sanctioning such fanatical vagabondism. Did the hospital receive pilgrims privately, give them a good, thorough bath, a suit of clean clothes, entertain them comfortably, and finally dismiss them with exhortations to the Christian virtues of industry and cleanliness, — to a speedy return home, and a faithful discharge of the duties of husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, — then it were quite another thing. But this would spoil the sight, deprive the noble Roman ladies of a favorite penance, and compel fair English converts to content themselves with more commonplace acts of charity among their own poor.

We did not wait to see the supper concluded, but left in the midst of a ravenous discussion of soup. I had endured calmly the sight of all the wretchedness I have described. I had borne in my nostrils that heavy, pervading, noisome scent which so surely betrays the presence of extreme poverty and uncleanliness — so sadly different from that "odor of sanctity" which, in poetry, hangs about the holy pilgrim; but the garlic in that soup was too much for me.

On the night of Holy Saturday they had the last and greatest exhibition; the excitement was at its height, the attraction unprecedented. The King of Bavaria was present and the Princess Spada, the Princess Corsini, the Princess Doria, and the Princess Piombino, in the suds. Doubtless he was greatly edified at the sight; but whether he would like to have a hand in the pious work is a question. Judging from his cold, worldly, impassive face, and haughty, fastidious air, I should decidedly say, No. He looks like a man who sees through these things completely, and is only politically a son of the church.

CHAPTER XIII.

Holy Friday. — The Scala Santa, at St. John Lateran. — The Three Hours' Agony. — Miserere in the Choral Chapel. — Ceremony of Baptism at St. John Lateran. — The Benediction of the Pope. — The Illumination of St. Peter's. — Fireworks on the Pincio. — Fair at Grotta Ferrata. — Peasants. — Costumes. — Frascati. — The Tomb of Charles Edward. — A Donkey Ride to ancient Tusculum. — Spada Palace. — Statue of Pompey.

March 31.

We commenced the sights of Holy Friday by visiting the Scala Santa, at St. John Lateran. This is declared to be a flight of steps from the house of Pilate, and the very stairs down which our Savior passed in going from the judgment seat. On almost any day you can see many miserable creatures doing penance by ascending these on their knees; but to-day the throng was unusually great. I should suppose, from the number we saw while there, that two or three thousand may have gone up between matins and vespers. A priest afterwards told us twenty thousand; but, with the allowance one must make for priestly estimates in such matters, it amounts to about the same thing. The real stairs, which are of marble, are, after all, not touched by the profane knees of the penitents, but are covered with boards, which it has been necessary several times to renew. I believe that some very plausible proofs are given of the genuineness of this great relic; but, to know it all that good Catholics believe, it would not in the slightest degree affect my feeling as to the wrong and degradation connected with the use to which it is put by the church. If Christ walked down these steps

as a martyr and a malefactor, it was not that his followers, to remote generations, should crouch before them, and crawl up them painfully, with tears, and prayers, and groans; it was not that they should be made a holy show of, by means of which the miserable pittance of the peasant and the toiling widow's mite should be wrung forth.

A fat priest sat in a sort of box, near the door of the chapel, to take the money; and not until we had answered the hungry rattle of his canister by a contribution were we allowed to ascend the side staircase, to watch the penitents as they came up. I should say there were about fifty who did the ascent during the fifteen minutes in which we stood there. Among these there was a wonderful variety — richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen beside the poorest peasants and the most squalid beggars — the old and miserable, the young and beautiful — the soldier and the student, the belle and the *religieuse* — all crawling slowly up, in the same wretched abjectness of superstition and false humility. There was one old dame who told several beads on every stair, and regularly prostrated herself to kiss it — an operation which considerably interfered with the speedy and comfortable progress of the other penitents.

At the top of the stairs lay a large crucifix of porcelain — a rude, ghastly figure, with the wounds in the feet, hands, and side, gaping and highly colored, and the dead face dripping with bloody sweat. Behind this stood a second trap for tribute, a huge metal platter, which rung out alarmingly loud when a coin was dropped into it. As the penitents came up, they prostrated themselves, and kissed the crucifix on the wounds of the feet, the side, and the hands — then rose, invariably deposited a pious offering in the platter, and proceeded to adore, at a grated window which looks into the Sancta Sanctorum, a private chapel of the early popes, which is held so sacred that women are not allowed to enter it on any account whatever; and for that reason you may always see

them lingering longingly before that grated window, like Peris at the gate of paradise. Among many wonderful relics preserved here is a portrait of Christ, taken at the age of twelve, by a very old master, — no other than St. Luke, — and said to be a perfect likeness.

Among the penitents was a fine-looking young man of twenty, fashionably dressed, carrying in his hand an elegant beaver, and wearing white kid gloves. He went through his penance with a wonderful expedition, — avoiding with a good deal of ingenuity the vulgar herd of his fellow-sinners, — and was brushing the dust from his knees with his perfumed handkerchief before the prostrating and paternostering old lady, who had started before him, was half way up. In passing the crucifix, this devout exquisite seemed to look only for a clean place, and selected a retired spot on the right side. The reluctance and involuntary disgust expressed in the face of the young man, throughout his penance, convinced me that he must thus be expiating no inconsiderable peccadillo. Behind him toiled up a poor, tattered, fever-stricken peasant, one of the most wretched and woful objects I have ever beheld. His long, black hair hung wildly about his emaciated face; his thin, blue lips muttered prayers; and from his hollow eyes dropped tears of grief and penitence. He prostrated himself at the crucifix, and, with a touching humility, kissed alone the feet. Of all the kisses imprinted there that day, this seemed to me the only one which Jesus must have felt. Before, I had looked on with simple curiosity, or with a wonder approaching to contempt; but, at this sight, I felt such sorrow and pity that I could not restrain my tears. My only consolation was in thinking of that blessed moment, evidently not far distant, when this poor man, here wickedly defrauded of his birthright of manhood and happiness, — despised, oppressed, a pariah of poverty and disease, — shall come into the presence of his loving Master, Friend, and Brother, and "see him as he is."

Altogether, this holy staircase, crowded with penitents, is one of the most melancholy sights I have ever beheld.

From St. John Lateran we went to witness what is called the *Three Hours' Agony.* These are services of music, prayer, and preaching, performed in churches darkened, with the exception of the altar, behind or before which is some effective representation of the crucifixion. In the Church of Jesù it was a large white statue of Christ on the cross, standing out fearfully against a black background. At the Church of San Roch there was a regular stage scenery — the Mount of Calvary at night, with the dead Christ and the two thieves, in awful solitude. The music at both these churches was very fine, but the effect we had expected to see produced by the preaching was not forthcoming. Formerly, priests selected for their eloquence, taking for the subjects of discourse the sufferings and death of Christ, wrought themselves up to a high pitch of excitement, and carried their susceptible audiences with them, till the scene often resembled those at a Methodist camp meeting, with groanings, and prostrations, and passionate weepings. But to-day, though the priests exerted all their eloquence, pathos, and dramatic power, — clasped their hands, prayed extemporaneously, flung their arms towards heaven, pointed again and again to the crucifixion, burst into loud sobs, — always weeping into immense red silk handkerchiefs, — there came but cold and partial responses from the crowd. There was some decorous crying among the women, and occasionally a young man confessed to being touched in his sensibilities, by blowing his nose till all rang again ; but, considering the extraordinary outlay of eloquence and gesticulation, the returns were discouragingly small.

On this day we had seats in the Choral chapel at St. Peter's, to hear the *Miserere.* This chapel is considered, I believe, very fine ; but I cannot say I admire it greatly. It is chiefly remarkable for a display of legs in its architectural

decorations. Gigantic angels, in stucco, occupy, apparently, the most untenable positions on the edges of cornices and arches, and above windows, with their legs, very strongly modelled and boldly posed, hanging over. But, as though to restore the balance of things, on the wall are curiously painted figures, wholly wanting in the usual means of perambulation, but terminating in flourishing grape vines — so admirably drawn that it is really difficult to tell where the angel *leaves* off and the grape vine begins.

The *Miserere* in this small chapel was more powerful and brilliant, but far less sweet and solemn, than that of the Sistine; indeed, I have heard nothing which approaches, in meaning and beauty, in tenderness, pathos, and melancholy grandeur, that first *Miserere* of the Pope's chapel.

This evening His Holiness came to St. Peter's to adore the cross and the relics, and the Cardinal Vicar gave absolution then to all who, after having confessed, knelt before him in humility and supplication. He sat in a high chair, and touched each penitent with a shining rod, "and straightway he was made clean" — spiritually, alas! not physically.

We concluded the day by going to the Church of San Luigi di Francese, where we were told the *Stabat Mater* was to be performed, but where we found ourselves — to use an expressive vulgarism — completely "sold," hearing no *Stabat Mater*, but being blocked in by a crowd, and forced to listen to a sentimental French sermon, an hour long.

Early on Saturday morning we witnessed, at the baptistery of St. John Lateran, the baptism of a young Jewess by the Cardinal Vicar. This ceremony was beautiful and interesting, but, with those which followed, of too mysterious and complicated a nature, to a Protestant, for clear comprehension or vivid description. The convert looked deeply serious, as well she might, for the step was a momentous one to her. She was dressed very richly in white brocade, with a white fillet

on her head, and a veil which hung to her feet. Her godmother was the Princess Orsini. After the confirmation, which took place in the church, we saw several curious rites performed — orders conferred on young priests by the laying on of hands, anointing, and the first tonsure. In this latter, the Cardinal Vicar cuts small locks of hair from the heads of the young men in the form of the cross.

At one period of these ceremonies, when the Cardinal Vicar knelt before the altar, one order of priests knelt on the steps behind him, and a lower order behind them prostrated themselves on the floor of the chapel, stretched out at full length, their faces in their prayer books. They lay thus for at least a quarter of an hour, chanting, or responding, in strange, smothered voices. There was something odd and Oriental about this scene, which I shall not soon forget.

High mass in St. Peter's, on Easter Sunday, was a brilliant, gorgeous, and joyous religious show. The entire church was hung in crimson and gold, the pictures were uncovered, and extra lights and fresh flowers on every altar. The Papal throne and the canopy above it dazzled the sight with magnificent decorations. The Pope, cardinals, bishops, abbots, guards, all were in high, holyday splendor, in honor and joyful commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. By the by, speaking of Easter Sunday, we noticed in a little Catholic prayer book, the other day, a sentence, so oddly worded and abbreviated that it startled one by its apparent profanity. It states, "*This day J. C. out of limbo.*"

There was the usual amount of incensing, and chanting, paying of homage, "toting" about of the old Pope in his *sedea gestatoria*, with the elevation of the Host, and the blowing of silver trumpets, as at Christmas. But the finest sight of all was the benediction.

A little before twelve we left the church, and went out into

the great piazza, where a vast concourse of people were waiting to be blessed. The centre of the place was occupied by the troops; surrounding them were various crowds of citizens, peasants, and strangers, on foot; and outside of all were ranged the carriages.

The sun was shining resplendently, the fountains leaping towards the bluest of heavens — all was peace and brightness — the mercurial Italians seemed to forget their slavery in the very presence of their masters — even the poor peasant, rousing for a time from the slavish stupor of his degradation and want, appeared to claim his share in the hope and happiness of the occasion. The Pope came out upon the balcony with much state and splendor, borne in his great chair, which is like a portable throne. He read the benediction, which was rather an elaborate form, I believe. We were not near enough to hear more than a sort of solemn murmur, which came to us by snatches; but we could observe His Holiness, at the close, cross himself three times, lift his hands towards heaven, fold them on his breast, and stretch them out over the people, a proportion of whom were kneeling. Then the guns from St. Angelo boomed forth, the bell of St. Peter's rang out joyously, the drums beat, the trumpets pealed, and that immense assemblage, so silent and motionless a moment before, stirred like the waves of a sea from which a calm had just been lifted, heaved sluggishly at first, then mingled, and poured itself away. Altogether, it was a scene which must live long and brightly in my memory — not for the imposing appearance of the Pope and cardinals, for at that height and distance they looked like a set of *Marionetti* performing high comedy on a lofty little stage; not for the benediction, or indulgence — for I had small faith in the one, and I trust no especial occasion for the other; but for the really grand sight of that varied and picturesque crowd — so densely packed in the great piazza,

that, on looking down upon it, it seemed one vast mosaic of human heads; and for the brilliant confusion of the close — the tumultuous and jubilant break-up.

In the afternoon there came on a terrific rain storm; but it slackened up towards evening, so that we drove over to St. Peter's in some slight expectation of seeing the illumination. The piazza was very dark and dismal, but there was evidently some preparation for lighting up. The rain ceased, and for nearly an hour the heavens were clear, and the stars came out, as though curious to see what sort of a glare and spurt of light would be brought out in rivalry of their serene and eternal brightness. But gradually there came up, just behind St. Peter's, a heavy black cloud, which for a time only threatened to give grander effect to the illumination, but which rose and rose, and spread and spread, till it covered the whole heavens, and curtained off the stars for the night. Suddenly, with one common consent, that great expectant crowd broke up in disappointment, and scattered in haste, but not in time to escape the storm borne heavily in the bosom of that cloud, which came down in thick sheets, in actual strata of rain. Monday was also unpropitious; but on Tuesday night the noble display came off, under the most favorable circumstances. We were on the ground at an early hour, and watched, almost from the beginning, the curious process of lighting up. At first, we could distinctly see the workmen swarming over the vast edifice, let down by ropes from lofty cornices, swinging and running like spiders about the most perilous places. But as the twilight deepened we lost sight of the agents, and all seemed to go on by magic. The lights, which were tapers, in small paper lanterns, climbed the pillars, stole in and out of the sculptures of the capitals, arched over the windows, ran along the cornices, scaled the dome, mounted to the summit, and sprang out on to the arms of the cross. At last it seemed to stand complete — every line, and angle, and curve of that

wonder of architecture seemed to live out in light. But the sight, though beautiful, was not grand or dazzlingly brilliant. The building actually looked smaller than usual; the innumerable tapers shone softly, and twinkled like stars. It was as though the church had been rained upon by a meteoric shower, or as though the milky way had wound itself about it from summit to base.

But at the second illumination, instantaneously, universally, the vast building and the long colonnades leaped from that soft-shaded light into living flame. It seemed that the sacred fire had descended upon the cross, which first blazed forth, or that it had been lit by lightning. Great, glorious lights burst out of the darkness in a thousand unsuspected places, some pointing steadily towards heaven, some streaming like red banners on the winds of night. They swung between the pillars of the colonnades, they throbbed among distant shadows, they flashed on near columns and cornices, they made the dome look like a globe on fire! There was something so marvellously beautiful, so almost incredible, in the sight, that I was quite overwhelmed and bewildered, half questioning if it was not some splendid illusion of the senses, some gigantic fairy phantom, some wondrous unreality. My friend Mrs. S—— has since told me of a remark made by her little son, in the height of his childish excitement, which admirably expressed this feeling: "How beautiful! how beautiful! O mamma, *I don't believe it!*"

It was a singular thing, that the farther we went from St. Peter's, after this, the larger it appeared, till it seemed to have grown into a great mountain of light. Seen from the Pincio, it was grand and beautiful beyond all imagination. We remained on this height till very late, and left reluctantly at last, thinking, with real sadness, that those glorious lights would burn away into the morning, and we never see them more.

April 4.

The fireworks which were due on Easter Monday, but were postponed on account of the weather, came off last night from the Pincio. From the windows of Mr. Cass's house, which command an admirable view, we witnessed this most magnificent display. I had never beheld, I had not even conceived, any thing in the way of fireworks half so grand. Though they only lasted about an hour, there was a wonderful variety in forms and colors. It opened with an illuminated cathedral, which almost rivalled St. Peter's. Then there were thousands of rockets, and serpents, and wheels, and Roman candles, and fiery fish sent swimming through the air; and at last came the Girandola, a mighty irruption of rockets, a sort of mimic Vesuvius, but a sight of surpassing splendor. Throughout these displays there was an incessant discharge of bombs from the Pincio, where they are fired in hollows some six feet below the surface of the ground. Perhaps for this reason the reports were tremendously heavy, and to me by far the grandest part of the entertainment. The ghostly statues on the hill, and the immense concourse on the piazza, were every now and then lit up by the many-colored illuminations with an absolutely awful effect. As far as I could judge, only the foreigners were greatly excited by the scene; the people seemed to take it very coolly, as they had the illumination of St. Peter's.

After all, I believe that it is but sullenly that they submit to being amused, instead of being liberated; and with this conviction is my heart most cheered. I rejoice in their sullenness, in their sadness even; and if I could see in them more manly pride and stern determination, I would hope for them against the world.

April 8.

Early on the morning of the 5th I set out with a charming party of friends for Grotta Ferrata, to attend the famous fair,

which yearly attracts immense crowds of country people and strangers, and is one of the things which must be seen. Grotta Ferrata is a small village, about twelve or fourteen miles from Rome, very picturesque in its position and surroundings. It contains an old castellated monastery of St. Basilio, and a church, in a chapel of which are some of the most celebrated frescoes of Domenichino. Among those which are very powerful and beautiful compositions, even to an unartistic eye, there is in a large group, the meeting of the Emperor Otho III. and St. Nilus, a true portrait of Domenichino himself, one of Guido, one of Guercino, and a lovely little figure, which, in the character of a page, illustrated a very romantic page in the life of the artist. It is the portrait of a young girl of Frascati whom Domenichino loved, but could not win, because of the opposition of her parents; and so wedded her to his genius in immortal nuptials, no doubt greatly to the scandal of her respectable family. I was struck by observing crowd after crowd of the humblest order of peasants pouring into this chapel, and gazing in unmistakable interest and admiration upon these noble frescoes. These people are born artists and appreciators of art.

The fair was principally outside the walls; but there was a great crowd every where. The finest view of the whole field of operations was from the walls. Here you looked over the little square of the town, gay, noisy, and tumultuous with laughing and music, eating and drinking, buying and selling; or you looked down a long, wide avenue of elm and plane trees, and saw it absolutely packed with a slow, moving mass of people; or you looked over a wide plain to the right, covered with booths, with busy groups of buyers and sellers, with idle groups of lookers on, with cattle, and pigs, and horses, with vehicles of all imaginable varieties and degrees, from the prince's superb turnout, with footmen and postilions, to the donkey cart of the peasant.

It was truly a country fair of the most primitive and unpretending character. The manufactures were of the rudest sort; the little music we heard so wild and simple as to border on the savage; the horses were of the roughest and toughest breed; the swine stunted and scrubby; the agriculture and household implements were queer, clumsy, antediluvian affairs; there was nothing to excite my admiration in going all the rounds but the cattle, especially the white and fawn-colored oxen of the Campagna. I know not whether they are a fine breed for strength and endurance, but they are certainly most magnificent animals. The peasants were out in all the holiday smartness of the various costumes of the several districts and towns. It takes a practised eye to discover much difference between some of them, but they are all more or less brilliant and striking. A beautiful hue of red predominates in those of the women, a lively blue in those of the men. But these Italian costumes are by no means the gay, graceful, flimsy things they are represented in pictures and fancy balls. They are of substantial, coarse material, rudely cut, and roughly made; and those portions which by complaisance pass for white linen, or muslin, are usually far from immaculate. You seldom see the true costumes of the country or towns in rich and tasteful material, and worn with an air, except on professional models, the *bonnes* of noble families, or the masqueraders at carnival. Nor does the beauty of the peasants at all come up to one's romantic expectations, or justify the immense amount of poetizing on the subject. There is enough in Rome, which is the great artistic market for the article; but in the country, you may often travel for a day without meeting a really handsome man or woman. Beautiful children you find every where; but exposure, ignorance, poor food, and scant clothing hardens, stupefies, and prematurely ages them.

I set forth on a regular exploring expedition with a poetic

young gentleman through the grounds of this great fair, to find a beautiful *contadina;* but after being dashed hither and thither by the surging crowd, in the gateway, and completely saturated by the all-pervading odors of garlic and cabbage in the dinner-serving booths, — after being nearly upset by an unexpected charge of small pigs, on the plain, and running a perfect gantlet of kicking mules, — we were obliged to abandon the virtuous enterprise in despair. At one moment I believed I had discovered the lovely ideal, the "inexpressive she," in a gay Albanese, the centre of a jolly group of peasants, who sat, or rather lounged, on the grass, in genuine gypsy style. Just as I pointed her out to my friend, she was lifting by main strength a small wine cask, and drinking from it in regular hearty pulls — an act slightly dashed with vulgarity, but performed with a singular daring grace, that quite captivated me. But, alas! as we drew nearer to the fair Bacchante, we found that she squinted, in the drollest possible way. In other things than pretty peasant girls we found this exhibition, agreeable and curious as it was, lacking the fine salient properties which make up the popular idea of a country fair: there was neither fighting nor drunkenness; and those who counted on the little diversion of such sights probably voted the entire affair a humbug. There was only a pleasant, pervading animation, of bargaining and lovemaking, only the most peaceable and harmless, the mildest and milkiest, form of tipsiness. By far the greatest excitement appeared to prevail among the donkeys, who seemed to consider that all this parade, bustle, and crowd were solely on their account, and brayed accordingly. The effect of this grand asinine concert was at times tremendous.

We actually found our long-sought beauty on our drive from Grotta Ferrata to Frascati. We overtook her, "riding on an ass," rather suspiciously, not alone, but sitting in front of a handsome young man, and — it must be told — *astride*. Yet

she was a smiling, mischievous, darling little damsel, as innocent of all great sins as she was ignorant of small proprieties, very likely. How her brown eyes were dancing, her red lips wreathing, and her white teeth flashing in the joyous spring sunlight! She was an imbodiment of merriment and careless good humor, as she rode thus astride, with her lover's arms about her dainty waist; while he looked happy and proud, bearing away the fairest of the fair, in his holiday suit, pressing his suit with his love. To both, the ride may have been an event as momentous as to us it was ludicrous: that for the time they were enjoying it, with a simple, primitive zest, there was eloquent evidence in arch, smiling eyes and mantling cheeks. The animal they bestrode, which was but a small donkey to bear so great a weight of human felicity, may have had his own private opinion on the subject.

Frascati is most picturesquely situated on one of the lower Alban hills, about three miles below the site of ancient Tusculum. It is a favorite summer retreat of the Romans, as the air is pure, and the views it commands over the Campagna to Rome, the Sabine hills, off to the sea shore, and even on to the Mediterranean, are absolutely enchanting. Within and about the town there are several princely villas, the grounds and terraces of which are extremely beautiful.

The cathedral here, though nothing very grand in itself, is an object of interest, as containing the tomb of a prince for whom more was dared, more endured and lost, more noble blood was shed, more happy homes were desolated, more heroic hearts broken, than history, or romance, or poetry can tell — Charles Edward, the young Pretender. He died here in 1788, a strange, humble, and melancholy closing to a life of such struggles and adventures, such grand hopes and imperial pretensions. It seems but a terrible satire on kingly pomp and pride, and on loyal heroism and romance, to see in that dusky old foreign church those rampant royal arms, and to

read on the tablet beneath the haughty claims of the dead prince to the kingship of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.

For an excursion to the ruins of Tusculum, we took donkeys at Frascati; and sad creatures they were, for crowds of people having come from the fair before us, and started on the ascent, we were limited to the melancholy choice of poor Hobson. Some of these animals were lame, one nearly blind, and all had large and long-established "*raws*," not over-pleasant to contemplate. Our party was accompanied by a guide, or driver — a huge, diabolical fellow, with a swelled nose and a black eye, the only positive evidence I have ever seen of an Italian quarrel having come to blows. He ran along behind us, with a large, sharp stick, with which he dug into the sides of the donkeys, whenever they lagged or stumbled in the ascent, and often, indeed, without the slightest provocation of any kind; keeping up a perpetual succession of wild, discordant yells, interspersed with an occasional "*Cospetto!*" and "*Accedente!*" This last curse is something quite awful when addressed to a human being, but loses somewhat of its terrible force, perhaps, when applied to a donkey. It means, "*May you be struck down by a stroke of apoplexy!*"

I had been obliged to content myself with a man's saddle, on which I could only keep my seat by skilful balancing. I rode with an appearance of ease bordering on recklessness, yet with inward quakings whenever the diabolical driver suddenly darted towards my donkey with his sharp admonisher. There was an elderly lady, of a party just ahead of us, who seemed to be making her first essay on the animal with the ears, or indeed on any animal at all; for she was evidently in mortal fear of being dismounted in some way, or overrun or charged on — so she held fast to the pommel, and defended herself and her donkey at the point of the parasol. About half way up I heard a short, little scream, followed by a merry

laugh, and, looking round, saw my pretty cousin, Mrs. W——, rolling on the ground. She had been thrown quite over the head of her donkey, who had stumbled and fallen. Ah, then wasn't the diabolical driver after him with his sharpened stick? and didn't the elderly lady hold on tighter to the pommel, and flourish her parasol more menacingly than ever? The roads, or rather the lanes, which led us to Tusculum, though rough and steep, are exceedingly beautiful. We passed through little avenues of laurel, and cypress, and olive trees, festooned with luxuriant ivy vines: on every side were hosts of anemonies of all colors, wild hyacinths and periwinkles, crimson-tipped daisies, and millions of violets, loading the air with delicious fragrance; while at every moment glanced in and out of the foilage the quick, lithe lizard — most beautiful of reptiles, bright green, flecked with gold, as though born of the grass and the sunshine. Above us, circling and soaring in the soft blue sky, were larks, sending down upon us from mid-heaven their marvellous trills and jubilant carols in a perfect rain of melody — while, from the trees along our way, the blackbirds sent forth generous gushes of song, and merry rills of music rippling through the air.

The ruins of Tusculum are inconsiderable, but all the more deeply interesting. There are pavements like those of the Via Sacra and Via Appia, several gateways, baths, and reservoirs, a fountain, some few remains of Cicero's villa, an amphitheatre, and a theatre. The views from the highest ridge of the hill behind the theatre are beautiful beyond description or conception. That wonderful Campagna unrolled before us like a vast sea — most lovely in its loneliness and desolation. For all it is so generally level, and so devoid of foliage, it neither looks monotonously flat nor bare. It is wondrously beautiful, and varied by all the shades of green, brown, and purple, and by the shadows flung upon it by the clouds above. Then we had all the Alban hills in near view, with Albano,

Tivoli, Grotta Ferrata, Frascati, and, in the blue distance, the spectral ruins about Rome, and Rome itself. I thought, as I reclined on the soft turf of that breezy height, how often Cicero and Cato must have feasted their souls on the surpassing beauty of this view.

In driving home, we saw the sun set over Rome — a sight ever glorious, ever new. Perhaps these daily miracles of gorgeous coloring are less brilliant here than we sometimes see them in America; but the brightness is more deep and tender; it does not strike off your eyes, but it seems that your gaze sinks and searches into the very innermost heart of the glory.

When we passed the Coliseum, the solemn twilight shadows were deepening fast about it, and the rising winds of night were tossing the tufts of wallflowers which grow far up among the ancient arches.

A few days ago we visited the Spada palace, and saw there that statue of Pompey "at whose base great Cæsar fell." There is something truly awful in the sternness of the figure, colossal in its proportions, darkened by age, and marred by the ruin which once rained around it, overthrew and buried it. A most fit witness it looks for a deed so stern and dark. The heavy frown on the brows you fancy dates only from that murderous moment; and a faint red stain on the left knee, probably from some metal in the marble, but traditionally Cæsar's blood, adds a vague horribleness to the figure. Looking at it long, you are brought completely under the spell of its dread memories. You see Cæsar standing beneath it, his proud eyes a-light, and his bold brow radiant with the full-orbed splendor of his greatness and power. You see the conspirators draw near, scowl, glare upon him, strike — Brutus, Cassius, Casca — all. You see the daggers gleam as they descend, and reek as they are withdrawn. You see the upward spurt of the blood which stained that statue; you see

the fall, hear the reproachful "*Et tu, Brute*," and the low death groan of Cæsar.

From the Palazzo Spada we went to the Palazzo Cancelleria, where Rossi was stabbed, and where we saw the real undoubted bloodstains on the stairs. We afterwards saw in a neighboring church his tomb, surmounted by a bust — a head indicating a good deal of power, but a cold and rather a hard face. The *custode* told us that many people came daily to view the scene of the assassination, and it is evident that the Roman conservatives are doing all in their power to make a hero and a martyr out of the unfortunate count. His treacherous taking off was of course an execrable deed, but it is as yet wrapped in mystery; and surely that was a noble revolution the history of whose brief, heroic struggle was stained by but one such crime.

On the 14th we left for Naples. The spring has opened gloriously, and I have rare prospects of enjoyment before me; but I must confess that my heart really aches at the thought of leaving dear, dismal, delightful, dirty old Rome. I have been happier here than I could ever have believed it possible for me to be so far from country, home, all that my soul holds most sacred and dear. I have been wondrously consoled by its beauty and art, by its soft air even, in all my loneliness and sadness of heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

Last Days in Rome. — Set out for Naples. — The Pontine Marshes. — Terracina — Mola di Gaëta. — St. Agata. — Capua. — Vesuvius. — Neapolitan Beggars. — Naples. — A Row on the Bay. — The Museum. — Herculaneum. — Pompeii. — Salerno. — Pœstum. — Amalfi. — La Luna. — The "Tarantella." — Sorrento. — Unfortunate Trip to Capri. — Return to Naples.

Naples, April 19.

I devoted my last morning in Rome to making a round of farewell visits to several places and objects of especial interest and veneration to me — the Baths of Caracalla, the palace of the Cæsars, the Coliseum. I was accompanied by my friends Miss S——, Mrs. N——, and Mrs. P——, all full of enjoyment and responsive sympathy; thrilling to the beauty of the morning, feeling the poetry and grandeur of those majestic ruins, without raving or sentimentalizing about them. On our way to the baths, we stopped at the beautiful Fountain of Treva; I to drank of its waters in observance of a popular superstition, that I might surely come back to Rome some day; they to drink to my speedy return. I seemed to catch strange hope and courage from the sparkling, laughing tide that flowed down to me; the drops I held in my palm seemed to smile and dance with a joyous promise; and since they passed my lips, I have religiously believed that I shall return to Rome. We found that mightiest, loneliest waste of ruin, the Baths of Caracalla, looking more beautiful than desolate in its spring apparelling of freshened ivies, and budding shrubs, and flowers innumerable. Our feet were buried in anemonies, daisies, and sweet violets; while from the towering walls, and

arches, and fragments of roof above, hosts of splendid wallflowers actually rained down fragrance upon us. We ascended the stairs to the top of the walls, and the portions of the roof yet secure, and wandered about over those lovely places where Shelley strayed or lounged while writing his Prometheus Unbound. We found the views over the city and Campagna, and off to the Sabine and Alban hills, and to the sea, grand in extent, and charming in infinite variety; we revelled in them and in the invigorating freshness and spring sweetness of the air. We climbed about the ruined walls and crumbling arches like kids, and vied with each other in the foolhardihood with which we perilled our necks in gathering the wallflowers, which smiled and nodded to us defiantly from apparently inaccessible places.

At length, quite wearied out, we sat down under an old arch, to take a little lunch of bread and figs. Miss S—— did the honors, and with a graceful drollery, peculiar to herself, assumed the character of a Roman dame "all of the olden time." "I fear you may find our rooms somewhat too airy," she said. "We always throw open this upper suite of apartments in the summer; but don't sit in the draught, I pray. Do you go to the Coliseum to-night? There is to be an extraordinary entertainment, the Emperor tells me. Two handsome young barbarian gladiators from the Danube country are to contend together; the Emperor has a bet on one, I on the other; and an old man, of that vile sect called Christian, is to combat singly a lion of Africa, for preaching against these same noble games, the Eleusinian Mysteries, and other of our sacred and venerable institutions, thus blaspheming against the gods. By the way, dear ladies, I have not seen you of late sacrificing at the Temple of Venus, nor did I meet you at the last *Matronalia*, or *Vestalia*. I fear you are falling off in your religious duties."

In leaving, we had some little trouble with the old *custode*,

who, seeing that we were three unprotected females, attempted to extort from us a double fee. Finding that we were among the unterrified and not-to-be-bullied class of feminine tourists, he put on the injured air, and reproached us with having enjoyed the beauties of his palace, and borne off its decorative wallflowers, without giving sufficient return. "I can't say much for your hospitality, though you do keep open house, my friend," said I; while Miss S—— exclaimed, "*E il vostro palazzo. O, siete il Signor Caracalla,*" ("It is your palace. O, you are then Mr. Caracalla;") and we drove away, all laughing, and saying, "Buon giorno, Signor Caracalla!" while the enraged *custode* was shaking his fist at us, and sending after us a volley of *cospettos* and *accidentes.*

The Palatine Hill is now mostly covered by a vineyard and an immense vegetable garden; but there are yet noble ruins enough above ground to give one great conceptions of the vastness and splendor of the palace of the Cæsars. There are some portions yet very picturesque; some few chambers, towers, and baths, partially preserved, by which one can make out, with much help from the imagination, an idea of the wondrous beauty, and of the large and lofty proportions, of these imperial buildings; but the most that the eye falls upon is a black, meaningless, undistinguishable mass of crumbling masonry. On the very site of the house of Augustus stands a gaudy, cockneyish edifice, belonging to one Mr. Mills, an Englishman, and called the Villa Mills!

My last stroll about the arena and under the solemn arches of the Coliseum was more melancholy than I had thought it would be. Of all places in Rome, of all the places I have yet seen on earth, this is infinitely the most interesting, impressive, enchanting, the grandest and dearest. I believe I could visit it every day in the year with the same wonder and delight, with the same profound emotions, with the same quickening of poetic thought, the same illusions and memories,

with the same thronging through the soul of visions of beauty, and splendor, and terror, and triumph, and destruction. As my eye circled for the last time about the mighty sweep of its broken walls, the wild shrubs and the wallflowers seemed waving me a mournful farewell; and I answered the mute adieu with an irrepressible gush of tears.

I saw it once again from without — as I was leaving Rome, early on the morning of the 16th. We had passed the Forum of Trajan, the Temples of Minerva, Antoninus, and Faustina, through a portion of the Roman Forum, going under the Arch of Titus, and came upon the Coliseum at last — the Coliseum, filled to overflowing with floods of morning light — glorified, transfigured before us, with the golden and purple splendors of Italian sun and sky. The wild flowers were dancing joyously on the walls, the wild birds singing jubilantly among the old arches; and so it passed from our sight, not seeming to be hid from us by distance, and black, obstructing masses, but to have faded in brightness away like some gigantic vision of the night suddenly dissolving into day.

We passed out the Porta San Giovanni on to the new Appian Way, and from the heights of Albano took our last, sad lingering look at that old solemn, immortal city, at the ruins which surround it, and over the vast and lonely wastes of the Campagna. We travelled by *vettura*, a nice, comfortable carriage, with three fine horses, very shiny with sleek coats and brass trappings, and very musical with numerous bells. We spent the first night at a miserable little hotel, in the village of Listerna, and on the morning of the second day crossed the Pontine marshes to Terracina, where we spent the afternoon and night. The Pontine marshes are a wide, weary, dismal waste, the very air of which seemed surcharged with pestilence and death, even on that cool and breezy morning. The few peasants we met looked miserably pale and cadaverous with starvation and disease; and no other living things did we

see except buffaloes and wild birds. Among the latter were several eagles from the mountains, savage, sinister-looking creatures, evidently meditating murder on the water fowl who screamed and fluttered beneath them. Terracina is a wild, picturesque place, with great craggy rocks piled behind it, and the blue, bright sea before it. It has been the scene of countless robber romances. I suddenly awoke in the night with the recollection that often in my childhood my blood had run cold, and my eyes stood out of my head, at fearful stories of robberies and murders committed at the very inn in which I lodged. But though I listened, I must confess, with hushed breath, I heard no sound more alarming than the murmur of the sea; and I was only molested by those small banditti, who bleed you infinitesimally, but who are not to be bought off, even by the total surrender of your purse.

The first Neapolitan town we entered was Fondi, a forlorn and wretched place, black with filth, noisome with squalor, and swarming with beggars. We rested and lunched at Mola di Gaëta, a really beautiful place, where we spent an hour or two most pleasantly in a charming garden of orange and lemon trees, near the sea. Gaëta, where the Pope took refuge, looks quite impregnable, both from sea and shore. Near the inn are the ruins of Cicero's Villa, and a mile or two off, on the way towards Rome, is the spot where he was assassinated. It is marked by a stone tower. We set out before our carriage, and walked through the long town and about a mile beyond. In this stroll we were infinitely amused and interested by the people, in whom we saw a wonderful contrast to those of Rome. We found them dirtier and idler, but full of careless gayety, laughter, and song. Even the priests looked good natured, jolly, and frank; in not one did I remark the mortal seriousness, the sombre stupidity, or the profound Jesuitical darkness of the Roman priesthood. Many of the women, of the young girls especially, were decidedly beautiful,

and some of the children bewitching little creatures; but the men seemed to me less handsome than those of Rome. Of course, we fell among beggars of the most noisy and pertinacious kind, principally young boys, who brought us weeds and pebbles, and oyster shells and dead crabs, and such like agreeable remembrancers and curiosities, and performed strange antics before us, throwing somersets at the imminent peril of shedding their last fluttering fragments of drapery. We found ourselves at last followed and preceded by such a formidable crowd that we were heartily thankful when our *vetturino* came to the rescue.

We spent our last night on the road at St. Agata, at a very poor inn, but quite pleasantly, as we met there a party of acquaintances, and had a merry time together. During the evening we had a good deal of amusement, comparing notes of our experiences of furnished apartments in Rome. We had all been expressly prohibited from dancing, for fear that the floors should give way beneath and the walls topple down upon us. We had all found the furniture, though of the most ponderous and imposing style, of so unstable and brittle a nature that it broke, crashed, splintered, and gave way in all directions with the slightest possible provocation. Marble mantel pieces had fallen under elbows, chair rounds snapped under the lightest pressure of the foot, while legs of tables and pianos and arms of sofas had been particularly subject to fractures and dislocations. For all these unforeseeable and inevitable accidents we had been made to pay at a tremendous rate; the frailer the furniture, the heavier the charges; and knowing this, we had ever been about as comfortable as though living in glass houses, furnished with nothing more substantial than porcelain and alabaster. Mr. H—— declared that, on coming away, he was afraid to shake hands with the padrone, *lest his arm should drop off.*

At Capua we stopped a few hours, but saw nothing of much

interest. The road between that town and Naples is through a fine country, cultivated like a garden. As far as I have seen, the Neapolitan dominions are in striking contrast with the Papal, in the extent and beauty of the cultivation. Every rod of ground is made use of — vineyards, olive and orange groves, wheat, and flax, and clover fields smile before you every where. But the people, though strangely cheerful and healthful, are shockingly poor and degraded. They are all beggars, all ragged and dirty — at least those you see along the highway. The women work in the fields with the men, apparently keeping up with them in the severest labor. A short time after leaving Capua, we caught our first sight of Vesuvius, and had him in view during the remainder of the journey. At first, he looked like any other mountain, for the smoke on his summit was like an ordinary cloud resting there — but after a while I could see that it had not floated or descended there, but was rising slowly and perpetually from the mountain itself; and the thought that it rose thus forever, save when it gave way to jets of flame, and floods of lava, and black showers of ashes, came over me with terrible force.

As we approached the city, we met hosts of gay Neapolitans, sunning and dusting themselves in a galloping, rattling, ringing drive — the merriest, maddest people, in the oddest, craziest vehicles imaginable, crowded literally to overflowing; for there were often one or two behind, on a swing seat, with their feet in a network bag. But I must not forget the beggars, for they never forget us. No sooner had we stopped at the Custom House than the Philistines were upon us! I thought, at first, that we were beset by a company of castinet players; but presently perceived that the peculiar sound I heard was an energetic rapping on the chin, causing the teeth to chatter in tune — in Neapolitan pantomime, expressing a most desperate state of starvation. The group about us presented a variety truly wonderful. There was an old man,

lame, blind, and perhaps paralytic, for the occasion. There was a hideous old hag, who shrieked out, "*Fame!*" (hunger,) as though it were a malediction, and seemed to be invoking all the Furies for our destruction, while piously offering us a life interest in her prayers. There was a brown and hairy bandit of a fellow, who played on a queer sort of an instrument, like a small churn, which he held horizontally, and drew forth the music with the dasher, jumping a kind of Neapolitan Jim Crow at the same time — the crowning of the performance being the flinging off of his three-cornered felt hat, and the tossing of it upon his head with his foot. There was a boy, who was most unconscionably fat and rosy for a beggar, yet, for all that, threw astounding somersets, and was a perfect master of the dental castinets; a young girl, with twisted legs and no palate, who danced and sung, the better to display those little personal peculiarities; and a baby in arms, who extended its little palm, and rapped its little chin, in a most piteous and precocious manner; a handsome young mother, who sported a dashing costume, and wore gold earrings, and carried her first little black-eyed *bambino* in a basket on her head, as though it were potatoes; and so on *ad infinitum*.

At last we were really in Naples, and found it all we had expected, and more — a bright, busy, bustling, cheerful place. The streets are wider and cleaner, the houses lighter and fresher, than those of Rome: life and death are not more opposite than this sunny, stirring, smiling city, and that morne and melancholy place, over which broods forever the solemn shadow of a dead greatness. Our hotel is delightfully situated on the Chiaja, separated alone by the beautiful Royal Garden from the bay — the glorious bay. To-night, the rich moonlight is making sea and shore more lovely than imagination can picture. I have leaned from my balcony, and gazed and gazed till my very soul was pained with a sense of beauty infinitely outreaching my power of expression. I almost

wept to think that I must die, and leave it all untold. At last I came in, reluctantly, closed my blinds to shut out the entrancing view, and sat down dutifully to my work.

April 21.

Yesterday, in the afternoon, we had a charming little excursion on the bay in a sailboat. The day was delicious — there was just wind enough to fill our sails, and waft us, not drive us on, over the small and sparkling waves. The sky was intensely blue, but hung with varied and shifting clouds, whose shadows lay on the water in shades and hues more marvellously beautiful than can be conceived. The town showed grandly from the bay, with its handsome palaces, bright-colored houses and shops — pleasant green terraces and flowering gardens. Then the beach and the landings were alive with fishermen and fish venders — sailors and lazzaroni; while fishing boats and pleasure boats, with graceful brigs and stately ships, were rocking in the light wind blowing off the shore. Then there were Capri, and Portici, and the Castle of St. Elmo, and, above all, Vesuvius, to make up the scene — terrible old Vesuvius! silently cradling his slumbering destruction, — sullenly "nursing his wrath to keep it warm,"— covering his head with a thick cloud, as though to hide his awful secrets from the world. There is something mysterious and sinister in this veiling of his dread front, which makes him a more imposing and fearful object to me than when the wind lifts his cloud crown, and shows a small dark column of smoke steadily rising from the black crater.

Salerno, April 22.

I have, to-night, a most memorable day to look back upon and strive to chronicle, while yet under the spell of its oppressive and bewildering emotions. I have seen Herculaneum and Pompeii since the morning. At the former place, we only visited the object of greatest interest at present — the theatre.

This is wholly under ground: visitors descend into it with tapers, by a winding staircase, cut much of the way in the solid lava. Pompeii and Herculaneum were not filled with the same volcanic matter: the first was choked by a scorching rain of ashes; while the latter was whelmed by a perfect sea of fused lava and rock, which came surging in upon it, and swelled high in the streets, and ran into the houses as though they were moulds, and hardened there into an iron-like solidity. Even in the theatre there are yet great blocks, and columns, and walls of this petrified fiery flood, bringing home to one, with fearful force, the reality of the tremendous tragedy of a city's destruction and intombment. Yet those black, granite-like masses, and the gloomy darkness of the theatre itself, lit alone by the feeble gleaming of our tapers, made it most difficult for the mind to picture the scene as it once was — gay with lights and music, crowded with fair dames and gallant men, the orchestra filled with musicians, the stage alive with actors, and every now and then, rising from those wide-circling seats, the stir and murmur of quiet applause, or the loud burst of acclamation. It was a strange, strange thing to walk across the stage, and into the greenroom and dressing rooms of the actors. I never had feelings so solemn in any religious edifice, ruined or entire, as in this ancient temple of pleasure. In one of the passages leading off the stage there is shown, overhead, the perfect impression, in lava, of a comic mask, which had been floated up there on the swelling flood. This is one of the most suggestive objects to be seen here. One cannot look at it without thinking of the many times when its appearance must have been hailed with bursts of laughter, ringing through these now dark and tomb-like vaults.

The immense difficulty of excavating here, the limited number of excavations, and the impossibility of carrying them much farther without peril to the town above, give to the thought of Herculaneum an awful vagueness, a profound, overwhelming

mystery. The theatre is very large, and must have been a magnificent edifice. Its best sculptures and frescoes have been removed to the Museum at Naples, but enough remains to show that it was built and ornamented with much richness and taste. But the few beautiful details seemed to take nothing from the general effect of gloom and terror; and never did the fresh upper air and the warm sunshine seem so delicious and radiant to me as when I emerged from this chill, sepulchral place.

For a mile or two before we reached Pompeii, we saw large fields of lava, black, barren, desolate, looking like the entrance to the infernal regions; and yet nothing could be brighter or pleasanter than Pompeii itself, amid all its lonely desolation.

A thrill of inexpressible emotion shot through my heart the moment my foot struck on the old pavement worn by the feet and the chariot wheels of the ancient Pompeians; and my eye followed the long street, the Via Appia, lined on either side with the tombs, the houses, the inns, and the shops of nearly two thousand years ago.

We first visited the house of the rich citizen Diomed, which, after all that has been taken from it, I was surprised to find so beautiful and complete. The upper and third story is gone, but by those which remain you can see that it was a handsome and luxurious establishment. We entered a portico by a flight of white marble steps, then passed into the court, where was the *impluvium* — a large stone basin, which received the water from the roofs. Afterwards we were shown the *larium*, a sort of private chapel, where a statue of Minerva was found; a bathing room, and dressing room, with all the appurtenances; a dining room, a bed room; the apartments of the slaves; the garden, containing a cistern for fish; a terrace, from which there is a fine view; and, lastly, the cellar where the wine was stored, and where the jars which held it still remain, some broken and some entire — all crowded with ashes. Here were

found the skeletons of eighteen adults and two children — probably the household of Diomed — who took refuge here. Our guide told us that one, that of a woman, was found standing upright against the wall, and showed what he said was the impression of her form. Two other skeletons, supposed to be those of Diomed and a servant, were found near the gate of the villa, and beside them a bag of coin.

Opposite their house, on the other side of the Via Appia, is the family tomb of Diomed. We afterwards were shown several tombs and columbaria, the place where the bodies of the dead were burned; the great inn of the city, which seems more like a palace than an inn; a beautiful house, called "*the house of Sallust*," and the one which Bulwer describes as that of Glaucus, the same that from some sculptures and frescoes was called "the house of the dramatic poet." The handsomest private edifice yet discovered is the house, or rather palace, of a magistrate, or some high officer of state. It is larger in its proportions than the other dwellings, and, though despoiled of its chief treasures, yet rich in marbles, mosaics, and frescoes. It has, beside the usual elegant inner court, a large outer one, or garden, surrounded by white marble columns.

In all the buildings which we visited, I was agreeably surprised by the style of the paintings decorating the walls, which I had been told was such as to shock the commonest sense of decency. I know not what have been removed or purposely defaced; but I certainly saw nothing which merited such severe condemnation. They are mostly of subjects taken from the ancient mythology, handled very much as modern painters would handle them, only with more grace and naturalness. They are, 'tis true, rather voluptuous, but not, I think, grossly so. Yet every thing indicates that the Pompeians were eminently a gay, epicurean, sensual people. Their dwellings have every where a light, festive, luxurious air —

you cannot think of any great sorrow having wailed and sobbed through them, or of fierce and deadly passions storming within them; all has the aspect of quiet, high-bred, almost passionless pleasure. There seem comparatively few marks of business or toil along their narrow streets, and among their illuminated houses and elegant little shops; and their noble temples show that religion was with them a classic refinement, a poetic luxury.

A place of great interest for its original purposes and admirable preservation is the Pantheon, or Temple of Augustus. Then there are the Public Baths, still wonderfully complete and curious; the small Temple of Isis, still haunted as by the dark mysteries of that inscrutable goddess; the Public School, the Theatres, the Amphitheatre, the Barracks, and the Forum. Of course, we saw many minor objects, and entered numerous private houses, differing little from each other, but all more or less beautiful in style and decoration. The Forum and Tragic Theatre were larger and richer than I had expected to see them, giving me a higher idea of the wealth and magnificence of the city than aught else. The Comic Theatre is small, and almost wholly without marbles — it was evidently a cosy, substantial affair for the citizens.

While we were walking before the orchestra, or seated on the stone steps, which served both for pit and boxes, a peasant leaped on to the stage and sung us a comic song, accompanying himself with dancing and castanets, concluding with a somerset, which Italian performers of his class seem to believe the *ne plus ultra* of novelty to a foreigner.

If it be asked what I felt and thought on finding myself, in very truth, at Pompeii, and beholding the resurrection of this long dead and buried city, if it be expected that I answer eloquently and vividly, Heaven help me! for I am yet so bewildered, so absolutely drunken with the intense excitement of the scene, as to be equally without clearness of

perception or force of expression. At length the wild, longing hope of years was realized. I stood upon the spot haunted by the most romantic dreams and the finest imaginations of my early girlhood. One of the "Meccas of the mind" was reached. I could almost have flung myself prone upon that rude pavement, and kissed the stones on which I scarcely dared to tread. I fed my soul on that golden opportunity as on an unlooked-for luxurious repast. I drank in, like dark, luscious draughts, the melancholy yet intoxicating poetry of the scene. As I wandered through the private dwellings, the homes of a race whose very type has been swept from the earth these many, many centuries, — as I looked on the unworn mosaic floors, on the brilliant walls, blooming with fresh arabesques, on the snowy sculptures, on the living frescoes, — I said, half wildly, to myself, "It was but yesterday that the rain of ruin came down; to-day it has cleared away, and all will go on as before." Then, appalled by the desolate bareness and stillness, I went vaguely wandering through corridors and chambers, feeling strange promptings to shriek aloud, and call the dwellers from some secret hiding-place. It was only when looking up to the roofless tops of the houses that I could realize how the mountain had stormed his black destruction upon them, and crushed them in, and packed them close to the last vault and niche; and how, since, the long, dark centuries had rolled over them, till their very burial-place had been forgotten, till the unsuspecting peasant built his cottage and planted his vineyard above the palaces and tombs of princes and the temples of the gods.

The Forum, once surging with the busy Pompeian throng; the theatres, once roaring with the storm of popular excitement; the temples, once imposing with heathen rites and mysteries, — were to me far less interesting than those pleasant little courts, in which children must have played; those quiet household rooms, where woman must have enjoyed and suf-

fered; those sunny chambers, where gay girls must have sung and chatted, or where young mothers may have rejoiced over their first born, or sorrowed over their first dead. Then there are the public wells and fountains, around which gossips must have gathered, and merry boys frolicked in the cool of summer evenings; and the sheltered public seats, where the men must have sat and talked over political matters, the plays at the theatre, and the games and gladiatorial combats of the amphitheatre. Then there is an eating house, with rude pictures on the wall of people eating and drinking at a surprising rate; and an apothecary's shop, a gallipot taken from which I have seen in the museum at Naples. It contains some sort of balsam, retaining its color and strong aromatic smell. Think of a perfume coming down to us through eighteen centuries! We stood for some time watching an excavation which was going on. They were opening a private house, which promised to disclose something fine in the way of decorations. I saw the ashes first scraped away from a small fresco in the vestibule, and it came out seemingly as bright as it was left by the painter's hand. It was some graceful mythological figure, with flying drapery, azure and golden; but to me it seemed a lovely image of the soul, arising from the dust and darkness of mortality, as the leaden ashes were cleft away and the light struck upon it, the first light which had kindled its bloom since it was blinded and buried away from sun and air, eighteen hundred years ago. It is estimated that not more than a fifth part of Pompeii has been laid open; but evidently the principal public buildings, the most important temples and forums, the first-class theatres, the most elegant private houses — the West End — have been discovered. The excavations are still going on, but very slowly; as this not being a political or religious enterprise, little money is appropriated for it. Still there is a hopeful sign of life and progress in a fine railway running from Naples, swarming,

overflowing, with noisy vitality, to that silent city of the dead, linking, as it were, with short iron bands, the nineteenth century to the first, whirling you with a whiz, and a flash, and a wild, brief rush, back, back almost into the time of Christ. A railway station at Pompeii — does it not seem a stupendous anachronism? During the entire drive from Pompeii to Salerno, we all sat utterly silent, lost in the wonderful memories, imaginings, and speculations conjured up by the scene we had beheld. I remember little of the scenery on our way during that long, long drive. There was reason enough for my not seeing it, in my inward preoccupation, and the gross outward obstructions to vision in the blinding, chalky dust, which whirled about us and rained upon us almost as the ashes rained upon Pompeii. When we reached the pleasant seaside inn at Salerno, and descended from the carriage, a host of beggars came up against us; but when we shook ourselves, I verily believe that we utterly disappeared for an instant in a thick white cloud — were caught away out of their sight, like ascending angels.

Salerno is charmingly situated, and commands some lovely views; but the population seem excessively poor, idle, dirty, and beggarly, for a seaside town. Of course, it has its handsome cathedral — a Gothic edifice of the ninth century, very rich in marbles and mosaics plundered from the ancient temples of Pœstum. It holds, also, the tomb of St. Matthew.

AMALFI, APRIL 24.

We left Salerno yesterday morning, at six o'clock, to visit the site and ruins of ancient Pœstum, distant about twenty-eight miles. Our route lay through a country pleasant and highly cultivated in portions, but dreary and unproductive in its general aspect.

For some miles before we reached Pœstum, the scene seemed to darken, and grow wild, and strange, and weird,

Yet had it a beauty of its own, a stern, savage beauty, as of the complete desolation and desertion, the irredeemable barbarism, of nature, unrelieved by the faintest smile of culture, uncomforted by any sign of human life. We passed through a wild, weary, malaria-breathing plain, with the purple mountains on one side, and the violet sea on the other. The stillness was deadly oppressive; the very winds seemed stilled; and it was with a strange sort of ominous expectation, an almost superstitous dread, that I approached that place whose beauty and greatness have become marvellous traditions, almost myths, of the remote past, and from whose few grand remains pestilence, leagued with ruin, has scourged away the last, miserable, clinging forms of humanity, that they might stand in the bare and awful majesty of utter desolation.

The origin of Pœstum is wrapped in obscurity, its early history buried in antiquity; but it was an ancient city when Rome was founded. The three great temples which now remain look hoary and immemorial as the everlasting hills. You may pile up the centuries to reach the time of their foundation, and you are lost in a cloud of mystery and vain conjecture. The swallows which twitter from the cornices, and the rooks which caw from the broken capitals, are scarcely less ignorant than we.

The principal ruins of Pœstum are three temples, built of dark-gray stone, apparently of a marine formation; the style of building is bold, severe, and ponderous; the broad, massive foundations of each edifice, and the great number of immense columns, seeming to bid defiance to time, ruin, almost to the convulsions of nature.

There is something awful in their aspect, as they stand ranged there alone on that blighted plain, facing the melancholy sea, spoiled by wars and the robberies of ages, blackened and broken by tempests and time, yet still grand, stern, supernal.

These temples stand near together, and we passed easily from one to the other, but lingered longest in that of Neptune, the best preserved, and by far the most imposing. Here we lounged in the soft sunlight, and listened to the swallows, and watched the glancing of the lizards among the stones, and idly plucked strange little parasite plants, and dreamed and talked of the old, old times, when this was the scene of the pomps and mysteries of heathen rites, when perchance, where we sat, stood an altar, reeking with the blood of human sacrifices. Yet neither meagre history nor affluent imagination was suffered to awe us out of an appetite for our lunch, which we took very merrily, and relished heartily, within this solemn old temple.

In place of the marvellous roses of Pœstum, which blossomed twice a year, there are now hosts of the loveliest wild flowers; and the air, which is so feared as freighted with malaria, is as deliciously balmy as though blowing from the Elysian Fields. It was only when I looked on the colorless and cadaverous faces of the few peasants who still haunt the spot, for the sake of the travellers who have the temerity to visit it, that I suspected a Judas kiss in the soft caressing of the wind.

This morning we set out at an early hour for this place, in an open boat, with six rowers. At first all went bravely — we were in famous good spirits, had a bright sun, a blue sky, and not too rough a sea. But scarcely had we been out half an hour when the sky before us clouded and blackened, the wind came up dead against our course, formidable waves began to swell and break about us, and ominous white caps to flash in the distance. We had an awful shore on our right — one black, unbroken succession of high, precipitous rocks, without the shadow of a landing, or the smallest foothold, for miles on miles. For several hours we did nothing, but double small capes and round stormy points, hoping, as we approached each one, that just behind it lay our haven, yearned-for Amalfi,

which seemed to fly before us. Ever blackened the sky, ever rose the waves, and at last came down the rain! Our men cheered each other with invocations to the Virgin and shouts of "*Coraggio!*" and "*Maccaroni!*" while as for us passengers, though our spirits were a little damped by the drenching shower, and a trifle awed by the danger, no one showed the white feather to any disgraceful degree. Yet I must confess that we all united decidedly, and a little peremptorily, in a command to be put on shore at the first landing. I was slightly seasick, which was the happy excuse I offered for not continuing the voyage. We were landed in a little cove, some two or three miles from Amalfi.

After a scrambling climb we reached the high road, where fortunately we encountered, and were able to press into our service, a calesso, an indescribable, two-wheeled vehicle, which with difficulty accommodates three, but with no more difficulty thirteen, passengers. We were but seven, for the "brave courier" walked, having an eye to the sailor who carried our luggage; so we had what the driver doubtless considered abundance of room. Yet, dear reader, could you have seen us, how we were piled up, and packed down, and hung and swung about; had you seen the peculiar, involuntary action of our dangling feet and our helpless arms, under the abominable jolting of this whimsical chariot when in full career; had you seen the motley crowd of beggars swelling at every turn, pressing close upon us, and whining and yelling like a pack of hungry wolves, — you would not have lacked stuff for laughter for a twelvemonth.

About a mile out of Amalfi we all descended from our calesso, and walked into the town, with a train which, in numbers, would rival many a royal procession. On a high, breezy point, commanding a noble view of the sea, we were arrested by the autocratical courier, and conducted up, up, and yet up, to our rooms in the famous inn of *La Luna*, once a most holy

monastery. The cloisters yet remain, and right pleasant they are, opening on to a fragrant flower garden. The cells which surround them have been thrown together into airy chambers, which, though most simply furnished, are comfortable and cleanly.

After a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, we sallied forth on a short exploring expedition — first visiting the church, which contains nothing remarkable, except it be the tomb of St. Mark. As the Cathedral of Salerno holds that of St. Matthew, we expect, by natural sequence, to find those of Saints Luke and John at Sorrento and Castell-a-Mare. We then walked up a long, rocky ravine, where we were cheered by the sound of the rushing water and the whirling wheels of mills and factories. Amalfi is a manufacturing town, and for that reason its inhabitants are quiet, industrious, and comparatively prosperous. It has a history more glorious than one would suppose possible, not alone from its present appearance, but from its natural position. It was once a flourishing and powerful republic, and it has immortal interest as the birthplace of Giovanni Flavio, the inventor of the compass, and of Massaniello.

After our dinner, — which, by the way, was a capital one, — our courier entered to announce that "some of the people" requested the privilege of singing, playing, and dancing the "*Tarantella*" before us. We had hoped to get on to Sorrento to-night; but, though the rain was quite over, and the full moon out in her pure Italian radiance, the winds were still high, and the waves, though wearing white caps very like nightcaps, showed no signs of rest, but danced and tumbled about like wide-awake and turbulent children, who *won't* be put to bed. So, in our forlorn, shipwrecked, and weather-bound condition, we were ready for any thing that promised innocent divertisement — ordered the table removed, and the performances to commence as soon as possible. If, my dear reader, you have

any enchanting recollections of the "*Tarantella*," as danced by the divine Ellsler, or any romantic imaginings of it as performed by peasant youths and maidens, in gay and graceful costumes, dismiss all such visions, I beseech you. Our "*Tarantella*" was performed by half a dozen sailors and fishermen — rough, sunbrowned, briny, scaly fellows, coatless and barefooted, with the exception of one, who was dressed in a flashy suit of cast-off livery — blue long coat and red plush breeches, with an enormous wig of flax. The dance was a queer, farcical affair, barbarian and bearish — a succession of childish pantomimes, and odd, incomprehensible antics. There was a good deal of somersaulting of an ambitious character — mostly by a certain lank and lengthy young man, who startled us every time with the apprehension that he was about to land in some of our laps, or would fling himself clean through the window into the sea. But the music was another affair. We had tolerable players on the guitar and mandolin, and several really fine singers; among them was a boy of thirteen, with a marvellously rich and powerful barytone voice, who sung magnificently. But I must take a little moonlight stroll around the cloisters, a long lookout over the starlit sea, and then to bed.

NAPLES, APRIL 26.

We left Amalfi early in the morning of a most brilliant day, and though the winds were not quite laid, nor the sea tranquil, we had a glorious row along that wild, magnificent shore — ploughing through the deep purple shadows it cast upon the sea, dashing into the foam and the spray, and the azure and golden lights surrounding its rocky points. Our embarkation at Amalfi was something noteworthy, as we were all borne to the boat, through several yards of surf, in the arms of the sailors. The ladies were taken first, of course, and so had a fine opportunity to watch the shipment of the gentlemen. I shall never forget the transportation of Mr. H——. The

dear old gentleman, who is of goodly dimensions, rosy and pleasant to look upon, with the freshness of kindly feelings and an ever-youthful heart, came in, borne by two stout sailors — smiling blandly in answer to our peals of laughter, and looking so free from all anxiety or moral responsibility — so innocent, so helpless, yet withal so arch and jolly, that we declared he was like an infant Bacchus carried by Tritons. Mr. S—— came in as quietly, smoking a cigar, and, with his tranquil face and fine full beard, looked more like a lordly, luxurious Turk, than like an energetic Yankee tourist.

Our tall captain, who was the marvellous somersaulter of the "*Tarantella*" entertainment, proved himself the possessor of more talents than one. He sung admirably, and with the crew, whose voices were in perfect accord, gave us a rare musical treat. They sung many of the popular Neapolitan songs, and air after air from the great Italian operas.

Because of our not having our passports, we were not able to go by sea all the way to Sorrento, but were obliged to land at the foot of a small mountain, ascend it by a precipitous, rocky pathway, which would almost make a goat's knees tremble, and which is quite impracticable for donkeys. It was a horrible pull up the steep and heated rocks in a blazing sun, for all; but for me, who *will* always climb unassisted, and who was weak from recent seasickness, it was dreadful beyond expression — an absolute agony of toil and fatigue; and there were times when I should have sunk down in deathlike exhaustion, but for the fear that I should roll from the narrow pathway, and tumble from point to point, and crag to crag, into the sea. At length, about a quarter of a mile from the summit, appeared the donkey man, with six strong and sure-footed animals, all saddled and bridled. O, never was mortal more welcome to my sight than that burly and barefooted peasant. Lifted on to my donkey, I somehow collapsed into the saddle, where for some minutes I hung rather than sat,

blind, panting, helpless in my mortal exhaustion. I let the reins go loose — I took no heed of the shouts of the donkey man, leaving it to him who had ears to hear. But under the shade of the olives on the breezy summit, and at the inn where we took a short rest, we soon recovered breath and strength, and set forth merrily for Sorrento. The remainder of the ride was really very delightful. We descended through pleasant, shady ways, catching every now and then beautiful views of Naples, of Vesuvius, of the bay, and of all its wondrous shore, fringed with gay towns, rising above buried cities, and mingled with mournful ruins.

Through a fragrant garden of oranges, lemons, myrtles, and roses, we entered the *Sirene* — the very ideal of a seaside public house — the neatest, sweetest, breeziest, balmiest, brightest place one can imagine — a fairy palace of a hotel — an enchanted inn. But scarcely had we lounged and luxuriated for an hour in saloons, balconies, and gardens, and taken our dinner, which was beyond praise, when the demon of sightseeing cried, "March!" It was proposed and seconded that we should go to Capri, and "do" the Azure Grotto that very afternoon. Mine host assured us that we could make the passage there, twelve miles, in two hours, and back in half the time, as the wind would be favorable. I made some feeble opposition to the plan, but was a little ashamed to avow my real objection. The sea was not yet quite smooth. We were to go in an open boat, and I had eaten fish for dinner. Now, I have a superstition against eating any thing of the finny kind before going on the water. I imagine that the fish below scent the departed, and follow the boat as the aquatic kindred of Undine pressed about the bark of the knight; and I inevitably feel something within me mysteriously moved, as in answer to a call I cannot hear.

We went off gallantly, in a fine, large boat, with six oarsmen — the sails furled, as the wind was against us. Well, I

am sorry to say that the breeze stiffened, and I sickened; the sea rose, and I fell, being completely laid out on one of the benches; and moreover, that the two hours stretched themselves into four, so that when we reached Capri, where we didn't even land, it was nearly sunset, and so high a sea was rolling that it was impossible to enter the Azure Grotto. The probability is that our host of the *Siren*, who owns the boat, knowing perfectly well the state of the wind and tide, had "done" us — taken us in as the patron saint of his establishment was wont to take in the hapless mariners of old. By the way, I have always had a belief that the ancient Sirens were a species of gulls.

The sail back to Sorrento was beautiful, said they who were able to sit up and look about them. Even I had a faint, desperate sort of enjoyment in it; for the sails steadied the boat, and the demon of seasickness loosened somewhat his clutch upon me. We flew through the deepening twilight, over the dark-blue waves, at the rate of eight knots an hour.

This morning we drove to Naples, over a road which, for its varied scenery and picturesque views, seems to me only comparable with the Cornice leading to Genoa. It was with heartfelt reluctance that we left Sorrento, which must ever seem to me one of the loveliest places on earth. O pride and darling of this delicious shore, — like a young festive queen, rose-crowned, sitting in the shade of oranges and myrtles, watched over with visible tenderness by the olive-clad hills, gently caressed and sung to by the capricious sea, — bright, balmy, bewitching Sorrento, adieu!

CHAPTER XV.

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS. — MUSEUM. — GROUP OF THE FARNESE BULL. — BRONZES FROM HERCULANEUM. — POMPEIAN CURIOSITIES. — VIRGIL'S TOMB. — GROTTO OF POSILIPPO. — POZZUOLI. — LAKE AVERNUS. — CUMA. — BAIA. — TEMPLE OF MERCURY. — LAKE FUSARO, THE ANCIENT STYX. — THE ELYSIAN FIELDS. — BATHS OF NERO. — GROTTO OF THE SIBYL. — BEGGARS. — FESTA OF SAN GENNARO. — THE MIRACLE. — THE LAZZARONI. — THE CHURCHES OF NAPLES. — GROTTA DEL CANE. — ASPECT OF NAPLES. — THE SOLFATARA. — LAST VISIT TO THE MUSEUM. — THE BALBUS FAMILY. — POMPEIAN WORKS OF ART. — THE CATACOMBS. — THE NEW CEMETERY. — THE PITS. — A DRIVE THROUGH THE HAUNTS OF THE LAZZARONI. — THE PRISONS.

1854

APRIL 28.

YESTERDAY we made the ascent of Vesuvius as far as the Hermitage. This we were able to do in a carriage with three horses, in about four hours. The Hermitage is the point where the rode terminates, and where, if you wish to ascend to the crater, you take ponies for the remainder of the way to the foot of the cone, and guides for the great climb, which alone occupies an hour and a half.

For this, which is a horribly fatiguing expedition, and only worth undertaking during the time of an irruption, my late illness had utterly incapacitated me, and no other member of the party felt strong or adventurous enough for it; so we all contented ourselves with this drive to the Hermitage, which, though certainly neither an adventure nor an astounding exploit, was something memorable and impressive.

For a long distance up the mountain the land is cultivated, and wonderfully fertile in portions. Nothing is so richly

productive as the old lava — olives, vines, grasses, and great varieties of beautiful wild flowers grow upon it in the utmost luxuriance. It is a strange sight to see orchards, and vineyards, and rich, flowering clover growing on the edge of vast streams of newer lava — black, swollen torrents petrified in the very billows in which they rolled from the seething crater — deep, dark ravines, where burning rocks ploughed and plunged down their tremendous course. But as we higher ascended, still more dreary and awful grew the scene, fewer and smaller became those strips and spots of verdure and bloom, and there opened upon us wide, black, billowy wastes of lava, without one green or living thing — a sea of ashes, and cinders, and sulphurous, half-molten rocks ; terrific, horrible, unearthly — an extinguished hell.

On our way, as we sometimes walked, we had a good opportunity to observe the different varieties of lava. Most of it is crumbly and porous, looking like cinders from a furnace, thoroughly burned out. Then there is the rock lava, which I believe is very old, nearly as hard as granite. Pompeii is paved with this kind ; so that the doomed city was floored and roofed by Vesuvius.

Sea shells are often found embedded in lava, and the receding of the sea, in time of eruptions, is said to be caused by the mountain sucking up the water, as one of the elements with which he works in his infernal laboratory. At the Hermitage we remained about an hour, tasting, as in duty bound, some of the hermit's *lacryma Christi*, a sort of Vesuvian "mountain dew," if not the real "crater," at least very near it.

The view from this point, though perhaps inferior to that from the foot of the cone, is wide, varied, and wonderfully beautiful. But from all the beauty of that glorious sea, those purple islands and rocky points, and the sunny and storied shore, I ever turned to gaze on that fell demon of a mountain,

looking so sullenly unrepentant for the destruction he has wrought in the ages gone by — lifting his black, scathed head defiantly towards heaven, and panting upward the hot breath of his secret agony. There were times when, thinking of the burning sea imprisoned beneath me, I scarcely dared to tread heavily, feeling that the firm earth under my feet was but a frail crust, a sort of floating bridge over a surging, fiery flood.

A little way above the Hermitage is an observatory, belonging to the king — quite a handsome building, with a pretty little flower garden; yet a most unenviable office were that of *custode*, I should say. Think of Vesuvius in wild, winter nights, when the tempests are battling it, pouring floods into its hissing crater, whirling ashes around its desolate cone, thundering against it, and rolling rocks, and rattling the loose lava, down its scarred old sides! An awfully fitting place it seems to me for fiends to riot, jousting with lightning lances, and careering on sulphurous gales.

To-day we have spent several hours in the Museum. It will be impossible for me to particularize a fifth part of those works of art and curious antiquities which impressed and interested me; but of a few I will briefly speak.

Of the sculptures, there is, first, the magnificent group of the Farnese Toro, representing the story of Dirce; a work of Greek art, whose spirit and power actually chain you before it. Then there is the grand old Hercules Farnese, also pure Greek; a figure whose rugged strength in proud repose, whose splendid colossal manhood, charm me more than the beauty and grace of an Antinous. In it you see what is called "brute force" made divine. I believe that the loveliest fragment in the world is the Neapolitan Psyche; but you are almost as much pained at its great losses as charmed by what remains. The Venus Anadyomine from Pompeii, a Greek statue, with some restorations, struck me as rarely beautiful; and the statue of Aristides, found in the theatre of

Herculaneum, is full of majestic strength, nobility, and profound thought.

Among the bronzes discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum are many statues of surpassing grace, force, and natural action. But it is not these great works of art, which stood in temples, theatres, and other public places, which most vividly bring before you the time, the people, and the every-day life of these long-buried cities, but those familiar household and personal objects which are kept apart from these, and very closely guarded. In a case by itself, we saw a complete set of gold ornaments belonging to the wife of Diomed, or, at least, found on a body supposed to be hers. Afterwards we were shown the purse of money and the key found in the skeleton hand of Diomed, near the gate of his villa. Among the ornaments there are many of a strangely modern appearance, especially the hoop, and serpent bracelets, and the circular broaches, or *fibulæ*. The earrings are generally heavier than any modern dame could well support, and the finger rings are enormous. The wedding ring of Madame Diomed has graven upon it a representation of the marriage ceremony. Then there are necklaces, and hairpins, and various head ornaments, and armlets, and anklets, and beautiful little jewelled boxes for the toilette. On the inside of a chased gold bracelet, very like the one I wear to-day, you can distinctly read the name of the fair owner — "*Cornelia*." O, who *was* Cornelia?

In the same room we were shown graceful little bronze vases, and silver plate, and jars of figs, and corn, and nuts, and eggs, which looked almost fresh, and bread unbroken, bearing the baker's mark — pots of paints, the colors apparently as brilliant as ever — fishing nets, fragments of clothing, lamp wicks, wine cups, leaven, cakes, and a piece of beef in a saucepan. Most of these things were, of course, hardened

and discolored, yet not so much so but that you could readily distinguish them.

In another room we saw the suit of armor of the sentinel found at his post — the skull, half filled with ashes, yet grins from the rusty helmet. Here we saw many cooking and farming utensils, and articles of household furniture — the first often neat and ingenious, the last exceedingly graceful and elegant. Then there are surgical and musical instruments, tickets for the theatre, dice, articles for the toilet and the bath, inkstands, tablets, stylets, and seals. The little metallic mirrors are all dim and blank, as though blackened by the breath of that awful destruction, and blinded by the night of ages which followed, or as though faithful to the patrician beauty they once reflected, and sullenly refusing to give back our strange barbarian faces.

This afternoon we have taken a drive to Virgil's tomb, at the entrance of the Grotto of Posilippo. That great poet entailed, perhaps unconsciously, a great inconvenience upon posterity, by building his columbarium, or family tomb, in a spot so difficult of access. If you would make a pilgrimage to the place, prepare yourself for a long, dusty, disagreeable climb through a small vineyard and an immense vegetable garden. The tomb itself, which is an ivy-grown vault, with two openings, would look venerable and Virgilian enough, except for a very modern tombstone, erected by some classical German. The niches have been robbed of all their urns, ashes, and bones, if they ever held any.

The Grotto of Posilippo is an ancient tunnel, more than a quarter of a mile in length, narrow, badly lighted, dirty, and dismal. In passing through it you are almost sure to encounter a drove of donkeys, a flock of sheep, or, what is infinitely worse, a herd of goats. Ugh! the horrid hole! Yet it sounds poetical — the Grotto of Posilippo.

April 29.

To-day we have made the Cumean excursion, and have had a heavenly time, passing first through purgatory, in the shape of the Grotto of Posilippo. We first stopped at Pozzuoli, an old, old town, where St. Paul landed, and where he founded a church. Here we saw the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, which, it is still evident, was a structure of great magnificence. After leaving Pozzuoli, we saw, at the left, Monte Barbaro, an extinct volcano, and, at the right, Monte Nuovo, which was thrown up in a single night by an eruption in 1538. Then, after passing the dark and sad-looking Lake of Avernus, we came to the Arco Felice, the once beautiful, and still majestic, entrance to ancient Cuma. Of the city itself, nothing remains but a few ruined and rifled tombs, and here and there a mound, heaped up of ruins, and overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. On a hill which overlooks the whole valley, so lonely and silent now, but once so thronged with the gay and noisy life of a city supreme in splendor and pleasure, there are yet a few broken pillars, half buried in the earth, marking the spot where stood the great Temple of Apollo.

A curious place is the Palace of the Sibyl — some chambers hewn out of the rock, on a pleasant, breezy hill. Here she had also a temple, but the whole establishment is now turned into a stable; so that, should the shade of some ancient king or hero return here to consult the oracles, he might receive a response more suited to the folly of his quest than those of old — the bleat of a calf, or the bray of an ass.

At Baia, once so renowned for its opulence and luxury, the favorite haunt of princely *roués* and imperial voluptuaries, we saw some majestic masses of ruin. The principal and finest of these is the Temple of Venus, on the shore of the sea; the next in importance is the Temple of Mercury, a circular building, with a dome much like that of the Pantheon at Rome. In this we had great amusement with a singular echo.

It was unlike all the echoes I had ever heard, being neither goblin-like nor demon-like, but seemed a well-bred, agreeable, sociable sound-spirit, answering only to quiet, conversational tones. It would chat along after you, repeating instantly, and with the utmost distinctness, your lowest words, even whispers; but if you spoke in too high a key, or screamed, it was quite dumb. It seemed to take a particular fancy to Mrs. H——'s voice, and gave it back, to the slightest intonation, with a precision really wonderful. So instantaneous was the echo that it was difficult to tell which spoke first, she or the wall. When two or three were talking, the reiteration became a little bewildering. "O," thought I, "what a glorious place were this for a tea party of ancient gossips, who, talk as fast as they may, and all together, can never have confusion enough!"

At Lake Fusaro we rested, and treated ourselves to a few of the fine oysters for which it is famous. This piece of water, which, though lying rather low and lonely, is a quiet, pleasant little lake enough, is the ancient Acheron, or Styx. I thought, as I sat discussing the oysters, and looking out along the green, sunny shore, that those poor bankrupt shades who, presenting themselves to old Charon without the obolus to pay their ferriage, were doomed to wander here forever, were not so badly off, after all. Far more agreeable is the whole vicinity of Acheron than the Elysian Fields, which, whatever they were in the time of Virgil, are any thing but paradisiacal now. On a beautiful hill are the remains of the villa of Julius Cæsar, afterwards of Augustus. Here Virgil read the sixth book of the Æneid to Octavia; here Nero planned, and caused to be executed, the murder of his mother Agrippina. The next place we visited was called, with what authority I know not, the Baths of Nero. It is a place much resorted to by the peasants when afflicted with rheumatism. It consists of small chambers and passages, cut in the rock by the side of a hill, and filled with hot air and vapor from boiling mineral waters.

Immediately on our arrival, the man in charge of the establishment prepared to do the honors by lighting a torch, stripping himself to the waist, and taking a small bucket, containing half a dozen eggs, which he was to boil, for our edification, in Nature's own pot. We followed him for some distance into these close, narrow passages; but, finding the heat something quite awful, beat a retreat. The man came out in two or three minutes, panting and puffing, with the perspiration actually pouring from him, and triumphantly presented the eggs, which he declared were done hard. But I am sorry to say that I had afterwards rather disagreeable evidence to the contrary. I rashly intrusted mine to my pocket, and a pretty mess it made of every thing there.

But the most amusing incident of the day was our visit to the Grotto of the Sibyl, on Lake Avernus. This is the place to which, according to Virgil, Æneas came to consult the oracles. It is a little, subterranean palace, apparently cut from the solid rock, and only to be seen by torchlight. We entered by a long, vaulted passage, partly filled by volcanic ashes — a black, stifling, dismal place. This ends in a small chamber, from which descends a flight of steps to the private apartment or Grotto of the Sibyl. Here a difficulty presents itself in that portion of the distinguished ancient lady's residence, being overflowed with water, to the depth of, at least, two feet. The only way of entering is on the backs of your guides — an extremely ridiculous proceeding, but one adopted by all resolute and thorough-going tourists. I, knowing "little Latin, and less Greek," am so little of a classical antiquarian, that I must confess the matter only presented itself to me in the light of a comical adventure, which I was unwilling to lose; so, when my friends, who had all solemnly agreed to enter with me, ingloriously drew back at the last moment, I selected the tallest and broadest of the barelegged guides, and alone followed him down to the water. As he plunged in, I was a little

startled to see that it rose a good way above his knees; but I was in for it, and mounted without hesitation, crossing my arms on my guide's breast, tightly, as for dear life, and pulling up my feet, according to his directions, in an indescribable manner. Holding a great torch in one hand, and steadying me with the other, my sturdy sea horse plunged gallantly through the waters, bearing me quite safely from point to point; though I sometimes endangered my seat, and loosened my hold, by the convulsions of laughter in which I indulged. The actual comedy was not enough. I laughed yet more merrily at thinking that, should my animal stumble and fall, tumbling me into the water, and extinguishing the torch as he went down, what a floundering, choking, and groping time we should have of it! Then I grew poetical, and compared myself to a mermaid taking an airing on a dolphin, and even flattered myself that the group bore some resemblance to the triumph of Galatæa.

Throughout this little aquatic and equestrian tour, my burly bearer complimented me on my riding and my courage, and cheered me by shouting, "*Brava!*" "*Coraggio!*" "*Maccaroni!*" and a phrase slightly inappropriate it may be, but probably the only English he was master of — "*Pull away, boys!*"

Well, what did I see? Two small chambers, two bathing tubs, a flight of stone steps leading up to a closed door, a few broken stucco figures very much begrimed with the smoke of torches, black walls, blacker water, *et viola tout!* But this was not the account I gave to the eager questioning of my friends, after the guide had, against my commands and entreaties, run up the stairs with me yet on his back, and trotted round the chamber for their divertisement. No, indeed. I looked mysterious, and, in the usual manner of sightseers who have been taken in, assured them, seriously and commiseratingly, that they did not know what they had lost.

Every where on this excursion we were beset and besieged

with beggars. The entire population seems to consist of rascally, extortionous guides, and the most miserable mendicants. Really, the old banditti race were better than this. Who would not rather have an honest robber or two present a pistol at his breast once on a journey, than be eternally dogged by whining beggars, or to have insolent *ciceroni* forever grumbling and cursing about their fees? In coming to Italy, you must learn, sooner or later, to harden your heart, and "set your face as a flint," for "the poor you have always with you;" and if you give to one, you are charged upon by scores. In view of these disagreeable consequences, we have all learned to restrain our benevolence towards the most miserable objects — all but Mr. H——, whose feelings are often too much for him. He is particularly weak in resisting the appeals of suffering old people, pretty young girls, and roguish children. For some time after coming to Naples, he actually showered small money about him; but lately the stern courier has stopped the supply; so, not speaking the language, he has great difficulty in getting change, as we all refuse to negotiate with him, though offered an enormous profit in the way of interest and premiums. When his pockets are well charged with coppers, I really believe he enjoys being beset with beggars. He thoroughly understands one Italian phrase — "*Datemi qualche cosa!*" ("Give me something.") It is amusing to see him surrounded by teasing boys and merry girls, all stretching out their palms, rapping their chins, and crying, "*Qualche cosa eccellenza!*" — laughing at his English-Italian, and, most of all, at his attempts to frown and scold. They sometimes pick his pockets of gloves and handkerchief; and he takes his losses so kindly that I am tempted to believe him privy to the theft — indeed, I should not wonder if he yet went about with his coat pocket stuffed with bright-colored handkerchiefs especially suited to the taste of the gay Neapolitan damsels.

I once escaped from a crowd in which he was engaged to a

place I believed secure and solitary, where I sat down for a moment's rest, when suddenly, from a wall behind me, a little old woman leaped directly on to my back, shrieking, "*Qualche cosa, Signora, per l'amore di Dio!*" I fear I gave but an unamiable and irreverent response to so solemn an appeal; for I passed from my fright into such a rage that she was fain to take herself off with the best speed she was mistress of, invoking all the saints as she went.

MAY 1.

Yesterday was a festa in honor of San Gennaro, perhaps the most popular saint in the calendar at Naples. The streets were brilliantly illuminated, the churches decorated; and there was a grand procession, followed by an imposing ceremony at the cathedral. This is the saint whose blood, kept in a bottle, miraculously liquefies and flows upon certain occasions, to the boundless edification of the faithful, especially of the lazzaroni. Of course, on this, his own festa, the saint performed the miracle, a sight which we might have witnessed had we chosen to encounter the press of the crowd and endure the usual necessary waiting. The people attach great importance to this miracle, which, though oft repeated, is never stale to them. Whenever the blood is long in liquefying, they take it as an omen of evil; and should it at any time fail to flow altogether, they would believe Naples on the eve of being destroyed by Vesuvius or swallowed by an earthquake. It is told, that, at the first exhibition of the sacred bottle which took place before Murat, the blood remained obstinately coagulated for an unprecedented length of time. The people were alarmed, and grew turbulent; while the officiating priest, who wished the new king and government to be unpopular, chuckled triumphantly, till Murat sent him word that, unless the saint's blood flowed in five minutes, his own *should* — and speedily the miracle came off.

The Neapolitans are devout in their way; and an odd, child-

like, merry way it is. I noticed the other day, in one of the churches, an old woman standing by the image of a saint, talking to it in an easy, conversational way, quite delightful — and when she left, she said, "*Addio!*" smiled and nodded, and even kissed her hand, as to some familiar crony. I heard in Rome a little anecdote, told by an English tourist, which amused me greatly. He overheard a poor Neapolitan woman praying before a shrine of the Virgin, as well as I can remember, in this wise: "Santa Maria, my poor boy is ill with the fever — have mercy on him, and cure him, for the sake of your own beautiful boy. O holy mother, come at once, if you can, to my house, — via San Lorenzo, number eight, last floor, — and, for the love of God, don't mistake the door!" It sounds yet more odd and childlike in the Italian.

The churches of Naples are not comparable to those of Rome, being equally without grandeur or simplicity, gaudily gorgeous, and, as a general thing, poor in fine works of art. The Basilica of San Francisco di Paolo, built on the plan of the Pantheon, is the finest I have yet seen.

This afternoon we took a drive to the Grotta del Cane, on the Lake of Agano. This grotto is a small cave in the side of a hill, where there is a powerful emission of carbonic acid gas. The least whiff of it is enough to make your head whirl, and a torch is extinguished by it in a moment. But the chief experiments are made upon dogs, which are kept for the purpose, and which, instead of looking poor and miserable, are in very good condition, actually seeming to have fattened on gas and asphyxia. Yet the puppy selected to-day came up very reluctantly to the trial. Young as he was, he had had his hard experiences of life, and evidently was in mortal fear of the stern master who gave him fits for no fault of his, and lived upon his spasms. Laid upon his back in the cave, he set up a low, piteous howl, which was answered by a sympathetic whine from several dogs without. According to the

book, if held there another half minute, he should nave gone off in strong convulsions; but the tender heartedness of some of our party interfered with the complete success of the experiment. Yet there was quite a satisfactory amount of spasmodic action, and the poor little brute tumbled about very clumsily, and walked drunk, up to the time of our leaving. I know it is a cruel, senseless exhibition; but it is one of the sights which every body *does*, and, had we omitted it, certain it is that some kind friend would afterwards have condoled with us on having missed "the very best thing to be seen at Naples." Besides, I really suppose the dogs are used to asphyxia, as eels are to being skinned.

After our return to the city, which we reached in the early part of the beautiful sunset time, we took a turn on the Capo de Monte, the finest carriage drive in Naples, commanding wide and glorious views of sea and shore. On this drive we met the King's brother, the Duc di Syracuse, sporting a dashing turnout. He is a gross, coarse-looking man, bearing a strong resemblance to that monster of perjury and cruelty, Ferdinand II. Here, and on the yet more fashionable and accessible Via Chiaja, we met many hundreds of carriages, of all grades and varieties, filled with smiling and gayly-dressed people. The lightest, brightest turnouts in the world are the Neapolitan, especially those of the middle classes. Carriage makers seem to indulge themselves in all sorts of queer conceits in fashion, painting, and decoration, and the harness makers to revel and run mad in brazen devices. Horses go gleaming, and clashing, and tinkling under a preposterous amount of polished brass, and such an innumerable quantity of tiny bells as you would never believe it possible to string and wreathe about their thin necks and heads.

Naples seems to us more and more cheerful and charming; there is every where such a rush and rattle, and animating tumult of business and pleasure. I like it because it is so

noisy, so varied, so all astir, so absolutely surcharged with life. A drive through one of the streets gives you a wonderful, ever-changing panorama of humanity. Now comes a troop of soldiers, fine, gallant-looking men; now a gang of galley slaves, escorted by a guard; now a band of street musicians. Now you pass a portable little dramatic establishment, from which certain shrill, unmistakable sounds proclaim to a grinning crowd the domestic infelicities of Mr. and Mrs. Punch. Now goes by the carriage of a prince, followed, it may be, by a peasant's cart, drawn by a cow and a donkey. Now a funeral procession, a few priests with torches, the dead man borne upon a bier, coffinless, and dressed as in life, preceded and followed by professional mourners in white dominoes, masked, and looking more ghastly and awful than you can conceive.

It is curious to go down into the haunts of the lazzaroni along the shore; to see them, up to their hips in water, lazily dragging in a small fish net — twenty doing, with much panting and parade, the work of five; or to watch them as they lie asleep on the sand, with their brown faces turned up towards the sun — a peculiar, half-savage, amphibious, somniferous, dirty, and degraded class, for which I fear there is little hope for many generations to come.

May 2.

This morning we had an obscure view of the interior of the Theatre of San Carlo. It is closed at present, but we were let in during a ballet rehearsal. It is a magnificent house, certainly, but not so large as I expected to find it. This afternoon we drove out to Pozzuoli, to see some objects of interest which we were unable to see in our hurried visit of last Friday.

We first went to the Solfatara, the crater of a volcano not yet wholly extinguished — the spot called by the ancients the Furnace of Vulcan. Here the volcanic smoke still ascends in several places, and fire is seen at night. The ground resounds

beneath you when a stone is thrown upon it; and before a small cave, from which smoke issues, the heat is unbearable, and you hear a dull roar as of a tremendous furnace in full blast. Altogether, it is a place to fill one with involuntary fear and dread, and, though intensely interested, I was not sorry to find myself beyond its sulphurous confines. A strange, strange country this is — so surpassingly lovely, yet so full of fiery forces and destructive elements — like some strong, beautiful, and passionate soul for whom heaven and hell are contending.

From the Solfatara we went to the ruins of the Amphitheatre. Older than the Coliseum, it was next to it in size, and I should say, from the noble marble columns which yet remain, but little behind it in magnificence. Even now, though very ill preserved, it is a most imposing monument of ancient grandeur.

To-morrow, wind and weather favorable, we make another attempt upon Capri. If the Fates are against us, and we cannot get into the Azure Grotto, we shall declare it a myth, as we do every sight which we make a virtuous effort to see, and fail, and let it go; for on the fourth we are expecting to take the steamer for Leghorn.

May 3.

This morning all seemed favorable for our excursion to Capri. We drove down to the Mola, took a boat, rowed out to the steamer, and rowed back again — having been informed that the *Euxine*, with a most unjustifiable caprice and instability peculiar to Neapolitan vessels, had changed its days, and this trip was bound for Ischia. To console ourselves, we went to the Museum, "to take a last, fond look." In the galleries of sculpture I remained long before an Antinous, of the Farnese collection, the Venus Victorieuse, a Bacchus from Herculaneum, and a Ganymede, all "beautiful exceedingly." The statues of the Balbus family, father and

son, mother and four daughters, the first two equestrian, found in the basilica of Herculaneum, are very fine works, full of force and character. They present a strong family likeness, and yet have decided individuality. The head of the mother is full of pride and matronly dignity, stern even to severity. In looking upon her strongly-set mouth, and broad, imperious brow, you feel assured that she exacted the most ceremonious respect from that bold and handsome youth on horseback, that she stood in no great awe of M. Nonius Balbus the elder, and that the Misses Balbus were kept in wholesome subjection. The works of art from Herculaneum greatly differ in character from those of Pompeii. In the first you see the true Roman spirit, earnest, forcible, and often severe; in the latter is Greek art, but Greek art at play, revelling in all sorts of graceful fancies, quaint conceits, poetic whims, and delicious absurdities. In looking, to-day, through the Pompeian frescoes, I was more than ever impressed by their grace, lightness, and infinite variety, by the rich fancy and boundless imagination they display, and by the reflection that these were but the ordinary decorations of the simplest private houses, scattered here and there, over walls and ceilings, with a profuse, a sort of frolicsome, prodigality.

In the collection of ancient glasses we saw a vase, found at Pompeii, which seemed to me nearly as beautiful as the famous Portland vase which I saw in London. It is of blue glass and white enamel, exquisitely wrought. Here we also saw fragments of window glass from Herculaneum and Pompeii — some from the house of Diomed, through which the fair Julia may have looked many a time. It is wonderful what an added spell of power have all those names, houses, and temples which figure in the beautiful romance of Bulwer. His genius has given life to this skeleton city — has kindled a soul under the ribs of death. You do not walk through those silent streets repeating the names found upon statues and

tombs — vague sounds; you are surrounded every where by the pleasure-seeking people he pictured, you move in the atmosphere of their gay, luxurious life. Truth may be stranger than fiction; but fiction is often stronger than truth. Reason may fight stoutly against it; but it holds you fast, and will not let you go.

In one of the rooms of Pompeian curiosities there are several cinerary urns yet containing the ashes of the dead. These are so like pickle jars, or preserve pots, that I burst into a laugh when Miss W——, pulling one out from a niche of a cabinet, and taking off the lid, said, very graciously, "Help yourself." I must confess to having helped myself to the smallest bit of a calcined bone, once belonging to a Pompeian of consideration — one whom perhaps the "gods loved," and so spared the sight of the destruction of his beloved city.

From the Museum we drove to the Catacombs. These were the asylums and burial-places of the early Christians, like those of Rome, but far more extensive than they. We entered through the church of the hospital of San Gennaro de Poveri, and were conducted by two old guides, bearing lanterns. First we were shown the ancient chapels and tombs of early saints and bishops, yet decorated with the old mosaics, and rude paintings and sculptures. These minor sights disposed of, and the guides silenced for the time, we could observe in peace the vast, solemn, mysterious Catacombs, in all their gloomy, almost awful, grandeur. This immense subterranean hiding-place and cemetery was prepared for the Christians by the founders of Naples and the neighboring cities, who quarried in the rocky hills for materials for building. They are on a much grander scale than those of Rome — the passages wider and higher, with large columns hewn from the rock. There are here and there openings to the day, through which the sunlight faintly struggles, deepening wonderfully the effect of the opaque masses of darkness, the thick, primeval night,

lurking in the long passages which penetrate far into the bosom of the mountain. But what gave to the scene its most drear and terrible character, were the countless burial niches in the walls, all emptied of the remains of the dead. There is nothing in all the world so fearfully desolate as rifled tombs, and especially dreadful is it to think of the bones of these poor Christians, torn from their sad sanctuary, scattered abroad, and trampled under foot. It seems as if the infernal spirit of persecution, here baffled of his prey, clutched after it in the grave. The Catacombs have three stories, and their extent in every direction is not now known, as some passages are walled up, as being unsafe, and some filled by the earth falling in. On the second stage there is shown an immense pit, filled with bones of the victims of the last plague — a horrible sight to look down upon. Like passing from Hades into Elysium was the change we made in going from those dark, haunted, under-ground courts of death, to the sunny brightness, and flowery sweetness, and broad, beautiful prospects of the Campi Santi Nuovi, the new cemetery beyond the city. Of those modern burial-places, dedicated not alone to death and sorrow, not preaching alone the sadness and nothingness of human life, but sanctified by a divine faith, cheered by a joyful hope of immortality, and beautified by nature's types of resurrection, few have ever seemed to me so fair, so sweet, so tranquil as this, and surely no other in the world commands views so extensive, so varied, so grand, and yet so lovely. A sea that rivals the delicious heaven above it in delicate coloring and all the fine marvels of light and shade — a shore of enchantment — hills on which the sunlight sleeps enamoured — distant islands, blue and beautiful as the waves, darling children of the embracing deep; and that near mountain, dark, ominous, solemn, sending slowly up the smoke of the hidden fire consuming his guilty heart, to mingle with the morning exhalations of the valleys, the pure

breath of the unvexed earth. In one of the buildings attached to this cemetery we were shown the chamber in which the dead, of whose total lifelessness there can be the slightest doubt, are deposited for twenty-four hours. There is a range of open, metallic coffins, in which they are placed, with a bellrope attached to the arm. I supposed that, of course, a mere touch would ring one of these bells, but found that a very energetic pull was necessary. Really, with the doleful apartment, the uncomfortable tin coffins, and those extremely unpropitious bellropes, it seems admirably well contrived that none but the most vigorous and desperately determined victims of autopsy shall be resuscitated. We saw, also, those horrible burial-places of the poor, — those pits, of which there are three hundred and sixty-five, — one being opened each day, and then closed for a year. Into these vaults the bodies are thrown, at midnight, indiscriminately, and utterly nude. There was something fearful in the contrast between the black paved yard which held these pits, of which you saw only the iron doors, cemented down, and the flowery graves and costly tombs of the cemetery below. Not wider is the gulf set between Lazarus and Dives in life than when "rotting in cold obstruction."

May 5.

The steamer due on the 4th failed us, and our embarkation is postponed till the 6th. The morning being rather unpleasant, we spent at home, but this afternoon we have taken a long drive through the poorest quarters of the city, and along the Strada Mola, where the lazzaroni "most do congregate." In one of their market-places, we saw hosts of that unwashed fraternity. It was a festa day, and some were walking in religious processions, howling most atrociously, headed by young priests, who looked ashamed of their company. I noticed one of these pious processions passing a little alehouse, before which a party of Swiss soldiers were drinking, playing, and

singing rollicking songs; and I must say that the band of ragged and hymn-chanting saints regarded them rather too long and eagerly, as by no means unenvious of their carnal pleasures. On every side, even in this busy and crowded place, you saw people yielding to their somnolent propensities. Old clothes venders were stretched at full length upon their stock in trade, sleeping soundly amid the tumult. Young bootblacks sat bowing their brown faces in their begrimed hands, oblivious of lost custom. Orange girls slumbered, leaning against their stalls, supported by the invisible arms of Morpheus. Fishwomen slept among their tubs and above their scaly boards, and one old woman I noticed indulging in "Nature's sweet restorer" above a table of tripe half cleaned. We passed an *improvisatore* speaking very fast and loud, gesticulating at a tremendous rate, with his shirt collar thrown open, his hair in poetic disorder, his black eye on fire, and his face bathed in the sweat of inspiration. He had his circle of admirers, and, when he closed, a young tatterdemalion went about with a greasy cap to collect coppers. There were opposition crowds about a comic singer and a reader of romances.

We passed the prison for the worst criminals — a gloomy, fearful place. Along the front are yet hanging the heads of a band of brigands, executed many years ago. From the dust lodged in these skulls, grass and mosses have grown; from the eyesockets of some, wallflowers have sprung; so, after all, they were not so terrible to look upon as the living heads at the gratings of the prison, which grinned, and yelled, and howled at us. We passed another large prison, which, like this, seemed crowded with criminals. In no city of Europe which I have visited have I been so impressed with the utter demoralization and brutalization of the lowest classes as at Naples. For this reason do I believe it the most dangerous. I would as soon live upon the most perilous slope of Vesuvius as among this people.

CHAPTER XVI.

VOYAGE TO LEGHORN. — LEGHORN. — FLORENCE. — THE UFFIZI. — THE TRIBUNE. — THE VENUS DE MEDICI. — THE FORNARINA. — THE PITTI PALACE. — FIESOLE. — HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGELO. — DANTE'S STONE. — THE CASCINI. — CHARLES LEVER. — MR. AND MRS. BROWNING. — HIRAM POWERS, HIS STUDIO. — GROUP OF THE NIOBE. — THE GRAND DUKE. — THE SANTA CROCE. — THE MEDICEAN CHAPEL. — MICHAEL ANGELO'S MONUMENTAL GROUPS. — LAST DRIVE IN THE CASCINI. — ADIEU TO FLORENCE. — JOURNEY THROUGH TUSCANY. — BOLOGNA GALLERY. — FERRARA. — CATHEDRAL. — THE CASTLE. — CELLS OF UGO AND PARISINA. — PRISON OF TASSO. — HOUSE OF ARIOSTO. — AN ADVENTURE AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE. — PADUA, ITS CLOCKS AND SIGHTS.

FLORENCE, MAY 12.

WE left Naples on the 7th, and reached Leghorn on the 9th, having had a most disagreeable and uncomfortable little voyage. There is no travelling by water so utterly miserable to me as that on the Mediterranean; as I have always found a rough sea, in which the clumsily-built Italian steamers roll and flounder about in a porpoise-like way, peculiarly horrible. I was scarcely able to keep on my feet five minutes while our boat was under way. During the whole of the second day, however, we lay by at Civita Vecchia, a dull, dirty, unendurable place. At Leghorn we spent several hours very agreeably, driving about and looking about. Not that there are any regular sights in the city; but we had great pleasure in its general air of industry and prosperity.

Leghorn is substantially and neatly built, and has a more uniform and modern appearance than any continental city I

know. Its streets are wide and admirably paved, and it has several handsome squares and fine public buildings.

We went from Leghorn to Florence, by the railway, through Pisa. At the station we were not a little amused to witness a parting between an elderly Austrian officer — a hard, scarred, ferocious-looking soldier, with a fierce, gray mustache — and half a dozen young subalterns. The group smoked and chatted till the moment of parting, when the old officer tenderly embraced each in his turn, kissing and being kissed on both cheeks — a ludicrous scene to Anglo-Saxon eyes.

The railway, which is a very good one, runs through a pleasant country cultivated like a garden, which grows more and more lovely till you reach Florence. The station is near the Cascini, the fashionable drive and promenade lying just beyond the city walls, along the Arno; so that our first look-out was upon a gay and beautiful scene — those noble grounds thronged with equestrians, and predestrians, and elegant equipages. From that moment, I have been charmed with Florence beyond all expectation and precedent. Every picturing of fancy, every dream of romance, has been met and surpassed. It is a city of enchantment, rich in incomparable pleasures for the lover of poetry and art. In merely driving from the station to our hotel, on the Arno, near the Ponte Vecchio, I was struck by the noble style of architecture; uniform in solidity, and in a sort of antique solemnity, yet not monotonous, gloomy, or curiously quaint. But when we drove about in the brightness of a lovely morning, and saw the grand and ponderous old palaces, the noble churches, the beautiful towers, the graceful bridges, — when we caught, at almost every turn, natural pictures which art could never approach, — I could only express by broken sentences and exclamations, childishly repeated, the rare and glowing pleasure I enjoyed.

O pictures of beauty, O visions of brightness, how must ye fade under my leaden pencil! It is strange, but I never

feel so poor in expression as when my very soul is staggering under the weight of new treasures of thought and feeling.

One of our first visits was to the Royal Gallery, in the Uffizi. Through several rooms and corridors, making little pause in any, we passed to the Tribune — for its size, doubtless the richest room in the world in great works of art. In the centre stands the Venus de Medici, "the wondrous statue that enchants the world," says the poet; but as for me, I bow not before it with any heartiness of adoration. Exquisite, tender, and delicate beyond my fairest fancy, I found the form; graceful to the last point of perfection seemed to me the attitude and action; but the smallness and the insignificant character of the head, and the simpering senselessness of the face, place it without my Olympus. I deny its divinity *in toto*, and bear my offerings to other shrines. Yet the Venus de Medici does not strike me as a voluptuous figure; it certainly is not powerfully and perilously so, wanting, as it does, all strength of passion and noble fulness of development, all *soul*; for, paradoxical as it may seem, a soul of wild depths and passionate intensity must lie beneath the alluring warmth and brightness of a refined and perfect sensuality. Of another, and a far more dangerous character, I should say, is the Venus of Titian, which hangs near it. Here is voluptuousness, gorgeous, undisguised, yet subtle, and in a certain sense poetic and refined. She is neither innocent nor unconscious, yet not bold, nor coarse, nor meretricious. She proudly and quietly revels in her own marvellous beauties, if not like a goddess who knows herself every inch divine, at least as a woman by character and position quite as free from the obligations of morality and purity. For all the wonderful beauty of this great picture, I cannot like it, cannot even tolerate it; but, with an inexpressible feeling of relief, turn from it to the Bella Donna and the Flora of the same artist. The latter is to me the most fascinating and delicious picture I have ever

beheld; the richness, the fulness, the golden splendor of its beauty flood my soul with a strange and passionate delight. There is no high peculiar sentiment about it, though it is grand in its pure simplicity; yet its soft, sunny, luxurious loveliness alone bring stears to my eyes — tears which I dash away jealously, lest they hide for one instant the transcendent vision.

In the Tribune are several of the finest paintings of Raphael — the Fornarina, a rich, glowing picture, but a face I cannot like; the young St. John, a glorious figure; and the Madonna del Cardellino, one of the loveliest of his holy families. There are also a great picture by Andrea del Sarto, which impressed me much; the Adoration of the Magi, by Albert Durer, the heads full of a simple grandeur peculiar to that noble artist; and an exquisite little Virgin and Child, by Correggio. In another room, after looking at a bewildering number of pictures, most of which have already passed from my mind, I came upon a head of Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci, which I fear will haunt me to my dying day. It is surely the most terrible painting I ever beheld.

In the magnificent Pitti palace, among many glorious pictures, I saw two before which my heart bowed in most loving adoration — the Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, and a Virgin and Child of Murillo. The former is surely the sweetest group by the divine painter; and the last, if not of a very elevated character, pure and tender, and surpassingly lovely. In this gallery are Titian's Bella Donna, Magdalene, and Marriage of St. Catharine. The first of these, which is a portrait, seems to me far the finest. The more I see of them, the more am I impressed with the conviction that there is nothing in all his grand and varied works displaying such profound and preëminent genius, such subtle, masterly, miraculous power, as the portraits of Titian.

In this palace we saw Canova's Venus, which I liked no better than I expected. There is about the head, attitude, and

figure, an affected, fine-ladyish air, dainty, and conscious, and passionless, which is worse than the absolute voluptuousness which would be in character at least with the earthly Venus. I am more and more convinced that there is in sculpture but one divine mother of pure Love — the grand and majestic Venus of Milo.

To-day we have driven out to Fiesole, and seen the massive walls of the ancient Etruscan city. These ramparts, which are called "Cyclopean constructions," are said to be at least three thousand years old, and yet look as though they might endure to the end of time. From a hill above the town, we had a large and lovely view of the beautiful valley of the Arno, and looked down upon Florence, lapped in its midst, small, compact, yet beautiful and stately. I never beheld a more enchanting picture than the broad and bright one there spread before me: the blue mountains, the gleaming river, the green and smiling valley; hills covered with olives and myrtles; roads winding between hedges of roses to innumerable villas, nestled in flowery nooks, or crowning breezy heights. O, this was no enchantment of fairyland, no dream of poetry; it was, in very truth, a paradise on earth.

On our return, we visited the house of Michael Angelo, which is reverently kept by his descendants, as nearly as possible, in the same state in which he left it. It is a handsome, quaint old house, quiet, shadowy, and somewhat sombre, still pervaded with the awe-inspiring atmosphere of the colossal genius of that Titanic artist.

As I stood in his studio, or in the little cabinet where he used to write, and saw before me the many objects once familiar to his eye and hand, I felt that it was but yesterday that he was borne forth from his beloved home, and that it was the first funereal stillness and sadness which pervaded it now.

We afterwards drove to "Dante's stone," a slab of marble by the side of the way, on which he used to sit in the long

summer evenings, rapt in mournful meditations, and dreaming his immortal dreams. It is now as sacred to his memory as the stone above his grave.

For the two past afternoons we have driven in the Cascini — by far the most delightful drive and place of reunion I have ever seen. It is much smaller, and of course less magnificent, than Hyde Park, but pleasanter, I think, in having portions more sheltered, wild, and quiet for riders and promenaders. In the centre of the grounds, opposite the Grand Duke's farm house, is an open space where the band is stationed, and the carriages come together to exchange compliments and to hear the music. Here are always to be seen many splended turn-outs, open carriages filled with elegantly-dressed ladies — gallant officers and gay dames on horseback — flower girls, bearing about the most delicious lilies and roses, pinks and lilacs, mignonette and heliotrope, freighting the golden evening air with their intoxicating fragrance, and amazing you with their paradisean profusion — altogether a cheering and charming scene, colored and animated by the very soul of innocent pleasure.

This afternoon we met Charles Lever, riding with his wife and two daughters. They are all fine riders, were well mounted, and looked a very happy family party. Mr. Lever is much such a man as you would look to see in the author of Charles O'Malley — hale and hearty, careless, merry, and a little dashing in his air.

This evening I have spent with the Brownings, to whom I brought letters. They live in that Casa Guidi which Mrs. Browning has already immortalized by the grandest poem ever penned by woman. And now, how can I fittingly speak of the two noble poet-souls, whose union is a poem, profounder and diviner than words can compass, and of their home, doubly sanctified by genius and love? Admitted for a few happy hours into this heaven of high thought and pure affections, I

am sorely tempted to leave the door ajar, and so let out upon others some of the light and music. Robert and Elizabeth Browning are, as the truly great and good ever are, simple, earnest, frank, and kindly in word and manner. An hour's conversation with them gives you the feeling of years of pleasant acquaintance. With all my reverence for their genius, a reverence in which I yield to none, I was speedily at home and at rest with them. I felt that they did not regard me coldly from the heights of that genius, but met me cordially on the level of the heart; and I was content. Nothing can be more touching and heavenly beautiful than the serene presence of quiet happiness which pervades this household. The very soul of contentment glows in the fine face of Browning, and rests on the calm brow of his wife, and smiles up from the profound depths of her eyes. But I should pause here; I feel guilty of a sort of sacrilege in having said so much. Mr. and Mrs. Browning have taken up their residence in Florence, a place in every way congenial to them. I know that thousands of her unknown friends across the great water will rejoice to hear that the health of Mrs. Browning improves with every year spent in Italy. Yet she is still very delicate — but a frail flower, ceaselessly requiring all the sheltering and fostering care, all the wealth and watchfulness of love, which is round about her.

I have visited the studio of Powers, and been much interested by some of his late works and by those on which he is at present engaged. The finest seems to me his statue of America — a figure of much beauty, force, and grandeur, which, with its companion, California, I hope yet to see adorning the Capitol at Washington. Mr. Powers has also several ideal busts, which are new to me — all exceedingly beautiful. Of these, a Psyche will, I think, shine apart and fairest in my memory, as most poetically conceived and exquisitely wrought. The statue of Washington, for the State

of Louisiana, is a work of much beauty and dignity. The *pater patriæ* is represented in his citizen's dress, standing in an attitude of calmest thought, leaning lightly on the emblem of Union, and holding in his left hand the Farewell Address. It is a statue remarkable for quiet strength and a noble simplicity — a just and honest rendering of the character of our Washington.

I count it as among the happiest incidents of my year of foreign travel to have met and known Mr. Powers. It has given me peculiar pleasure to find him retaining all the freshness and naturalness, all the chivalrous, liberty-loving spirit, of a true son of the free, broad west.

May 15.

Yesterday I saw, for the first time, the grand, antique group of Niobe and her children. Of these wonderful figures, by far the most noble and pathetic are those of the mother and the young daughter she is seeking to shield. O, the proud anguish, the wild, hopeless, maternal agony, of that face haunts me, and will haunt me forever.

I afterwards saw the Mercury of John of Bologna — a marvel of beauty, grace, and lightness. We visited the treasure room of the Pitti palace, and saw all the Grand Duke's plate, among which are several magnificent articles by Benvenuto Cellini. In the evening we drove in the Cascini, and to the Hill of Bellosguardo, from whence we had an enchanting view of Florence and the Val d'Arno — and so the day ended. To-day we have made the tour of the churches. In the solemn old cathedral, whose wonderful dome was the admiration and study of Michael Angelo, there were extraordinary religious ceremonies, on the occasion of some great festa. Some archbishop or other officiated in very gorgeous robes, of course — in capital condition, and looking indolent, proud, and stupid, as another matter of course. The court came in great state and pomp, with much trumpeting and

beating of the drum. The Grand Duke was accompanied by the Grand Duchess and his household, by the Guardia Nobile, and by numerous ladies and gentlemen of high rank, all in full dress. Those ball costumes of the courtly dames — gay silks and lace, diamonds, flowers, and plumes — looked strange enough after the uniform and decent sombreness of the dress prescribed for the "functions" at St. Peter's.

The Grand Duke is a man of ordinary size, and appears not far from seventy years of age, though it is said he is hardly sixty. His hair and mustaches are nearly white, and he wears the white coat of the Austrian uniform, and so looks more miller-like than majestic. There was a sort of sullen sadness in his air, which I confess I was rather gratified to remark — remembering all the treachery of the past, and beholding all the degradation of the present. The Grand Duchess is a dignified-looking woman enough, but the ladies in attendance on her to-day dazzled alone with their diamonds.

After hearing some fine music, we went to the Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where are the tombs of its most illustrious dead. Of these the noblest is that of Michael Angelo, and the poorest, yet more pretentious, that of Dante. Canova has here a monument to Alfieri, which is affected and sentimental, like nearly all his works; and the tombs of Galileo and Machiavelli are any thing but pleasing and imposing. Infinitely better were the most simple slabs than such pompous piles.

At the San Lorenzo we saw that marvellous mausoleum, the Medicean Chapel — the richest yet plainest structure of the kind in the world. There is here a peculiar assumption and ostentation of simplicity — your eye, accustomed to the crowded ornament and vivid gorgeousness of ordinary princely chapels, is shocked and cheated at the first glance by the sombre magnificence, the sumptuous bareness, of this singular structure; but right soon is disappointment changed to admi-

ration and amazement, as you see that all those lofty walls, from floor to roof, are composed of the most rare and beautiful marbles and precious stones, wrought into exquisite mosaics. Then you see the stupendous yet beautiful cenotaphs, and the solemn, dark statues of the Medici, and, at length, fully realize all their royal waste of wealth over this mausoleum, all their princely pomp of death.

In the Sagrestia Nuova, built by Michael Angelo, are the statues of Lorenzo and Julian de Medici, with their attendant groups, the Morn and Night, Evening and Day, and the Virgin and Child — surely the noblest works of that mighty artist. I instinctively bowed in awe before the gloomy grandeur of Lorenzo; and there was something in his still frown which shook my soul more than the warlike air and almost startling action of Julian. The unfinished group of the Virgin and Child has much tenderness and sweetness with all its force and grandeur; but, as a general thing, I must think that Michael Angelo's female figures are far more remarkable for gigantic proportions and muscular development than for grace, beauty, or any fine spiritual character. This Virgin is majestic almost to sublimity, yet truly gentle, lovable, divinely maternal.

In what was the refectory of an old monastery, but which was afterwards used as a carriage house, has been found, within a few years past, a noble fresco by Raphael — a Last Supper. This we went to see, and I felt it to be one of the purest and most touching creations of that angelic painter. In this picture, the "beloved disciple" seems to have fallen asleep on the breast of the Master, and to have bowed his head lower and lower, till it lies upon the table, while the hand of Jesus is laid caressingly on his shoulder. There is something so exquisitely sweet and sad, so divinely pitiful, yet humanely tender, in the action, that the very memory of it blinds my eyes with tears.

After dinner we drove in the Cascini, where we met all the

world. As it was an exceedingly beautiful sunset, and the evening of a festa, the band continued to play, and the brilliant crowd remained long. I revelled in the delicious air and the cheerful scene as fully as was possible, with the intrusive consciousness that I was breathing the one, and beholding the other, for the last time — probably for ever — certainly for many years. Mrs. H—— and I here took leave of a brace of charming young nobles, in whom, I fear, we had become too deeply interested. These were two beautiful Russian boys, brothers, of the ages of nine and seven, with whom we voyaged on the Mediterranean, and formed an acquaintance which has been continued in Florence. In all my life I never saw such enchanting little fellows — simple, natural, frank, and free, yet perfect gentlemen in air and expression, displaying, with the utmost ease, grace and polish of manner, tact, wit, and *savoir faire* truly astonishing. They always came to our carriage at the Cascini, and, lounging on the steps, chatted to us in French between the pieces of music. To-night, as the youngest was describing to me, very graphically, the different countries through which he had travelled and the cities which he had visited, I advised him to go next to England, and assured him that he would be greatly interested and amused by the sights and pleasures of London. With the slightest possible shrug, he replied, "*Oui, madame, c'est une grande ville, sans doute ; mais pour tous les amusements il n' y a qu'une ville dans le monde — c'est Paris.*"

The very last look I had of these infant *elegants*, we were driving by them on leaving the grounds, and, as we passed, one of them kissed a rosebud and flung it to me, with a laughing "*Addio.*" Of course, I pressed it to my heart, and treasured it up. *Addio*, O beautiful boys! Will ye suffer a world change into something hard and strange? — I wonder. Will your charming faces grow cold and harsh? will your soft, brown curls stiffen and blacken? will you clang in swords

and jingle in spurs? will you swear rough oaths, and trail long mustaches, and smoke villanous pipes in northern camps? or will you flutter about courts, and set your affections on ballet dancers, and play at *rouge et noir*, and grow heartless and *blasé*? I hope not, with all my soul; and yet that speech about Paris was that of a precocious pleasure lover. Well, Heaven bless the lads! I shall never see them again, and more's the pity.

Bologna, May 17.

We left Florence yesterday morning, amid some clouds and a heavy atmosphere; but soon drove into sunshine and sweet airs, which were waiting us on the pleasant hills.

As I looked back upon Florence for the last time, when I could distinguish only the battlemented Palazzo Vecchio, with its fine old tower, and that incomparable group, the Duomo, the Campanile, and the Baptistery, and a slender, shining line, which I knew for the Arno, I suddenly felt my sight struggling through tears — real hearty tears. Ah, Bella Firenze, I went from you reluctantly, almost rebelliously. I grieved to leave those glorious galleries, through which I seemed to have merely run; I grieved to leave the Cascini, with its delicious drives and walks, its music and gayety; but I "sorrowed most of all" at parting, so soon, with my friends the Brownings. *My friends*, how rich I feel in being able to write these words!

I think I must venture to say a little more of them, as, after writing of my first evening at Casa Guidi, I was so happy as to enjoy much of their society. Robert Browning is a brilliant talker, and more — a pleasant, suggestive conversationist, and a sympathetic listener. He has a fine humor, a keen sense of the ridiculous, which he indulges, at times, with the hearty abandon of a boy. In the gentle stream of Elizabeth Browning's familiar talk shine deep and soft the high thoughts and star-bright imaginations of her rare poetic nature. The

two have oneness of spirit, with distinct individuality; they are mated, not merged together.

In the atmosphere of so much learning and genius, you naturally expect to perceive some mustiness of old folios, some uncomfortable brooding of solemn thought; to feel about you somewhat of the stretch and struggle of grand aspiration and noble effort, or the exhausted stillness of a brief suspension of the "toil divine." But in this household all is simple, cheerful, and reposeful; here is neither lore nor logic to appall one; here is not enough din of mental machinery to drown the faintest heart throb; here one breathes freely, acts naturally, and speaks honestly.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning give me some hope that they may yet visit America, in whose republican institutions they have a deep and sympathetic interest. Their child, a boy of four years, is a beautiful little fellow — healthful and childlike, but of a delicate and fine poetical organization. He already shows remarkable talent for drawing and poetry, But I must leave them all; and now, indeed, good by to Florence.

Our journey through smiling Tuscany, and over the mountains, treated us to much charming scenery, and was peculiarly pleasant, for the fine cultivation of the country along the route, the apparent industry and comfortable condition of the inhabitants. Last night we spent at some inconsiderable town whose name I have forgotten, and this afternoon we reached Bologna. This is a quaint, picturesque old city, peculiar for having all its principal streets built with uninterrupted lines of arcades — agreeably suggestive of shade in hot, and shelter in rainy weather; and for its two tall leaning towers, and for a colonnade, three miles long, leading to a stately church, on a little hill, outside the walls.

There is a fine picture gallery here, particularly rich in Guidos and Domenichinos, to which we have paid a brief, tantalizing visit. Here is the famous St. Cecilia of Raphael,

a lovely picture, breathing more of the holy ecstasy of music than any thing I have ever beheld. But the grandest picture in this collection, and, I am sure, one of the grandest in the world, is the Madonna della Pieta of Guido. It represents the mother of Christ, with two angels, mourning over the body of the Savior.

The angels are, indeed, heavenly beautiful. The dead Christ is painted with great feeling and power, and the group of saints below is an assemblage of noble heads. But all fade before the majestic figure of the Madonna and the lonely sublimity of her sorrow.

In looking on this, and remembering the Niobe, I felt the vast distance between the heathen and the Christian grief. Here was no half-despairing, half-defiant throwing up of a wild face to the ireful heavens, but the slow and solemn uplift of a head but just bowed by the mightiest human sorrow, and now about to receive the crown of a divine resignation.

FERRARA, MAY 18.

We reached this desolate city early this afternoon, and have seen all the principal sights. We first visited the Cathedral, which has a quaint and venerable outside, and contains some tolerable pictures and figures in bronze. From thence we went to the damp and gloomy Church of San Francisco, where we found one delicious picture by Benvenuto, and where we were shown the tomb of Parisina; and then we went to the grim old castle, the scene of the dark crime and fearful tragedy with which her name is forever connected. A gloomy, ghostly, wicked-looking castle it is, in which glaring, modern frescoes strive in vain to lay the murderous old memories, and new windows and hangings to banish the death damp and darkness, and the smell of decay and blood. It is occupied as a palace by the Pope's legate, and there are soldiers scattered here and there through its dreary courts and vast cham-

bers; but it has every where an abandoned, a haunted, an accursed air. The still and slimy water in the great moat seems to have died and gone to corruption years ago; and its noisome exhalations come stealing into the dungeons, far back under the castle, and poison the already deadly atmosphere. An awful place is the dungeon of Ugo — low, damp, stifling, and lit only by a small aperture, separated from the outer light by five massive gratings. The cell of Parisina is not quite so dreadful; but dismal enough, Heaven knows. We saw also the prison of Tasso, where, according to the inscription, he was confined more than seven years. The cell is fearfully dark and dreary, and you shudder with horror at the thought that he whose divine genius had the range of the universe should here have been caged like a wild beast, till that great heart moped in melancholy madness, and that grand spirit rent itself in fierce frenzy.

From this prison we went to the house in which Ariosto lived in his last years and where he died. The pleasant room in which he used to write remains nearly as he left it, and the whole house has an antique and venerable appearance.

There is a public gallery of paintings in one of the palaces, where there are several fine pictures, but the light this afternoon was not favorable for seeing them well. While at this gallery, we heard the funeral chant in the street, and, looking out, saw the fraternity for burying the dead bearing past a body on a bier. It was that of a man, young and handsome, who must have died suddenly, for the face was unwasted, and the color of life was not quite stricken from the cheeks and lips. As he lay there, wrapped in a gray robe, and with his sandalled feet exposed, he had such a look of life, that when the wind lifted his dark hair, and blew it over his face, I half expected to see him raise his hand and toss it back from his eyes.

Ferrara is a silent, melancholy-looking place, which I fancy I shall turn my back upon with a feeling of relief, and never care to return to.

Padua, May 19.

Learned, sombre old Padua we reached to-night, after a rather fatiguing and dusty day, showery towards the close, and rounded at the last by a splendid sunset.

Our route for the last two days has lain through a country somewhat monotonous, but with the beautiful monotony of the richest cultivation, the utmost flowery and leafy luxuriance. Much of the way has run through long, long avenues of poplar, past vast level tracks of meadow land, planted with olives, and willows, and oaks, festooned, garlanded, and linked together with vines — past broad fields of grain, with rivers of scarlet poppies flowing through them, and sometimes a little blue lake of flowering flax imbosomed in their midst — while every where the roses and acacias are blooming in prodigious profusion. Now and then we come upon a pond white with water lilies, over which the birds seem to hover on slow, unsteady wings, as though drunk with the thick ascending perfume.

It is the height of the season for bird music. When, in the morning, I see the lark winnowing the air with his wild pinions, and seeming to mount upward on the swell of his own song, I hear the jubilant voice of Nature in his strains, and my heart beats quicker with every note. He has the day to himself; but the nightingale, hidden in shade, can afford to bide her time. With the coming of evening, she sets all the young leaves about her a-tremble with her passionate plaint, and burdens the dewy air with her sweet, vague, and melodious trouble. Her song touches the most exquisite human susceptibilities, and the soul responds to it with sighs of rapturous pain.

This is the poetry of the journey thus far; now for the prose, which came, unhappily for me, in the form of an un-

looked-for and disagreeable adventure. I have fallen "into the hands of the Philistines" — and this is how it happened. On crossing the Po into the Austrian dominions, our baggage was at once subjected to a most rigorous examination. I stood by while my trunk was being rummaged, quite unconcerned, knowing that I had no articles subject to duty, and no papers that might not be looked into. I was even amused at the thorough and severe manner in which the officer performed his duty. He inspected my bonnet as though he were a man milliner, on the lookout for the last mode; he pounced upon a workbox as though it were a mare's nest, tossing about the balls of cotton as though they were the eggs; he smelt treason in a little packet of perfumery, and sought for political secrets in a bag of stockings. But when he came to my papers, — letters of introduction and home letters, — what a work the man went through with! He read all the French and Italian, even to the grammatical exercises, and glanced, with a baffled suspiciousness, over the English. He unfolded one long letter, spelled out a word or two at random, from right to left, as though it were Chinese, and regarded it severely, upside down. At last, right among the papers, he came upon something, the only thing that has wrought the mischief — a little poniard, which I have used for some years past, as a paper cutter and folder, which I brought abroad by mistake, but which has lain for the last twelve months in the tray of my trunk, and which has been seen and passed by divers custom-house officers. But the look of exultation and severity on the face of this man I shall never forget. The absurdity of the thing struck me at first, and I laughed, which I suppose did not mend the matter. However, saying only that it was not permitted to travellers to carry arms, he took the knife, and I supposed that was the end of it. But no! I was presently summoned to his office, when he questioned me politely, but very closely, respecting the weapon. Of course, I told him the simple truth

of its history and use, which, I am sorry to say, he did not appear to credit. He evidently believed that I was going to Venice for no other purpose than to bear this blunt, broken-handled paper cutter to some insurgent leader, who only waited for it to head a rising. It was in vain that I reminded him that it had lain exposed in my trunk, one of the first things to be seen, and that, had I cherished any unlawful purpose, I should have concealed it, or carried it on my person: he was quite set in the idea that I was some dangerous personage. Yet a more suave and agreeable official I have seldom met, certainly never one who showed such a flattering interest in me and my affairs. His extreme benevolence stretched backward into the past, and forward a considerable distance into the future. He questioned me about my travels and my plans — and though his interrogations were cleverly varied and repeated, I, of course, found always the simple, truthful answer best and readiest. He spoke in Italian, I in French, which aroused his suspicion. He remarked that I had the face of an Italian, not of an American, and, adding that he was but an indifferent French scholar, requested that I would favor him by speaking in the Italian. I replied that, though I could understand him, I spoke his language even more indifferently than French, and so begged to be excused. He insisted, however, till, in sheer vexation, I broke into the Italian; and I think I convinced him there. At last, concluding that this was an affair for a higher tribunal, he sent the poniard and my passport on to the chief of the police at Rovigo by a *gendarme* who accompanied us.

Arrived at Rovigo, he went at once to the bureau of police. In the antechamber I passed an interesting young man, with a dark, melancholy face, standing between two *gendarmes*, with his arms pinioned — a sight little calculated to raise my spirits; but no further examination took place. My passport was given me, with the intimation that the poniard would be

sent to the chief bureau of police at Venice, where I might call for it — which I suppose is a polite invitation to me to "go up higher." So I shall probably be handed on, from bureau to bureau, till I reach Milan, where I expect to be shot.

Mem. — When next I come abroad, to leave all poniards at home.

May 20.

I found that I had been more annoyed by the *contre temps* of yesterday than I had confessed even to myself — for, as has been the case under any unusual excitement ever since I came to Italy, I failed to get one wink of sleep last night, and this morning I am in a curious state of bewilderment as to whether it is yesterday or tomorrow. Padua is a famous place for striking clocks, and last night I heard them to remarkable advantage. They are curious for their utter want of unanimity — not sounding together, but politely waiting upon one another, and striking at respectful distances. There was one broken-spirited old clock that hung back some ten minutes, and then "took up her *doleful* tale" — suggesting rather than proclaiming the hour in the most timid and deprecating tone imaginable. And there was one regular Ajax of a time-piece, which struck sharp, quick, resounding blows, as though knocking down the hours.

We first visited the Chapel of Santa Maria dell' Annunziata, full of frescoes by Giotto, an old, old painter. Though in a very quaint style, and much injured by time, these works are exceedingly fine, containing some figures of marvellous strength and beauty, and divine purity of expression. Then we saw the Cathedral, which is rich in rare bronzes, and outwardly of a curious, mosque-like character; then a queer, vast old palace, Il Palazzo della Ragione; and then that most renowned University, and the statue, on the top of the principal staircase, of the celebrated Elena Lucrezia Carnaro Pis-

copia, who received a professor's degree from the University — was an astronomer, a mathematician, a Greek, Hebrew, Latin, Arabic, Spanish, and French scholar — a musician, a poetess, and, if this statue is true, a very beautiful woman. She died unmarried, in 1684, at forty-eight years of age. There is a fine public square here, surrounded by statues of the great men of Padua and its University — but to the general traveller it is a place of little beauty or interest.

CHAPTER XVII.

Arrival at Venice. — The grand Canal. — The Square of St. Mark, the Church. — Palace of the Doges. — The Dungeons. — Bridge of Sighs. — Academy of Fine Arts. — Titian's great Works. — The Churches of Venice. — Evening in the Piazza. — The Manfrini Palace. — Byron's Palace. — Venice by Moonlight. — The Rialto. — The Arsenal. — The Armenian Convent. — The Gondola. — Festa of Corpus Domine. — Hospital of San Servolo. — The Civil Hospital and Madhouse. — Sequel of the Adventure of Santa Maria Maddalena. — Verona. — House of Juliet. — Milan. — Cathedral. — Chapel of San Carlo. — The Brera. — The Biblioteca Ambrosiana. — Lock of Lucrezia Borgia's Hair. — Theatre. — Condition of Milan. — Air of the People. — Austrian and Hungarian Troops. — Public Drives and Promenades.

Venice, May 22.

We came from Padua, by railway, on the afternoon of the 20th. Venice, approached by this route, reminds one of marvellous stories of mirage — as it seems like a city afloat. There is something peculiarly sad and lonely in the sight, for all its beauty — something dream-like and mysterious. Arrived at the station, and having passed the Custom House, it was curious to hear the cry of "*Gondola, signor?*" "*Barca, signor?*" instead of "Cab, sir?" "Omnibus, sir?"

But to find yourself in one of those dark, strange-looking boats, and then to go floating down the grand canal, past magnificent old palaces, the like of which you never any where beheld before; to be every moment meeting and passing those graceful gondolas, stealing silently along, all in black, as though in mourning for the dead glory of Venice; to float

under the Rialto, and to go down yet farther into the broad expanse of water near the palace of St. Mark's, — all this is a rare realization of one's lifelong dreams, yet seeming more wild and unreal and marvellously beautiful than any dream. Our hotel is an old palace, not far from St. Mark's, and having a broad and delightful lookout over the lagunes. On our first evening, we walked round to the Piazza San Marco — of all I have ever seen, the one supreme in architectural beauty and magnificence.

The noble Square itself, encompassed with old palaces; an arcade surrounding it on three sides, full of gay shops and *cafés;* the tall Campanile, the clock tower; the Church of San Marco; the palace of the Doges; the two columns near the sea, one bearing the winged lion, the other the armed saint and the crocodile, — all form a picture, grand, majestic, peculiar, and surpassingly beautiful. There was moonlight and music; there were gay throngs of people filling all the Square; and yet it seemed as lone and melancholy as the darkened and deserted old palaces on the grand canal.

There were dark memories lurking about that palace of the Doges, which no moonlight could banish; and solemn whispers of dread secrets seemed stealing through its rich, open galleries, which no gay music could silence.

The style of these buildings is more fanciful and orientally luxuriant than I had expected to find it. About the palace there are such fairy-like galleries, in the cathedral such strange, fantastic, almost grotesque mingling and massing of varied forms, — domes, and points, and minarets, and arches, and statues, and carvings, and mosaics, and all so light, so graceful, so upspringing, — that it seems like a very frolic of architecture; and yet the whole effect is by no means wanting in a splendid stateliness approaching to grandeur.

Yesterday we visited the palace of the Doges, and went all through it. In one gorgeous, great chamber, with its walls

and ceiling covered with rich pictures by Tintoretto and Paul Veronese, there were all around, beneath the cornice, portraits of all the doges except that of Marino Falerio, whose place is filled by a black veil and an epitaph. We afterwards saw the staircase down which he passed to execution, and the hall of the Council of Ten, where he was condemned, with the lion's mouth, into which deadly accusations were secretly dropped. We saw many pictures illustrating scenes of battle and triumph in the glorious and prosperous times of the Venetian republic. These are immense in size, ambitious, and rather confused in character.

Then we went down the golden staircase — then to an office below the palace, where we took torches and descended into the dungeons. Dark, dismal, miserable beyond all my conceptions, I found them. They are small and low, and it is evident were only lit by the light which could penetrate to them through a small aperture in the wall from a lamp hung in the corridor.

They never could have been visited by a gleam of sunshine, or a breath of fresh, upper air. In one of these the young Foscari, driven home, at all hazards, by the wild yearnings of a heart broken by exile, spent his last agonized hours.

In several of these cells the prisoners had scratched names and inscriptions with the points of nails — the fearful record of long despairing years.

We also saw the spot where the condemned were strangled in the dead of night; and the low, black door down which the bodies were borne into a boat, which carried them away to an accursed spot in the sea, where it was death for the fisherman to cast a net. Then we went up the stairs, and turned off into a narrow gallery, and suddenly stood upon the Bridge of Sighs. I believe that no one can ever stand here without an involuntary shudder, a creeping horror; without a fearful, oppressed breathing; without sighing from the bottom of the

heart. It is very short, this bridge — over a narrow canal, a brief transit from the prison to the judgment chamber. It was with a blessed feeling of relief that I found myself out of these haunted old places, and on the shining water, feeling my shuddering pulses rocked into peace by the dreamy, luxurious gliding of the gondola — forgetting the prison gloom and closeness in the soft sunlight, the broad, beautiful views, and the delicious air about me.

We went to the Academy of Fine Arts, where I saw many admirable pictures by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Bassano, and others. But all seem to have faded from my memory, as though shrivelled up, before the transcendent glories of Titian's great masterpieces — the Presentation at the Temple, and the Assumption of the Virgin. The first fills me with amazement approaching to awe, yet with a delight intense and exquisite. Of this picture, and that of the Assumption, I dare not attempt the slightest description. They are large and full, but not crowded with figures; marvellously displaying the power, the beauty, the depth, and the universality of Titian's genius. Among the large assemblage of heads in the Presentation, there is not one wanting in force and nobility. Titian sometimes painted hard faces, wicked faces, but never a *mean* one. All his heads have a certain grandeur, even though it be of evil. He did not debase his pencil by drawing loathsome and revolting forms, to represent the spirit of darkness. In this picture there is an old egg woman, the very queen of hags, — a powerful figure, a stern, storm-beaten, passion-harrowed face, — one who makes you shudder, and yet inspires you with respect. In wondrous contrast with this hard, dark figure, is that of the young virgin — the sweetest, purest, dearest, most delicious little creature ever beheld. She is a simple, innocent child, wearing a frock of delicate blue, and with her golden hair braided on her shoulders. She holds up her frock with one hand, while mounting the steps, and

stretches the other before her towards the high priests, who are waiting to receive her. Simply a child, yet she radiates divinity from every line of her tender face, from every curve of her figure, from every fold of her celestial robe. The light nimbus that trembles about her, from head to foot, seems so your own spiritual recognition of her purity, you are half in doubt whether it is really in the painting or not. The whole face and attitude of the mother, at the foot of the steps, express a more than maternal dignity and joy, a sublime prescience of her child's election to the divine maternity and the worship of the world.

In the Assumption you contemplate the highest rapture and the profoundest devotion of the saint; in it the gates of heaven seem unclosed, and you look into the far radiant depths of angelic life and joy. The very glory of God seems descended upon it; and, gazing on it long, you feel yourself drawn upward by the celestial attraction.

I cannot attempt to look deeply into one of Titian's works without being baffled, abashed, waved back by a feeling of almost superstitious awe. I cannot get rid of the strange impression that he painted, somehow, with the very elements of creation; that he got at secrets of nature utterly unknown to any other artist. I believe he was the Shakspeare of painters. We also saw two of his most famous pictures in the Church of St. Maria delle Salute — St. Mark, with four other Saints, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. I shall never forget the face of the young St. Sebastian, in the first of these — so heart-breakingly full of the martyr's agony and the saint's resignation.

The churches of Venice are among the finest in the world, as is well known. I have rare pleasure in visiting them, for they are beautifully clean, and, though outwardly somewhat overloaded with sculptures and ornaments, inwardly chaste and elegant. The interior of St. Mark's is rich in precious mar-

bles, and completely lined with old mosaics. It is a curious, gorgeous, quaint, and peculiar place — a strange but admirable blending together of varied styles, with the Byzantine and the *bizarre* predominating — a meeting ground of many artistic epochs — altogether, a unique assemblage of architectural incongruities, Christian and classic, Greek, Arabic, and national, yet the whole producing a wonderful effect of fitness and harmony. In a chapel, closed, except at certain hours, are kept the treasures of St. Mark — a collection formerly exceedingly rare and rich, and now containing many articles very valuable for their antiquity and beautiful workmanship — and religious relics, precious beyond price to the true believer. Among these last is a scrap of the robe of Jesus, some of the earth once wet with his blood, and a fragment of the true cross. In the vestibule, before the great door, you see in the pavement some pieces of red marble, marking the spot where Pope Alexander III. placed his foot on the neck of Emperor Frederic Barbarossa.

This evening we ascended the Campanile, and had, from the summit, a grand view of Venice, the islands, the far-away country, and the sea. This wondrous sea-born city has a magnificent but somewhat too compact and crowded an appearance, looked down upon from this point. You see so few open spaces, and only brief gleams of the canals.

We saw the sun set in incomparable splendor, gilding the snowy Alps till their icy points seemed all aflame. We saw the moon rise over the lagunes. It was immensely large, and at first seemed like a great globe of fire, reddening all the clouds around; then it changed to a deep golden hue, and seemed like the gorgeous *bucintore* of an ancient doge, coming home from wedding the Adriatic or from some glorious conquest.

After descending, we lingered in the piazza till the old Moors, poor slaves of time, struck the hour of nine on the

great bell of the clock tower; then I walked hotelward, for I was not well, and the air here is rather damp and chilly — otherwise I should have chosen to remain till midnight in that enchanted square. Here you see most varieties of national costumes and characters: hosts of voluble French, heavy-bearded Americans, and clean-shaven English — white-coated Austrian officers, solemn Turks, and stately Greeks — and almost every step you encounter fine types of Venetian beauty — proud and sumptuous, yet somewhat too indolent and cold. Among the handsomest of the women are some of the flower girls and water carriers, each class wearing a striking and picturesque costume.

MAY 23.

To-day we have visited the Manfrini palace, whose gallery of pictures is so much praised by Byron. It is certainly very fine, though not quite what I expected. For the first time, I was disappointed in a work of Titian's. The Descent from the Cross, though very powerful, falls far behind, it seems to me, in beauty of coloring and grandeur of character, his great pictures at the Academy. But his portrait of Ariosto is something marvellous in both strength and beauty, in breadth, and depth, and individuality of character. The very soul of the poet strikes upon you from the canvas, and you feel mastered by his genius, not that of the painter.

There is also in this collection Titian's celebrated portrait of Queen Cornaro — a handsome woman, gorgeously dressed, but, on the whole, not pleasant to contemplate. From this gallery we went to that one of the three palaces of the family Macenigo which Byron inhabited for the greater part of his stay in Venice. His apartments are preserved very much as he left them, except that the bed has been removed from his chamber. The table at which he wrote, and the chair in which he sat at it, stand where they stood in his day. This palace is not very handsome, but it is charmingly situated near the

Palazzo Foscari, and with noble palaces on every side. We visited several of these afterwards, but saw nothing particularly worth recording. They are mostly vast, grim old edifices, with a dilapidated, haunted air, and seem as much abandoned to silence and forgetfulness as though the canals that circle them were the sluggish waters of Lethe.

We went to the Square of St. Mark to see the pigeons fed at two o'clock. By some ancient custom they are fed here daily at this hour. When we arrived, though it wanted but about a minute of two, there were but three or four hovering about the piazza; but the moment the clock sounded, they came darting from every direction over the neighboring roofs, from church and tower, and campanile and palace, with such a rush, and flutter, and darkening of wings as was quite startling. There is another little daily exhibition in this square, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, who sits on a balcony of the clock tower. Just at twelve o'clock a door opens at her right, and then enter certain queer figures denominated magi, who solemnly bow before her, and then pass out at another door on the left.

All this evening we have spent in the gondola on the lagunes and canals, with full moonlight and delicious music. Taking my favorite, unsocial seat on the prow, I watched the moon rise from the Adriatic. There were a few envious clouds just above the horizon; but it was glorious to see how grandly she came up, triumphantly treading down the darkness, till she mounted into the clear, deep sky, where the stars signalled her coming. I had been sad and anxious during the day, as the happiest of us will be at times, and feared that the peace and loveliness of this moonlight row would only mock a troubled and shadowed spirit. But, watching that regal mistress of the night on her steady, upward course, my soul seemed to receive somewhat of her loftiness and grandeur, and, thrusting back

every encumbering cloud of its human conditions, ascended into the freer and serener region of the beautiful and ideal.

When, leaving the lagune, we went stealing up the grand canal, past innumerable old palaces and majestic churches, glorified by the moonlight, O Heaven! the wonderful, inexpressible, unearthly beauty of the scene! Words cannot picture it, imagination itself cannot compass it. There she lay, marvellous Venice, in her stately silence, now solemn and shadowy, now light and luminous — so like a creation of poetry, and magic, and moonlight, that I had a vague feeling that she must vanish with the vanishing moon and the incoming day, and disappear in the deeps from which she had been conjured.

At the Rialto, most peculiar and picturesque of bridges, I landed, and walked slowly across, companioned by viewless beings of the mind, more real than any flesh and blood — Shylock and Antonio, Bassanio, Lorenzo and Jessica, Desdemona and the Moor. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess the romantic weakness; but, as thus accompanied, I paused on the summit of the arch, in the still, radiant night, and richly realized where I stood. I trembled from head to foot with strange, inexpressible emotion, a vague, half-fearful, half-delicious sense of the supernatural.

There were several gondolas, filled with fine singers, floating slowly up and down the grand canal, and out into the lagune, giving, by their rich and admirably harmonized voices, the last perfection to the enchantments of the night.

Last of all, I took a stroll with a friend round the Square of St. Mark, deserted by all its gay throngs, but filled with moonlight, and solemn with silence and grand shadows. It is, of all places in this strange city, the one seen to most advantage under the moon. Then all that is beautiful and stately in its architecture stands out in fine relief; while the marring marks of time, and the darkening advances of decay, the total ex-

tinction of its old princely and powerful life, are confounded in the natural shadowing and repose of the hour. Seen thus, there is no melancholy look of age and abandonment about those palaces, but an air of majestic and magical splendor, ever imposing and enchanting. The winged lion and the crocodile, surmounting the columns of Oriental granite in the Piazzetta, are but uncouth monsters in the day; but, aloft in the moonlight, they are shapes of mystery and awfulness, and you feel that they mark and rule the scene more than aught else.

I retired to rest at midnight, thanking God for the beauty on which I had gazed, and feeling stronger and calmer in soul for its beneficent ministrations.

May 25.

Yesterday morning we rowed out to the Arsenal, which is finely situated, and contains many objects of interest and curious antiquities, though in the last respect it fell below my expectations; not being comparable, for instance, with the Tower of London. The entrance is quite imposing, being guarded by four lions of the marble of Mount Hymettus, brought from Athens in the seventeenth century. The finest of these bears a Runic inscription on his neck, and is supposed to have formed part of a monument of the battle of Marathon. In the armory we saw every variety of ancient armor and weapons, generally of a most ponderous and ferocious character. There were also many trophies of battle and conquest, melancholy memorials of the perished power and glory of Venice — banners fading and rotting on the wall, brought home by Henry Dandolo, the grand old doge, who, at the age of ninety-four, and when nearly blind, took Constantinople. There was the model of the *bucintore*, or state gondola of the doges, a gorgeous vessel, dazzling in crimson and gold, which must have "burned on the water," like the barge of Cleopatra; and there were, in a case by themselves, horrible instruments of torture and assassination — curious, infernal

inventions, the object and management of which I could with difficulty be made to comprehend. Among these were several which once belonged to Francesco di Carrara, the tyrant of Padua, showing the utmost refinement of diabolical cruelty; in particular, an unsuspicious little instrument by which he dealt sudden death upon the objects of his hate or distrust — an ordinary-looking key, which could be carried carelessly in the hand, but which, by touching a secret spring, shot forth poisoned needles. But the most terrible of all were the torturing helmets. These are rough, heavy iron cases, which enclosed the head and chest of the victim — the upper portion being pierced with small holes, through which the torturer thrust into the head sharp instruments of steel resembling spindles. There was no opening, except a sort of knob or tube, where the inquisitor listened for confessions. We did not visit the modern armory, and but hastily looked through the ship-building department, where there seems little in progress. It is strangely unlike a scene in a dock yard at home. The sailors go about in sullen silence. Among the workmen there is little of the noise and bustle of cheerful labor — even the fall of their hammers seems slow and spiritless.

From the Arsenal we went to the Academy, where I spent an hour or two of intense enjoyment before the masterpieces of Titian. It was with real sorrow that I turned from them at last; and my farewell look on the divine little virgin, in the Presentation, was as mournful as though cast on some beloved being. O, most real and living will she ever be to me in all the beauty of her tender years, her modest confidence, her unconscious holiness.

Again we spent the evening on the water, seeing Venice by moonlight for the last time — for to-night the moon will not rise till after eleven o'clock.

This morning, resolving to have a new experience, I took a gondola by myself, and set forth on a round of sightseeing.

My gondolier, a very kindly old man, knows Venice thoroughly, speaks French, and talks very intelligently on art and architecture — so quite does away with the necessity of a *valet de place*. I have, to-day, been able to see things at leisure, quietly, and far more comprehendingly than I should have done with a chattering, professional guide, and a party of acquaintances. I went first to the noble Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa di Frari, which contains the tomb of Titian, and a magnificent monument, erected to his memory by the Emperor Ferdinand I. Here is also a monument to Canova, after a design of his own, very beautiful and imposing. The tomb of the Doge Foscari, and a noble picture by Titian, are the objects next in interest here. At the Church of San Roch, I saw Titian's Christ dragged by the Hangman, a terrible picture; and in the Scuola his Annnunciation, a painting full of beauty, and breathing the purest and sweetest religious spirit. The walls and ceiling of several rooms in this Scuola are covered with Tintorettos. One of these represents St. Roch contemplating the Father eternal; but so face to face are the two figures, and on such apparently familiar terms, that it is really a little difficult to decide which is the saint and which the Deity. Such things are absolutely revolting to me.

At the Church of San Sebastiano I saw the St. Nicholas of Titian, and several of the noblest works of Paul Veronese, whose tomb is also here.

I went to the San Giovanni e Paolo for the sole sake of seeing Titian's St. Peter, martyr; but found, to my disappointment, that it was being copied for the Emperor of Russia, and could not be seen. The church itself is a most impressive and beautiful edifice, containing many fine pictures and majestic monuments. But it is scarcely worth while to mention any more of these "*temples vasts et magnifiques*," as my guide book calls them, and to more than mention them is

out of the question. The churches of Venice are peculiarly indescribable. From St. Mark's down to the least of those I have seen, they are imposing in design and gorgeous in decoration, crowded and overflowing with riches. Genius in every branch of art, and wealth incalculable, have been lavished upon them; fortunes have been scattered over altars and piled up in monuments, till *en masse* they stand the unrivalled wonder of the world.

In the afternoon I went out to the Island of San Lazaro to visit the Armenian convent, where Byron, when at Venice, spent much of his time in study. I was very kindly received by the brothers, one of whom showed me over all that part of the establishment which may be seen by women — the chapel, the cloisters, the two libraries, and the printing office. The cloisters are very pleasant and airy, surrounding a beautiful flower garden. In the chapel, a neat, unambitious edifice, I found a number of the brothers in prayer, and I certainly never saw finer-looking men. There was one old priest, who was blind, and whose snow-white beard flowed to his waist — a beautiful and saintly head. The young monk who escorted me was a remarkably handsome and intelligent man, and seemed a genuine enthusiast for Lord Byron — showed me the place in the large library where he studied, and his autograph, in English and Armenian, looking as fresh as though written yesterday, in the register of visitors' names. Byron's old teacher, with whose assistance he wrote an English-Armenian grammar, is still living, and likes well to talk of his illustrious pupil, whom he pronounces "a very good student, *for a lord.*"

The principal curiosities at this convent are the ancient Oriental manuscripts, and an admirably preserved and richly apparelled Egyptian mummy, some three thousand years old. The whole convent has such an air of religious, scholastic repose, of such assured and cheerful peace, that it seemed to me

a most enviable island of rest in the vexed sea of human life; and I was most sincere when I said to the monk accompanying me, "You must be very happy here!" He gave a half sigh, as he answered, "It is best for me to be here — and I am content."

On my way home, seeing the face of my gondolier kindling to the glories of the sunset, I asked if he could sing. He owned to "the soft impeachment," and asked if the signora would like to hear some of the verses of Tasso. Of course, the signora said yes; but she soon repented of her romantic rashness, for, though the spirit was willing, the voice was weak, and hoarse, and cracked, so that the performance was more lamentable than can be imagined. But after he had ceased, I had an hour's delicious though somewhat melancholy enjoyment in lying on the luxurious cushions, listening to the silvery ripple of the waves against the prow, and the sound of the vesper bells coming mellowed over the water. Nowhere is the sound of bells so sweet, and deep, and solemn as at Venice; even the clocks ring out melodiously, and the gun-fire at sunset is something truly grand. Yet Venice is a most melancholy and saddening place to me. There is something deathlike in its strange silence; and, much as I enjoy the lazy and dreamy luxury of the gondola, the necessity of always employing one gives me a sense of imprisonment and painful constraint.

There is to me no sight more mournful than one of the ancient, unoccupied palaces on the grand canal, with its closed doors and boarded windows, shutting in a thousand glorious memories — like old Belisarius standing by the way, with his blind, blank eyes, and his imperial front — doomed, deserted, desolate, yet royal still. All about you is of the past and of the dead; the city seems one vast assemblage of stately monuments and magnificent mausoleums; it has no present power or glory, or real existence. Lovely but lifeless Venice

— dead Aphrodite, saddening the waves which once smiled as they upbore her, and blushed in the morning glow of her beauty!

MAY 26.

This morning came off the grand church *fête* of *Corpus Domine*, with ceremonies at St. Mark's, and an immense procession around the Square. All the priests of all the churches of Venice were there, in brilliant festa dresses, bearing images, and crosses, and banners, and great tapers, wreathed with flowers and many other varieties of splendid symbols. There was also a fine military display, in which the Austrian and Hungarian uniforms shone resplendent. There were crowds of the people, in their gayest costumes; from the windows and balconies of all the buildings surrounding the Square floated bright-colored hangings; altogether a beautiful and striking sight, though the procession itself, after those I had seen at St. Peter's, was a slow affair. The martial music, and the guns with which it concluded, were decidedly the best part of the entertainment. On this occasion, where once waved the gorgeous gonfalons of Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea, on the bronze pedestals in front of the Basilica, were hoisted the Austrian colors. The imperial banner in the centre, with its deep border of black and yellow, drooping heavily, and winding stealthily round and round the standard in the light wind, reminded me of an enormous serpent, and so seemed quite a fitting symbol of that despotism which crushes out the life of nations in its deadly folds.

In the afternoon I again took my gondola, and went out to the Island of San Servolo to visit the hospital for the sick and insane. In the department for the former there are about one hundred patients; in that for the latter nearly two hundred, all males. This establishment is entirely under the charge of the Hospitaliars.

I was first conducted to a pleasant little *salle* looking out on

a garden, where a noble-looking old monk received me, conversed with me, and offered me refreshment. On my remarking that perhaps it was an unprecedented thing for a lady to visit their hospital alone, he assented, but added, very graciously, that he was gratified to see me so much interested in God's most unhappy children. The monk to whose charge he confided me was young, and with a countenance so beautiful and gentle that he might serve as a model for a St. John. He first conducted me through the general hospital, where I saw several of the brothers in attendance upon the sick. There was one saint-like old man, supporting on his breast a poor, paralytic boy, nursing him with all a woman's tenderness, before whom I could have knelt, entreating his blessing. Nowhere are the religious orders of Italy seen in such an admirable and lovable light as in institutions of this kind. Next I was shown into the grounds where the mad patients take exercise and recreation in the afternoon, and where they were to come in a few moments. There was but one there when we entered — a young man of eighteen or nineteen, who, with his arms folded, and his head upon his breast, was walking slowly up and down a little grove, melancholy mad. We ascended a *belvedere* built by the patients, and were talking of the various points of the view, when the poor young madman joined us. His was a handsome but an almost heart-breaking face, so prematurely sorrow-struck and despairing. Yet he smiled in answer to our greeting, and once laughed outright when the wind, which was high upon that mound, caught up the long breadth of black stuff pendent from the shoulders of the monk, and flung it over my head.

At length the hour for the promenade having sounded, the gates were thrown open, and a perfect flood of madness came pouring in. There were all varieties except those of violent frenzy — the monomaniac and the utterly distraught, the merry and the moping, the fantastic and the imbecile. There

was one, and a superb-looking fellow he was, who came proudly striding in, with a straw crown upon his head, and a grotesquely embroidered mantle wrapped about him — the Emperor of Russia. There was one who stole in fearfully, crept to a corner, and crouched down, gibbering; there was one who burst in, shouting, and leaping, and throwing somersets; there were those who came in gently, and sat down together on the benches, conversing, and enjoying the pleasant air and sunlight. The melancholy and abstracted walked away by themselves, and I observed that the wildest and merriest respected their sorrow and deep meditations. All greeted the young *padre* with the utmost apparent affection save one — a fierce, formidable sailor, with a red cap on his head, who strode up before us, and began a violent tirade against the fraternity for imprisoning him and taking possession of his estates. He pronounced the priests villains, robbers, devils, and lashed himself up to a terrific pitch of passion. It was curious to see how the other maniacs all sided with the Hospitaliars, and cried shame on their accuser. At length one of them, a fat, merry-looking old man, in black smallclothes, who looked like Lablache, as Doctor Bartolo, in the Barber of Seville, doubtless thinking that the scene was a little scandalous, giving a sly wink to the *padre*, and stealing behind the denunciator, suddenly pulled his red cap down over his eyes. I expected a scene of violence to ensue, but, to my surprise, the sailor joined in the laugh raised against him, and only revenged himself by stooping down and drawing in the sand a clever caricature of his assailant.

I afterwards visited the various departments of the establishment — the dormitories, the dining rooms, the work rooms, the laundry, the kitchen, the pharmacy, and the chapel; and every where I was impressed by a prevailing system of comfort, order, and cleanliness, and of judicious and kindly management. In the pension, the department for the better class

of patients, we met a really elegant young gentleman, who, though he looked ill, had no mark of insanity in face or manner. He addressed me very courteously in Italian; but being requested by the *padre* to speak French, exclaimed, "Pardon me — I flattered myself I was meeting a countrywoman. Ah, madam, how Italian is your face! I, who am Italian, a Venetian, make my compliments to you."

This patient, like most of the others, having shown a sort of boyish fondness for the young Hospitaliar, I remarked upon it to him, saying, that it must make his happiness here. He sighed lightly as he answered, "It smooths the ruggedness of duty; but *happiness*, in the midst of madness, we may not look for. Listen, signora!"

We were near the department for the incurables — a wild, piercing, prolonged cry broke from one of the cells, and was answered by howl after howl, and shriek after shriek, and peals of frenzied laughter down the long hall, now darkening in the twilight! A thrill of involuntary horror shivered through my veins, and it was not till I found myself rocked on the silvery lagune, under the softest and loveliest of evening skies, that my heart began to beat calmly, and those maniacal sounds ceased to ring through my brain.

May 27.

This morning, wishing to see how my poor crazed sisters fared in Venice, I have visited the great civil hospital attached to the Convent of St. John and St. Paul. Here there are nearly a thousand patients, the greater part insane. It is an immense and apparently an admirably planned and conducted establishment, principally under the care of the Cappuccini and the Sisters of Mercy.

It was with an intense and even fearful interest that I went through the department for the insane women. I had supposed that madness, with these passionate children of the south, would be something awful to behold — disclosing heights

of frenzy and depths of despair strange and appalling to my sight. But, on the contrary, as far as I am able to judge, these insane are quieter and happier than the same class with us. I saw several large work rooms filled with mad women, very busily and tranquilly employed, with only one or two of the sisters present. All were affable and cheerful in their manner, and I saw but one instance of actual violence; of course, I mean of those who are allowed to come together for work, amusement, or devotion. There are numbers so utterly crazed, so furiously mad, as to be kept in solitary confinement.

In the pension, I was presented to a French lady — a striking and handsome woman, who has been ten years insane for the death of her only son. She was dressed tastefully, in black, and bore an air of much dignity and refinement. She conversed with me for some time calmly, even cheerfully; then, suddenly giving a sigh that seemed to pull at the very roots of life, she turned away her head with a touching look of self-reproach for having forgotten her sorrow so long. There was one young girl whom it was, indeed, a piteous sight to behold. She believed herself Mary Magdalene, and, with her long brown hair falling over her shoulders, she was prostrated before a crucifix, moaning, weeping, and praying, blind and deaf to our presence. There was in one of the wards for the sick another young girl, over whose bed watched, with unusual tenderness, a mild-eyed Sister of Mercy, and whose face so struck upon my heart that I could not lose sight of it even when I left the hospital; it followed me into my gondola — it is with me in my chamber now — I can almost fancy I see it lying on my own pillow. It was a face from which you caught fearful hints at some unspeakable sorrow. In the sunken and shadowy eyes, the wild fire of insanity was half quenched in tears — the brow was knit, not sternly, but with anguish, and the lips quivered as with the writhing of some serpent-like recollection. She had been very lovely once — she was

terribly beautiful still, with her wandering eyes and her convulsed brow, her dark, abundant hair tossed back upon her pillow, and her slender hands clasped, or rather clinched, upon her breast. Yet I was not so sad for her as for the others, for I saw by the hectic flush on either cheek that Death's gentlest angel, Consumption, was kissing her soul away; that God was calling home his poor distraught and broken-hearted child.

I afterwards passed through all the wards of the general hospital, which I found orderly, airy, quiet, and comfortable to a remarkable and cheering degree. Of course, among hundreds of the mendicant sick, I saw some very painful sights; one, in especial, I shall never forget. In a large hall, filled with the beds of patients, I was pausing to look at a richly-carved plafond, when I heard, just behind me, a strange, startling sound, and, turning, saw a ghastly figure spring half up in bed, and then fall back upon the pillows. "*Il va mourir!*" cried my guide, hurrying me away. The sound I had heard was the death rattle. It may be thought strange that I should go to these hospitals alone; but I had in Venice no friends whose sightseeing tastes lay in that direction, and I believed that I ought to visit and report upon some institutions of the kind in Italy. Moreover, I must confess that madness has ever had a terrible fascination for me, and that, at times, I like to test my own strength to look down into the profoundest depths of human suffering.

On my way back to my hotel, I consoled myself by stopping at the Santa Maria Formosa, and contemplating the beautiful St. Barbara of Palma Vecchio. This church is romantically famous as the scene of the bearing off of the brides of Venice.

I passed under the Bridge of Sighs, landed in front of the Doge's palace, walked into the Piazza San Marco and around it for the last time. In an hour I set out for Milan. By the way, I suppose I should give the sequel of the affair of the poniard. Finding, on reaching Venice, that a minute had

been made of it on my passport, which would subject me to suspicion and rigorous searches during all my travel in the Austrian dominions, I applied to my friend Mr. Jerome, our consul at Trieste, for advice. It happened that he was about to visit Venice; and, though I had been summoned to appear at the Bureau, I rather coolly waited till his arrival, when, with him and the American consul at this place, I presented myself at the dread tribunal. The chief of the police, an Austrian colonel of *gendarmes*, proved to be a man of gentlemanly feeling and address, and, what is better, of good common sense. He accepted at once my explanation, expressed regret for the annoyance I had suffered from suspicious officials, promised to do all in his power to annul the minute on my passport, and assured me he had much pleasure in restoring to me my dagger. Saying this, he, with a gracious bow, presented to me, in place of my little plaything of a poniard, a large claspknife, which, with a startling spring and a deadly click, lanced a blade some six inches long! Of course, I disowned it, with a shudder and a laugh, giving as my opinion to the gallant officer, that, had I carried a weapon of so decidedly murderous a character, he would have been justified in arresting and lodging me in the Piombi.

This dirk had been sent on from Rovigo as mine; but he said the right one should be found and given to me ere I left Venice. I assured him that I did not care for the dagger. He replied that he chose to restore it, and wrote underneath the *visé* he gave me for Verona, "*Restituito lo stilo.*"

Milan, June 1.

I left Venice on the 27th of May, and came through to Milan in about twenty-four hours, by railway and diligence. The examination of our luggage at the station in Venice, we were told, would be very severe; but it proved to be a mere farce. My trunks were simply glanced into, not an article

disturbed. No sooner had I presented my passport than I was politely requested to walk into the office of the superior officer, where, with an imposing amount of form, my poniard was presented to me, enclosed in two envelopes, and sealed with four great seals. Thus ended, I trust, the last scene of the last act of the comedy of The Dagger. The steel has some value to me now as the memento of an absurd adventure, and, as the safest course, I shall wear it about me till I am out of the Austrian dominions. From Venice to Verona we went by railway. It seemed strange enough to go rushing and puffing into the scene of so much romance and poetry — the place of all the world you would have sleep forever in the melancholy quiet of its own tender and tragic memories.

But Verona, by itself, contents one well. It is a quaint, shadowy, peculiar, decayed, yet beautiful old town. It was nearly dark when we reached the inn, and, as the diligence left at nine o'clock the same evening, we had barely time, before our dinner, to take a circumscribed stroll through the centre of the city. We visited first the Piazza delle Erbe, the old Market Place, where the servitors of the rival houses of Montague and Capulet used to meet and quarrel; then the Piazza dei Signori, a small but fine square, surrounded by palaces; then the beautiful, elaborate tombs of the Scaligers, which, however, we could not see to advantage for the deepening darkness. Last of all, we went to the house of the Capulets, of which we were satisfied to take only an exterior survey. It is a grim, dilapidated old building, now used as an inn for *vetturini*. It is neither lordly in size nor style; but it is, without doubt, all it pretends to be, as the arms of the Capulets may yet be seen, carved in stone, over the large gateway. The orchard no longer remains attached to the house; and the balcony of Juliet, which overlooked it, is, I trust, among the things that were. At all events, we saw nothing of it. We saw no one object which we dared distinctly

associate with that loveliest ideal of poetry and passion save the roof that had sheltered her fair head, and the rude walls which, like a rough casket, had once shut round her rich and beautiful life; and yet the thought of her, a very moonlight of fancy, brightened and sweetened all the scene. Her love gave a beauty, her sorrow a sacredness, to that old house, which its present degenerate and commonplace aspect and vulgar use could not destroy. O, the immortalizing, divinizing element of genius, transmuting and transfiguring the commonest object round which it plays! O, the godlike mastery of the poet, compelling the hearts of the world, for age after age, to throb in sympathy with the passion and the despair of a romantic youth, and to bleed with the breaking heart of a girl!

In the Market Place and that lordly old Square, Romeo, and Mercutio, and Benvolio, and the County Paris were more living and present to my mind than the real flesh-and-blood figures moving there. I almost looked to see the Nurse come hobbling along, preceded by Peter, bearing her fan; so completely was I under the spell of the place. Yet I did not regret the want of time to visit the so called tomb of Juliet, there not being sufficient proof of the genuineness of this relic to satisfy the most romantic and wilfully credulous pilgrim.

After spending a long, wearisome, sleepless night in the diligence, we stopped for breakfast at Brescia. This is a pleasantly situated, but melancholy looking town, having a singularly decayed, discouraged, unprosperous air. It suffered terribly from being besieged, captured, and sacked by the French, under Gaston de Foix and the Chevalier Bayard, in 1512, and seems to have never lifted its head since. In the late unsuccessful struggle for freedom, it was the scene of some of Haynau's most atrocious butcheries. I had barely time after breakfast to run up on to the ramparts, from which I had a wide view over a lovely country.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon we took the railway, which brought us in a mere flash to Milan. On the way to our hotel, we passed the Cathedral, which, after all I had seen elsewhere, after all I had anticipated and imagined, filled me with wonder and delight. I have visited it often, spent many hours within and about it since, with an ever-deepening pleasure in the contemplation. So elaborately beautiful is it, so exquisite in detail, that every portion forms a separate study; yet so admirably matched and blended are the various parts that the whole effect is noble and harmonious — a temple grand without being oppressively vast, and solemn without gloominess — a truly sublime edifice. In size, and in a sort of ponderous grandeur, St. Peter's is, of course, far before it; but in elegance, in all the bold fancies and beautiful wonders of architecture, this infinitely surpasses that imposing basilica. This seems to imbody the poetry, as that the power, of the church. This, with its shining assemblage of towers and pinnacles, seems the "outward and visible sign" of human worship, pure praise upspringing in enduring stone — sculptured aspiration; while that is the piled pomp of religion, its vast dimensions bewildering the soul, and the mimic heaven above shutting it out from the real upper glories to which it aspires.

There is to me something in the Gothic style of architecture peculiarly calculated to lift and trance the heart in adoration. Thus, in this beautiful cathedral, though I am conscious of no brooding presence of sanctity, no oppressive religious solemnity, I always feel the instinct of faith, the pure, natural sentiment of reverence and devotion. In St. Peter's, my soul never responded to the call to prayer; it was a strange world, in which I seemed lost, and wandered wondering, rather than worshipping.

The Duomo of Milan is built entirely of white marble, on which time and exposure seem only to have wrought to mellow its tint and to soften the effect of its sculpture, even by

the heavy darkening of some of the parts increasing the beauty of the whole. It is, from base to summit, absolutely alive with statues and bas reliefs. There are no less than three thousand figures on the pinnacles and in the niches of the exterior; and there are yet one thousand five hundred to be executed. The effect of all this external statuary, with the ornamental accessories of sculpture in endless variety, is striking and peculiar, yet elegant and magnificent. It is in itself such a triumph of architecture, such a gorgeous yet graceful structure, that, aside from any religious sentiment, you are forced to approve of the incalculable outlay of wealth and genius by which it exists. It stands its own beautiful justification.

We have, to-day, ascended to the roof, a truly wonderful place in itself, and from which we were told we should have an unrivalled view of the plain of Lombardy, of the Alps and the Apennines. But unluckily, though the near landscape was distinctly visible, the horizon was veiled off by mists; only the dim outlines of the Alps were discernable — mere ghosts of mountains.

We have descended into the chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, in the crypt of the cathedral. This, for its size, is the richest chapel I have yet seen, being completely lined with bas reliefs of solid silver, and hung about with massive silver lamps. Among other costly offerings, there is a tablet given by the money changers, surmounted by cornucopiæ, filled with real coins of silver and gold. But the great show is the saint himself, who is kept in a splendid shrine behind the altar, and exhibited to the pious or the curious for an extra fee of five francs. This secured, the holy man who attended on us lit four additional tapers, let down the front of the shrine by turning a windlass, and showed a coffin of crystal, set in gold, containing a black and mouldering mummy, dressed in gorgeous pontifical robes, and covered with flashing gems.

Above the breast was suspended a large cross of diamonds and emeralds, the gift of Maria Theresa; and all about hung like royal offerings, deepening fearfully, by contrast, the horribleness of human decay. It was terrible to see how the live light of those brilliants, the glow of those golden embroideries, the pomp of the jewelled mitre seemed to mock the eyeless sockets, the shrivelled skin, the bare and blackened skull.

June 3.

We have, to-day, visited several churches, which we found, though remarkably rich in treasures and decorations, neither very beautiful nor imposing. Elsewhere they might show better; here they are dwarfed by the Cathedral.

In the refectory of an old convent, now converted into a barrack, we saw the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. This wonderful fresco has been terribly injured by time, neglect, accidents, and yet more terribly by the retouchings of presumptuous daubers. You can now distinguish little beside the composition and the general sentiment of the picture. The head of Christ, though injured and grown faint, seems to have escaped, as by miracle, the sacrilegious ruin visited upon the others, as though the boldest restorers had been awed back by its transcendent majesty and sweetness. It seems to have slowly and softly faded away; dim and distant, yet still divine, it looks as we fancy *his* receding face may have looked to his bereaved disciples, when he was caught up in a cloud out of their sight.

The Brera, the public gallery of paintings, contains some fine pictures, and many, to my apprehension, great only in the matter of square feet. I have dim and jumbled recollections of them — vast stretches of canvas — Martyrdoms, Massacres, Nativities, Presentations, Adorations, Madonnas, Mangers, Holy Families, Saints, Cherubs, Assumptions, Last Judgments, Temptations, Flagellations, and Crucifixions. But

I have a most distinct recollection of the Sposalizio of Raphael, a portrait by Titian, and a very delicious picture, a Virgin and Child, by Sassoferrato.

There is a private collection here, in the palace of the Count Castelbara, where we saw several exquisite pictures by the great masters.

At the Biblioteca Ambrosiana there is a small but valuable collection of paintings, among which is a Christ on the Cross, by Guido — a picture which transfixed me before it, awestruck and tearful. I have nowhere seen this most pathetic and solemn subject so grandly treated. There is but the one figure, without the usual accessories. The dread consummation is accomplished; "*it is finished;*" and the crucified Nazarene is left alone on darkening Calvary. The whole picture is overpoweringly expressive of the utter desertion of earth, of that abandonment of Heaven against which he cried out to the Father.

Among the curiosities in this library we saw Petrarch's Virgil, copied by him, and containing many of his annotations; the original correspondence between Lucrezia Borgia and Cardinal Bembo, and a lock of Lucrezia's hair. This is a bright golden tress, which having seen with no name attached, I might have fancied had been clipped from the head of a young novice, renouncing with a pure heart and fervent lips the pomps, pleasures, and sins of the world. But knowing of whose fatal charms it once formed a part, and whose subtle, scheming, inexorable brain once wrought beneath it, there seemed something treacherous in its silken softness, something deadly in its shining coil.

The great opera house, La Scala, is at present closed, much to our disappointment.

We were at one of the theatres last night, and saw a comedy and a very stupid ballet. Italian acting, in general, is little to my taste; it is too feverishly violent, too much on the

ranting and explosive order, in the tragedy; and in comedy grotesque and absurd, without fine wit or genuine drollery. I am convinced that the French are the only perfect actors in the world, simply because acting is not acting with them — seeming is their only being, and the artificial their only true.

Milan is yet under strict military government, and swarms with Austrian troops. No citizen is allowed to be out after eight o'clock in the evening without a permit; and the carrying of any species of arms is prohibited under penalty of death. A complete system of terror and tyranny prevails; espionage is every where employed; the intercepting of letters, and packages, and domiciliary visits are of daily occurrence; while the outgoings and incomings of persons falling under the slightest suspicion are closely watched and dogged. The smallest group of citizens is never to be seen for more than a moment in the street; all meetings without the sanction of the military are forbidden under severe penalties; and, according to the words of the proclamation, "*two men constitute a meeting.*" There is among the people a sad and ominous appearance of constraint and sullen discontent. To my eye, they show nothing of that alacrity of abjectness of which they have been accused. I see little conciliating show of submission. Though many seem to sink in the apathy of despair, more seem to be nursing their hate and their hope together, and grinding their teeth with secret rage while biding the time. It is evident that such are only subdued the while that the conqueror's foot is on their breasts, his steel at their throats.

It seems peculiarly melancholy that such a state of things should exist in Milan, which is admirably fitted for all the enjoyments of liberty, peace, and prosperity; for a life of rational pleasure, security, and content. It is nobly planned, elegantly built, and neatly kept; altogether the handsomest town I have seen in Italy. It is particularly rich in fine public gardens and grounds; and the promenade and drive upon

the ramparts is unrivalled for beauty and extent. We have found our evening drives there almost as delightful as those at Florence. But the gayety of the Cascine is sadly wanting here, where there are fewer carriages, riders, and pedestrians, and much less freedom and animation. The Austrian and Hungarian officers have the scene pretty much to themselves; and a fine show they make, especially on horseback, for they are matchless riders. Their uniforms are strikingly elegant in style, fit, and decoration — the Hungarian being peculiarly remarkable for a sort of Oriental gorgeousness and grace. Nowhere have I seen such symmetrical yet powerful figures, such handsome and high-borne heads, such a pride of splendid manhood. Ah, "the pity of it," to look on these magnificent young men, and remember that they are but the tools, the mere machinery, of despotism.

While enjoying the beautiful public walks and drives of foreign towns, I am made to blush for the shameful penuriousness, carelessness, and lack of taste which prevents our having in our own cities such preservers of health and promoters of pleasure. Fancy the dismay of a foreign gentleman, ignorant of our miserable deficiencies in this respect, who, on visiting New York in the hot months, and inquiring for the fashionable drive and promenade, should be told that that rich young city could boast of nothing of the kind. I sometimes fear that a despotic government is necessary to plan and execute such works for the people, to compel them to benefit *bon-gre mal-gre*, by useful and beautifying improvements. Certain it is that the smallest foreign towns have the advantage of our largest in healthful and cheerful places of reunion and exercise in the open air; and I am assured that, on my return home, I must fly to the country; that I nevermore shall be able to endure the stifling closeness of our cities — the noise, the hurry, the hot, unbroken deserts of brick and mortar.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lake Maggiore. — Isola Bella. — Sanctuario of the Virgin. — Lake Como. — Villa D'Este. — The Pliniana. — Prince Belgioso. — Pasta's Cottage — Taglioni's. — Churches. — Borneo. — Ascent of the Alps. — Pass of the Stelvio. — The Ortler Spitz. — Glaciers. — Mals. — The Tyrol. — Pass of the Finstermunz. — A Shooting Match. — Costumes and Manners of the Tyrolese Peasants. — Innsbruck and its Sights. — Tagernsee. — Floods. — Women working in the Fields. — Munich. — The Royal Palace. — Pictures. — Lola Montes. — Galleries and Churches. — Colossal Statue of Bavaria. — The Opera. — The King and Queen.

Varese, June 5.

We reached this place, about thirty miles north-west of Milan, yesterday evening, travelling by *vettura*, through a rich, well-cultivated, but rather uninteresting country. Varese is a city of little importance and less beauty; but its environs are pleasant, and adorned with many fine villas belonging to wealthy Milanese. This morning we drove over to Laveno, on Lake Maggiore, where we took a row boat, and visited the celebrated Isola Bella.

On our drive, we passed the small Lake of Varese, an exquisite sheet of water; and from that point the scenery, which had all along been charming and varied, became grandly beautiful. In the distance loomed up the Alps, the higher range lifting their mighty heads above the clouds, and challenging the sun with their flashing snow crowns; while the lower range, clad in the softest summer verdure, comforted the eye, struck back by the white radiance above. At their feet slept the lake, mirroring a sky of deepest azure, and

clouds of silver, rose, and gold — in all a scene equally enchanting and imposing, and heightening in beauty and sublimity as we approached, till we passed from that surprised delight, which utters itself in glowing exclamations, to the silence of a deep, almost reverential, emotion.

I did not look to find the shores of Lake Maggiore so wild as they are; so like those of one of our own small western lakes, but thickly dotted with villas and hamlets, and bearing marks of the highest state of cultivation. Aside from the small town of Baveno and the Borromean islands, the view from Laveno struck me as almost desolate, as far as human life is concerned. Only here and there is to be seen a villa, a cottage, or a lonely chapel in a mountain gorge; while every where foliage, flowers, grasses, and even grain, seem growing in spontaneous luxuriance — Nature working her own sweet will, and having her own wild way, untrammelled by the prudent cares and staid proprieties of art.

In the midst of this primitive loneliness and loveliness lies the Isola Bella, a quaint, elaborate, and wonderful creation of art, for which Nature only furnished the bare foundations. For this fairy island, this enchanted garden, luxuriant with all the fruits and smiling with all the flowers of the tropics, now rising terrace above terrace, crowded with statues, grottoes, temples, and crowned by a noble palace, was once a black, barren rock, standing but a few feet out of the water, an unsightly blot on its blue expanse. A Count Borromeo, of the seventeenth century, was the creator of this somewhat prim paradise, which, for the peculiar taste displayed in it, and the immense sums expended upon it, has been pronounced but a magnificent conceit and a gigantic extravagance. Every foot of earth was brought from a distance, and piled up to make these terraces and gardens; while the trees, plants, and flowers were gathered from almost every country and clime of the world. The descendants of the founder have added greatly to

the beauty of the place by careful cultivation and new varieties of trees and plants; and, as you now see it, flourishing, and flowering, and fruit-ripening, under the very ice glare of the Alps, it is something marvellous and magical — a beautiful bewilderment.

It is so strange, when wandering among cypresses, palms, pomegranates, myrtles, oranges, and lemons, to catch through the opening branches a glimpse of the eternal snow; to feel yourself grow languid and half intoxicated in the oppressive sun and aromatic atmosphere of some sheltered spot; and the next moment, in turning some exposed corner, to be smitten on the cheek by a sharp wind from the glaciers.

During the winter, all these gardens and terraces are boarded over and heated by stoves.

We were shown through the palace, which, for the situation, is of vast dimensions, but built in a curious, clumsy, grotesque style. It contains many bad and a few good pictures, all rapidly becoming equalized and confounded by ruinous damp and mould.

We were shown the room in which Napoleon slept while here, and in the garden a large bay tree, in the bark of which he carved the word "*battaglia.*" I must confess I could not clearly make out a letter, but I had faith to believe they were all there. It was a short time before the battle of Marengo that the great king-maker and un-maker, in a moment of brooding idleness, cut that word there — a word as significant of his future as was his dying "*tête d'armée!*" of his past.

The drive from the lake back to Varese, in the pleasant afternoon, hung some sunset pictures in my memory which must illuminate it forever. In that gallery hang many of the most glorious works of human genius; yet these can never be confounded with those bearing in every faintest outline, in every lightest shade, the unmistakable *Deus fecit* of the great master.

Como, June 7.

This morning we sat out early from Varese, to make the ascent to the Sanctuario of the Virgin, from which we were assured, by our universally-read friend Murray, we should have unrivalled views of the plain of Lombardy and of the Alps, and could look down upon no less than six lakes. This holy mountain was consecrated to the Madonna by St. Ambrose, in 397, to commemorate a victory gained by him over the Arians. It is ascended by a steep, winding road, well paved, but suitable only for pedestrians and ponies. At different points along this way stand fourteen chapels, representing the fourteen mysteries of the rosary. These are very picturesque objects, and so placed as to command charming views of valleys, mountains, and lakes. At the summit is a church, a bell tower, and a convent of Augustinian nuns. We mounted our ponies at Robarello with glowing anticipations of the feast of beauty to be spread before us when we should have scaled the holy heights; we would scarcely indulge ourselves in a glimpse from the various points of the ascent, for fear of taking the edge off our appetites. But unluckily, on reaching the summit, we found a heavy mist settling there, rolling in great billows down the sides of the neighboring mountains, floating over the plain, and dimly veiling the distant Alps. Hoping that it would soon pass off, we went into the church, where we saw the statue of the Virgin, dating from the time of St. Ambrose, and the mummies of two female saints, who lie in glass coffins, dressed in rich robes, with their blackened skulls and their fleshless throats glittering with ornaments, and their skeleton fingers loaded with gaudy rings. Of course, a considerable fee is asked for this hideous show; so doubtless these holy women have done better service to their church and convent as mummies than as lady abbesses — a sort of *post mortem* patronage, too monstrous and revolting for any but this system of religion to exact. On coming

out of the church, we found that it was all up with us, as far as the prospect was concerned. The mist had thickened into heavy clouds; there was a real storm below us at our right, the thunders of which seemed breaking and booming against the mountain.

Here was a prospect of something new and grand for us; but I must confess that we all ingloriously fled before the prospect of the sublime drenching, and were happy in reaching the inn and our carriage in a tolerably dry condition. The rain was soon past, and we had a charming time for driving over to Como.

We caught not even a glimpse of the lake till we were just upon it, at our hotel, from which we have a beautiful though rather circumscribed view. But since dinner we have taken an hour's row upon it in the sunset, and I have found that all the most glowing picturings of poets, all my own most delicious summer dreams, have fallen far behind the varied and wondrous loveliness of the scene. The beauty of Lake Como and its shores is something so peculiar, so complete, so heavenly, it is almost as unimaginable as indescribable. It seems that Nature has prodigally exhausted here the treasury of her richest charms, and revelled in lavishing her utmost wealth of adornment; while Art, in fond emulation, has wrought out all her most exquisite fancies, her daintiest devices — tried all her golden secrets of effect, and come down with all her choicest points. Certain it is, that, with their united enchantments, they overflow the soul with the very floodtide of delight, and leave nothing more to be asked or imagined by the most delicate and luxurious sense of beauty.

June 9.

We spent the whole of the morning yesterday on the lake, and in visiting some of the most celebrated villas along the shores. Our first landing was at the Villa D'Este, owned and occupied for several years by Queen Caroline, of Brunswick.

It is a charming place, and the gardens and grounds do much honor to the taste of the unhappy princess who planned them. We passed the Villa Lenno, supposed to stand on the sight of Pliny's Villa, and stopped at the Pliniana, so named for a curious natural fountain which the Elder Pliny described in a letter. This villa, which is gloriously situated for views up and down the lake, and whose grounds are most picturesque and wildly beautiful, is the property of Prince Belgioso, a gentleman distinguished throughout all the European courts for his many elegant accomplishments, for beauty, talent, and especially for a fine musical genius. He has led, for many years, the gay and purposeless life of a mere man of pleasure; yet it may be he is not wholly without excuse, for the Austrian government jealously shuts out the Italian nobility from every career of honor and power.

> "*The Prince* was younger once than he is now;
> And handsomer, of course."

Yet he is a very fine-looking man still, and wears his first snows lightly. He has much the air of an English gentleman, and speaks our language very purely, with the slightest possible accent.

Pasta's cottage is small and simple, but very pretty, and surrounded by the loveliest garden, and flanked by the most luxuriant grounds along the lake. She plans and superintends all the building, planting, and improvements; finding, after the splendid triumphs and ceaseless excitements of her dramatic career, rest and happiness in such quiet and primitive pleasures. The most exquisite taste is shown in laying out her grounds and gardens, which extend for more than a mile along the shore. Here we saw the grandest trees, the richest vines, the most wonderful profusion of flowers. There were gorgeous rose trees growing from apparently inaccessible rocks, or twining about dark cypresses, forming the loveliest

contrast conceivable, or hanging over the wall, showering their leaves upon the water — there were graceful willows, that, Undine-like, bent lovingly to dip their limbs in the lake, and timid silver-leaved aspens, that stood back shivering — there were copper beaches and golden jasmine — O, there was every thing to form a paradise of beauty and repose, before whose gate my spirit sighed like the poor hopeless peri she is. As we floated slowly past the most wooded part of these grounds, the favorite walk of Pasta, we heard the nightingales singing in the deepest shade under the hill, and far sweeter we fancied than elsewhere, as though they had been taught by her.

The cottage of Taglioni is also small, but ornate and fanciful; and the grounds, though very beautiful, display some pretty conceits and dainty caprices, which strike you as in character with a sylph of the stage and a ballet queen. Madame Taglioni has two other cottages in these grounds — one, a charming little box, perched up against a rock, like a swallow's nest; the other, a Swiss chalet, yet unfinished, and it is said capriciously abandoned. By these, and her three fine palaces at Venice, it would seem that she has pirouetted to some purpose. Ah, happy is the woman whose genius lodges in her throat or settles in her heels! She may command success, wealth, power; she may attain to cottages *ornées* and palaces by the sea; along her path sighs the homage of the world; and at her feet, all unregarded, lies more of man's love, such as it is, than ever rewarded the pure and faithful affection, the devotion unto death, of all the women of mere intellect and soul that ever existed.

Como itself is a pleasant little city, very clean and airy for an Italian town. It has fallen off somewhat in its manufactures and general prosperity of late years, but there is still a pleasing appearance of industry and comfort among its people. It has no buildings of any importance except the Cathedral,

which is very fine, but contains few objects of interest. In the gloomy old Church of San Fidele, which I have just visited, my guide pointed out to me a dark chapel, into which I looked through a black lattice. It was only lit by one low, flickering lamp, and I was some moments ere I could distinguish the objects it held; then I saw a ghastly figure of Christ on the Cross, surmounting a Calvary of skulls — a horrible sight; yet how immeasurably was the horror increased when I was told that these were all the skulls of murderers!

Bormeo, in the Alps, June 11.

We left Como yesterday morning, by steamer, for Colico, on the upper end of the lake; from whence we posted to Sondrio, and from Sondrio to this place. The summer seems really to have come at last; and the weather, for this region, is delicious. The water excursion of yesterday was incomparably delightful, with soft sunlight and balmy airs, the utmost richness of verdure and bloom, mountain and rock, and cascade; and the lake itself, with its picturesque windings, and infinite varieties, and surprises of beauty; in its serene repose as blue, profound, and waveless as the heaven it imaged.

We had yesterday a flat drive of little interest; but to-day we have ascended somewhat, and have just entered upon the Stelvio, the grandest of all the Alpine passes. Bormeo is a quiet, quaint little village, very gray, and somewhat gloomy, almost completely shut in by mountains piny and ice-capped. The people seem poor, but not by any means miserably so; they have, towards strangers, a peculiarly cordial yet respectful air; and they are usually fine looking, though the throats of many of them are disfigured by the goitre. We find that the pass of the Stelvio, which is the highest on the continent, is but just opened, and that we shall be absolutely the pioneers.

To-morrow we are to make the ascent, and, if we are not

blocked up by the snow or borne away by an avalanche ere we reach the summit, may have all our wildest imaginings of the grand and the terrific in scenery abundantly realized.

LANDECK, IN THE TYROL, JUNE 13.

We left Bormeo yesterday morning at half past six, in considerable state for so small a party, travelling with two carriages and a baggage wagon. Even at that early hour, all the villagers were out to see us off and wish us a good journey. Some looked a little doubtful and apprehensive; but the greater part cheered us on. The ascent for the first two posts was gradual, but continuous; and, almost ere we were aware, we found ourselves in a new, strange world, bleak, and bare, and stern, and grand to absolute awfulness. Higher and higher we crept up the pass, above a black, winding gorge, whose bed was piled with the slides and avalanches of the winter and spring, and down whose sides leaped milky cascades, from immense masses of snow melting in a fervid sun, till we reached the region where all vegetation ceases, where, amid the rocks and ice, not even the pine can clinch in his hardy roots, and found ourselves breathing painfully in the rarefied air of perpetual snow.

The road of the Stelvio is the most stupendous work I ever beheld; and, all along, my wonder and admiration were divided between it and the sublime scenery through which it winds. It rounds perilous points, pierces great rocks, passes under and over torrents, leaps yawning chasms, and skirts the most appalling precipices. Over the portions most exposed to slides and avalanches are constructed galleries of solid masonry, with slanting roofs; and it has sometimes happened that great masses of snow and earth have here passed over the traveller's head, and gone plunging and crashing into the gulf below. Miss W—— and myself, who travelled together in a little open carriage, expressed to one another, on setting

out, a desire to be thundered over by a small avalanche in this manner; but no sooner did we find ourselves in one of the dark and ominous galleries than we mutually confessed that such an experience would be a superfluity of the sublime; and our disinclination towards it deepened into something very like horror as we came upon a gallery recently broken in by an avalanche, and on the outside of which we were obliged to pass by a newly-constructed bridge.

We dined at Santa Maria, the frontier posthouse, before a roaring fire, in a snug little chamber which looked out over a vast sea of snowy mountain tops. From this to the last post-house, Franzenhöhe, the highest habitation on the continent, nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the road was cut through fields of solid snow, which walled it on both sides, except when it ran along the edge of precipices, to the depth of eight, ten, and sometimes fifteen and twenty feet. This was rather terrific, surely; but not until we had passed the summit, and began the descent, did we perceive the utmost sublimity and the peril of the pass.

Before us towered the Ortler Spitz, in height the third mountain of the Alpine range, with his rough sides clad in a mail of glaciers, and avalanches impending on his awful front; while on every side, as far as the eye could reach, rose Alps on Alps, snow-capped and ice-sheathed, strange, dread, tremendous shapes, which seem sternly battling up through the clouds to besiege heaven; or rather, are like the vast broken billows of a frozen hell. For the first mile or two of the descent we faced real dangers, to which not even the grandeur of the scene could render us wholly indifferent. There were many places where the railing had been torn away between the road and the precipice, and where a slip or a swerve of our horses would have been our destruction; while, at any moment, we were liable to be overwhelmed by a slide of the melting masses of snow piled along our way, and to be swept

down a thousand feet into the gorge below. At one time we were obliged to wait while the workmen, of which there were a large number near the summit of the pass, cleared away a slide which had come down within the hour. But, thank God, we accomplished the descent without the slightest accident, and about four o'clock in the afternoon stopped to take rest and refreshment at the first posthouse on this side the Alps, in one of the wildest yet loveliest valleys of the Tyrol. It was completely walled round by snowy mountains, and coursed through by a swift and swollen stream; yet it was most luxuriant and peaceful, carpeted by the richest turf, enamelled with flowers in wonderful varieties and profusion. At the inn we met a young gentleman and lady who were to cross the Alps on foot, intending to make Santa Maria that night; if they reached the summit house, they did wonders. They were a newly-married pair, treating themselves to a little pedestrian wedding tour from Berlin to Milan, accompanied by a single servant, in handsome livery, bearing a portmanteau. They seemed strong and fearless, and were certainly very merry; but I cannot believe they had a "realizing sense" of what was before them on that pass of the Stelvio. Mark Tapley himself could never have desired finer opportunities of being "jolly under creditable circumstances" than were enjoyed by these enamoured adventurers during that ascent.

At Mals I spent my first night in a Tyrolese inn. I do not say slept, for I found that the novel excitements and overwhelming emotions of the day had "murdered sleep;" and I tossed in sublime recollections, and toiled up mountainous imaginations, and hung over chasms and torrents all night long. Perhaps my first experience of a German bed may have had something to do with my sleeplessness. I found myself very unsteadily *posed* on what seemed to be an overstuffed bolster, laid lengthwise, between two mere strips of linen, which wound about me like bandages, upon a pillow of most dispro-

portionate size, a sort of supplementary bed, indeed, and under a down coverlet, which wouldn't keep down in its place, but was constantly on the wing. Such a remarkable tendency had all the coverings to fall and fly off, so rounded and rolling was the couch itself, that I had a curious feeling that the whole affair revolved, and could never tell, positively, whether I was on the bed or under. But the compactness, the cheerful brightness, and perfect cleanliness of a German inn, after the forlorn vastness, the darkness and filth, of the ordinary Italian *albergo*, is more comforting and refreshing than I can tell. The people in attendance, though slower in wit and movement than Italian landlords and waiters, are more sure and satisfactory; and, though they do not welcome the traveller with such a gracious show of hospitality, or take leave of him with such an affluent expression of good feeling, yet manifest as much cordiality as is reasonable and will pay; and at parting, take their pipes out of their mouths long enough to address him a farewell sentence, which sounds somewhat too grum and guttural to ears pampered by the delicious Tuscan, yet which, if he does not understand, he takes for granted is something very civil, and withal sincere.

To-day we have been posting from hamlet to hamlet, through some of the wildest and most beautiful valleys of the Tyrol.

During the morning we suddenly plunged into the pass of the Finstermunz, the darkest, dreariest, most appalling gorge I ever beheld. I walked through it some two miles, apart from my friends, that I might feel to the utmost the grandeur, the loneliness, the desolate horror of the scene. It did not seem like a natural pass, but a fearful chasm, where the rocks had been violently cleft asunder — a narrow gulf, black and profound, overhung by barren and icy mountains, and with an angry torrent roaring and raging hundreds of feet below the road, which wound along rocky ledges, close upon frightful

precipices. The day was stormy, and the winds came shrieking and howling down the pass like an invisible army of fiends, rattling down small slate stones upon us, and whirling us along in a tremendous cloud of dust. Yet whenever I reached a sheltered spot where I could pause and look back, below, above, my very soul revelled in that stern, defiant desolation, in that black, embattled array of craggy steeps, in the hoarse roar of the torrent, even in the rush and surge of the winds and the boding moan of the rising storm.

I cannot tell with what a sense of exultation I hoard away the experiences of the last two days. I have been with Nature in her most secret and solemn haunts. I have been with God upon the "everlasting hills;" and the grand scenes there graved upon my soul, and the conceptions of the infinite it there boldly grasped, are its eternal possession. I know that no wildest flood of sorrow, no utmost shock of misfortune, can sweep away or destroy them now, and that they will help to lift me to that purer region, where the passionate human heart is stilled, where the spirit only lives, where the "mortal puts on immortality."

INNSBRUCK, JUNE 15.

We reached this city last evening, after a very pleasant day's journey through picturesque Tyrolese valleys. At Imst, a village shut in by mountains, we found a large gathering of the peasants at an annual shooting match. We spent a half hour on the ground, when we saw some admirable shots, and had a fine opportunity of seeing the costumes of this part of the Tyrol. Some of these mountaineers are splendid-looking men, compactly and powerfully built, and displaying their strength to fine advantage in the management of their rifles, which are immensely heavy, but which they lift and level as though they were reeds.

We noticed several gentlemen mingling in the sport, and

trying their skill with the peasants, and one priest, who seemed full of the spirit of the occasion, and was an excellent shot.

I really venerate that reverend father, for he is almost the only one of his class I have seen, since I came abroad, whose manhood does not seem utterly smothered by his gown.

The costumes of the Tyrolese men are not very handsome, but are suitable and manly. The greater part of the dress of the women is also admirable; but some of them wear a high, heavy hat, of black fur, like a grenadier's cap, which is quite hideous and senseless. The children, in dress and air, are reduced men and women — the quaintest, quietest, absurdest little creatures imaginable.

All the men and boys smoke; all the women and girls work in the fields. I saw a young woman, a day or two since, cutting hay in a broiling sun, while her husband lounged under a tree and tended the baby; and yesterday we overtook two women, toiling up a hill, actually harnessed to a heavy cart *with a donkey*. Yet they seem happy enough, and show no signs of extreme degradation or poverty.

With almost every step now, I feel myself in a completely different world from the one I left on the sunnier side of the Alps. I miss the splendor of the skies, the soft, luxuriant beauty of the landscapes of Italy. I miss the large, dark, languid eyes, the wealth of raven hair, the glow of the olive skins, and the sweet, melodious tongue of her people. But I miss also the decay, the degeneracy, the want, and the wrong of that land, and the hopeless indolence, the dumb despair, of that people. The Tyrolese are content — it may be from ignorance and stupidity, but still content; while the Italians, secretly burning for vengeance and for freedom, find their hands pinioned, and feel their hot hearts ground under the iron heel of oppression.

This is the most loyal and devotional part of the Tyrol.

You see in every house a portrait of the young Emperor, and any number of sacred prints, crucifixes, and receptacles for holy water. The wayside shrines and figures of Christ, of which there are great numbers, are of the rudest character — many of them utterly revolting. I saw to-day a full-length Christ on the Cross, which had been ingeniously put to use as a fountain, a water pipe coming out of the wound in the side. You often see this figure wreathed with flowers, and hung about with a strange variety of toy-like offerings.

Innsbruck is a well-built, cheerful town, on the River Inn, in a charming valley, encompassed by mountains, which, though not high, are yet crowned with snow.

There are very few regular sights at Innsbruck, yet we find it a very agreeable resting-place. In the Cathedral is the famous monument of the Emperor Maximilian, a handsome and curious work; some bronze statues, which are very wonderful for the time from which they date; and the tomb of Hofer, the eloquent Tyrolese peasant leader, who was shot at Mantua, by the order of Napoleon. There is a fine monument, surmounted by a statue of Hofer, erected over his grave by the late emperor.

We have visited several other churches, which we found rich and light, but rather too gaudy in their decorations — and a portion of the Capuchin convent, a grim suite of apartments, elaborately rough and rude, where the Emperor Maximilian yearly retired to spend the forty days of Lent in prayer and mortification. It would be odd enough to see the present youthful Kaiser take up this saintly *rôle*. The palace, a singularly plain, republican-looking edifice, contains nothing of interest except a large number of portraits of the royal family of Austria. It is curious that among them all there is but one really beautiful face — that of poor Marie Antoinette. There is also an interesting museum here, with a small gallery of modern pictures, mostly by Tyrolese artists — which sights

we have duly done. In addition, we have driven out into the country, and saw the town from the heights, where it shows small, but looks what it is — a snug, quiet, unpretending, respectable old place.

Tagernsee, Bavaria, June 18.

We left Innsbruck on the morning of the 16th, for Munich, by the way of the Achenthalsee and the Tagernsee, two lovely mountain lakes. But we have had little enjoyment of picturesque scenery along the route, as we have come thus far in a heavy and incessant rain. The mountains have been wrapped in mist, the streams black and angry, the road in places overflowed, and the valleys having every where a drenched, half-drowned look, doleful to the last degree. Here we are detained for a day or two by the flood and the destruction of a bridge. We are fortunately in very comfortable quarters at a well-kept inn, on the lake. The only objection to the house is in its peculiar water privileges. The lake rose rapidly last night. I heard the waves surging against the foundations of the building, and bringing pieces of floating timber to bear upon them like battering rams ; and I went to sleep at last with the not over-comfortable consciousness that I might find myself off on a little aquatic excursion before morning. To-day we are nearly surrounded by water, and the first part of the road towards Munich has quite disappeared. Yet, though it still rains steadily, the flood is not now rising very fast.

This morning we have been to the village church to witness the rite of confirmation by the Archbishop. There was a great gathering of the peasants, and an unusual show of costumes on the occasion. The confirmees came out very gayly, the heads of all the girls being elaborately dressed with flowers, ribbons, and gold lace, and curled and plaited into all manner of absurdities. The women wore full, stiff skirts, falling but a little below the knee, jackets of a different color, with a peculiar tip up behind, and immense mutton-leg sleeves, which

nearly met on the shoulders, and made themselves doubly hideous by great round caps of black fur or plush, crowded down to the eyebrows.

The costume of the Tyrolese men consists of smallclothes, with black or white stockings, a jacket somewhat elaborately braided, cravat and waistcoat of some bright color, and the pointed hat, usually dark green. Many of the women adopt the dress of the men for laboring in the field, and look all the better for it. We have seen hundreds of these "*femmes emancipées*," as our courier calls them, digging and spading lustily; and a healthy, hearty, and withal merry set they seem. From the window of the inn, the other evening, I watched a group of ten or twelve at work, weeding a field of wheat. The rain was falling fast, as it had been all day; yet, when the vesper bell rung, they dropped upon their knees, and remained at their devotions for nearly ten minutes. After changing their wet, masculine habiliments for comfortable female gear in a barn near by, they came into the inn for their supper. I saw them at that primitive repast. They sat about a round table, and ate a sort of porridge out of one large dish, seasoning the sorry meal with jest and laughter.

"O young and *jolly* creatures,"

ye may be ignorant, and stupid, and lamentably superstitious; may fall considerably behind ideal womanhood; but for my life I cannot find it in my heart to pity you. Full chested, vigorously limbed, strong backed, firm footed, ye defy storm and hardship, and rejoice in sternest labor; ye are never troubled by fine stomachic sensibilities; ye know nothing of the toil of the brain, of the conflicts of the spirit, of the tragic sorrows of the heart, of the exquisite agonies of the nerves. You are robust, and plump, and bounteously blooded, bearing yourselves, in your brown bloom, with the unconscious insolence of rustic health. You have simple habits, few wants,

and believing hearts; so plant and reap, hoe and spade, carry burdens, yoke yourselves with donkeys, if you will, reverence the priest, serve your beer-drinking and meerschaum-smoking masters. It is your mission, from which I should think twice ere I would call you to a condition in which every beautiful taste is an insatiable longing, every exquisite refinement but a subtilized pain, every high-wrought passion the exhaustless source of suffering.

Munich, June 22.

We reached this city on the evening of the 19th, after an uninteresting day's journey through a flat and flooded country. Munich lies low, upon the Iser, and is the reverse of picturesque or imposing in its natural site, plan, and style of building. It is a pleasant, handsome town, with a most uncontinental newness of look, and rivalling Washington in "magnificent distances." Its chief beauty is a fine park, in the English style, containing charming drives and walks, artificial lakes and magnificent trees. Its finest edifices are those erected by the ex-king, who, if he did not always display the purest taste in art or original ideas in architecture, showed a commendable zeal and a disinterested devotion in improving his capital. All the principal public buildings here are imitations of well-known structures in older cities, forming a somewhat odd conjunction. The new palace is a weak reproduction of the Pitti at Florence, with which it must in every point be unfavorably compared. Internally it is not at all to my taste, being gaudy, with much gilding and high coloring, stucco imitations of rich marbles, and great, glaring frescoes, in the most melodramatic style. The throne room is a very tasteless, if not an absolutely vulgar, apartment. It is lined on both sides with immense gilt statues, in hue of a greenish yellow; it has no hangings except about the throne, no ornaments except sickly gildings; altogether, it has a frightfully new, bare, and shiny appearance.

There are in this palace two rooms containing a collection, painted for the ex-king, of portraits of modern beauties. In the first of these saloons, in the central place, the place of honor indeed, hangs the portrait of Lola Montez. It is an admirable likeness, representing her in a Spanish costume, exquisitely adapted to her style. There are in this collection far nobler and lovelier faces than hers, but none of a beauty so powerful, yet subtle, so magnetic and inthralling.

The house in which she lived when created Countess of Landsfeldt was shown us by our *valet de place*. It is a cottage, plain and simple, very little in character with the dashing and passionate adventuress.

In the gallery of sculpture we saw three very noble antique figures — the Barberini Faun, and two sons of Niobe, one prostrate, dead; the other kneeling, shrinking from the impending bolt. The Faun is a powerful figure, half reclining, as though surprised by a deep noonday slumber. The whole form is wonderfully expressive of the utmost luxury of deep-breathed repose without weariness, of the momentary relaxation of great strength; through all the limbs, to the least muscle, it is full of lusty sleep.

Of the sons of Niobe, the kneeling figure lacks the head and part of the arms; yet it is one of the most touching and powerful works of sculpture I have ever beheld. It is an almost girlishly tender and delicate form, the very ideal of that blooming youth to whom life is beautiful, entreating for life, and shrinking away from death with instinctive horror. It is not the wild terror of the boy, but the mournful, passionate remonstrance of the undeveloped man, inexpressibly more piteous. The very marble seems to cry out. The prostrate figure is of one struck down in the prime and pride of manly beauty and strength. The face wears an expression half submissive, half defiant. You feel that he died giving no sign of dread or entreaty.

There is also a head of Medusa, dead — so dead that it almost strikes a death chill into you as you look at it. The marble seems doubly stony and cold, and even seems to have a peculiar, ghastly, greenish hue.

Among the modern sculptures we saw the Paris of Canova, the finest figure I have yet seen from his hand; and the Adonis of Thorwaldsen, in grace and delicate finish not surpassing the Paris, but bathed in that beautiful ideal life, the highest poetic element, the subtle essence of the olden divinity, which, to my eye, the classic works of Canova always lack.

The Pinacoteck is a large gallery for paintings, built by the ex-king — a handsome building, containing a valuable and interesting collection. Here I saw many of the greatest pictures of Rubens; and I must confess that I was pleasantly impressed by very few, and absolutely revolted by the coarseness of most. I know of nothing in painting more disgusting than his rude figures in the Last Judgment and kindred pictures. This gallery is especially rich in Vanderwerfs and Vandykes, and has several of the most admirable works of Wouverman and Teniers.

Of the Italian school, there is a Holy Family, by Titian, a very lovely picture, and, among several portraits by this master of masters, one which delighted me beyond expression. It is the figure of a man, richly dressed in dark velvets and furs, if I remember rightly. The head is noble, the face sternly beautiful, with a strong resemblance to the artist himself. This picture, which would otherwise be too dark, is splendidly lit up in the background by the figure of a woman — one of those rich, ripe beauties, with golden, effulgent hair, in which Titian so revelled in painting.

The churches of Munich, after all we have seen, do not impress us much; even the just completed Basilica failed to move us to wonder or admiration, much to the astonishment of our *valet de place*. But I believe it quite impossible for a

new cathedral to produce the effect of grandeur or solemnity.

In the Church of St. Michael we saw the tomb of Eugene Beauharnois, with Thorwaldsen's monument. This, though beautiful, is not a high expression of the genius of that noble artist. With the exception of the figure of Beauharnois, which is very fine, the work is comparatively commonplace.

We yesterday visited the great bronze foundery, where several of the figures of Crawford's Washington Monument are now being cast, and afterwards drove out to the race course to see the colossal statue of Bavaria, the largest bronze figure in the world. It is sixty-one and a half feet in height, and stands on a pedestal twenty-eight and a half feet high. This tremendous figure is so admirably proportioned, and so beautiful withal, that it appears far less colossal than it is, and not till you ascend it do you fully realize its enormous size. We went up into the head, where there is a nice little apartment, well lit and aired, with comfortable seats, and capable of holding twelve persons.

The King of Bavaria, who, for several months past, has been travelling in the south of Europe for the benefit of his health, returned to his capital on the evening of the 20th. The *entrée* was quite a brilliant affair. The streets through which he passed were beautifully decorated: there was a fine military display, and the people, who were out in great numbers, received the royal *cortége* with loyal shouts.

Last night we saw their Majesties at the opera. They sat in a side box, dressed very simply — the King with not even a star or ribbon to distinguish him from a private gentleman. When they entered, the house rose and gave the usual expression of enthusiastic loyalty; the King smiled, and bowed some dozen times; the Queen, who is a very pretty woman, by the way, looked duly delighted; the curtain rose, and thenceforward the operatic king and queen ruled the scene. The

opera was Richard Cœur de Lion — well brought out, and tolerably well sung. In the spoken parts, the German, which I do not know at all, produced an odd effect upon my ear. It seemed strangely like my own language, in a state of fusion and confusion. I felt that, if I were a little nearer, I could understand it — or if the actors would not swallow some of their words, and gulp up others in such an extraordinary manner. It seemed, throughout, a sort of broken, or rather drunken, English.

The opera commenced at seven, and closed at half past nine — such are the primitive hours of this capital. There is about the house itself an almost republican simplicity — there being not more than ten private boxes, and they but little decorated. There were neither brilliant lights nor elaborate toilets — all was quiet and unostentatious. We were even told that the King and Queen walked from the palace to the opera house without any retinue — which certainly proves that they are not particularly proud, or "stuck up," as a Yankee would say. This King has never been crowned, having wisely concluded to spare the state an enormous and unnecessary expense.

CHAPTER XIX.

Strasbourg, the Cathedral. — Paris. — Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture. — The Emperor and Empress. — Abdel Kader. — London. — A Tale of a Hat. — Frederic Freiligrath. — Sir Henry Bishop. — Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. — Runnymead. — The Camp at Chobham. — Pontooning at Virginia Water. — Conversazione at the Lord Mayor's. — Distinguished Guests. — The Duchess of Sutherland. — Crystal Palace at Sydenham. — Ascent of St. Paul's. — Consumption Hospital. — German Play. — Emil Devrient. — A farewell Visit to Kossuth. — Mazzini. — Adieux.

Paris, June 27.

I left Munich on the evening of the 22d, and arrived here on that of the 24th. Our journey to Strasbourg, via Ulm, Stutgard, and Carlsruhe, was very fatiguing, and especially disagreeable, from the floods of rain which fell without cessation. This can never be called a picturesque route, I think; though, when viewed under a pleasant sun, it may present a smiling, well-cultivated aspect. But seen as I saw it, through a thick, watery veil, and half whelmed, it seemed but a dreary, weary, melancholy country.

At Strasbourg, by rising early, I was able to spend a half hour in and about the Cathedral. It is a glorious old edifice — not so wondrously wrought, so aerially beautiful, as that of Milan, but more grand and solemn — not so inspiring, but more impressive. The clock in this cathedral is accounted one of the wonders of the world as a piece of mechanism. It is certainly a curious and beautiful work, though we did not see it at the most desirable time, twelve o'clock, when the twelve apostles, life size, come out and bow before the figure

of the Savior, and a large cock claps his wings and crows three times.

On the journey from Strasbourg to Paris, I unfortunately took a severe cold, which, for two days after my arrival, confined me almost entirely to my room. Yet, had I been well, I could have done very little in the way of sightseeing, as it rained incessantly.

To-day, finding myself better and the weather quite charming, I have been able, through my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich and their family, to get a little taste of Paris, as any thing like heavy business in the sightseeing line was quite out of the question. We first spent a couple of hours at the gallery for the Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture. Among a great multitude of pictures, there were few which impressed me as evidencing genius of a high order; but many display great cleverness, with originality bordering on the *bizarre*, and startling with melodramatic effects peculiarly French. The greatest Parisian artists, such as De la Roche and Schœffer, consider it *infra dig.* to send pictures to the exhibition; yet there were some here well worthy to bear the name of any living genius. Among the portraits, those of the Emperor and Empress attracted the most attention. Louis Napoleon has a mean, ill-proportioned figure, and an irredeemably ugly face; but the Empress is certainly a most beautiful woman. In this picture, a full length, said to be the best yet taken, she looks more lovely than stately, and far more pensive than proud. She here quite lacks the dashing, disdainful air I looked to see; there is a weary, sad drooping of the corners of the mouth, and a quiet but an intense trouble about the eyes and brow very touching to see. You feel that the poor creature has sold herself, and found the bargain a hard one. My friends in Paris tell me she is remarkably simple in dress and manner, and that she is much liked at court, but that nothing like the enthusiastic public demonstrations we

see reported ever takes place. The people are *curious* to see her, but at no time hearty or lavish in their "*vives.*" Even on the occasion of the Emperor presenting her to them, on the evening after her marriage, on the balcony of the palace of the Tuileries, they received her in sullen or stupid silence. A young American assured me that he felt the blood boil in his veins at seeing a *woman* thus treated, and sent up with all the power of his lungs a solitary, desperate "*vive l'Impératrice!*"

With all their flattering and somewhat fussy gallantry, the French have no chivalrous regard, no real respect, for woman. As for any sentiment of loyalty, that's quite out of the question, being one of the obsolete ideas. The young Empress is said to have a most unimperial dislike of court etiquette, and, by setting it at defiance, sometimes to bring upon her head the displeasure of his august Majesty. At a late court ball, in great joy at meeting an old friend, instead of presenting one hand to be kissed, she gave both, to the horror of the Emperor, who hissed out, "*Madame, vous oubliez que vous êtes l'Impératrice!*"

While in this gallery I noticed a little incident which could hardly have occurred in any other place than Paris. As we were sitting before a large battle piece representing some engagement of the late war in Algiers, a French dragoon came up, and began examining it with a keen, professional interest. Scarcely had he stood there two minutes when he was joined by a black-bearded, big-trousered Algerine; and together they quietly contemplated a scene in which it is possible they had both been actors. This reminds me of a little anecdote I heard to-day of Abdel Kader. At the visit which he paid to Versailles, soon after his release, the attendants refrained, from feelings of delicacy, from showing him those pictures commemorating the war in Algiers. But he had heard of them, and insisted on seeing them now. He stood for a long time

before Horace Vernet's magnificent picture, La Prise de la Smala d'Abdel Kader, and at last turned away with the quiet but significant remark, "If I had artists, *I* would have some pictures painted."

In the sculpture gallery I saw nothing which called forth much admiration; but I was not a little struck by seeing, in a conspicuous place, a bust of Louis Napoleon, crowned with the imperial laurel, side by side with the head of Christ crowned with thorns. This most unnatural juxtaposition seemed to me, at the moment, little short of blasphemy.

A drive in the Champs Elysées, and a stroll in the gardens of the Tuileries, and a pleasant evening with my pleasant friends, completed my second visit to Paris; to-morrow I shall be over the channel. My present state of health renders quiet necessary, and makes me long inexpressibly for rest in a *comfortable* English home, among my dear English friends. I am, I fancy, a tolerably contented cosmopolitan, save in times of sadness and sickness, when my heart cries out for its kindred, and strange scenes and strange faces oppress and appall me.

I feel, in going to England, if not precisely like going to my own mother's house, at least to my grandmother's, where I shall be welcomed, cared for, counselled, indulged, and made to feel myself deliciously at home. God bless the dear, stately, aristocratic old lady!

Blackheath Park, near London, July 12.

I reached my haven of rest two weeks ago to-day; but I have been nearly all the time since in a strange state of physical and mental languor — the exhaustion and reaction after many months of exertion and excitement. It has not seemed so much like indisposition as like convalescence after a great illness. There have been days when, had my life depended on it, I could not have written a line; when I could not read

or talk; could only sit hour after hour in the garden, in poor Clifford's dreamy, languid way, watching the birds, the leaves, and the flowers, or the shadows of the clouds flowing over the lawn. I have felt, as never before, the blessed relief of being tended, cared for, planned for, after having long been obliged to act and look out for myself. The wondrous beauty of England at this season seems to have rendered back to me much of the strength and joy of life. I think I am better; and I hope I am gaining some control over my undisciplined mental forces. They all seemed to have deserted at one time, and now seem to come slowly straggling back.

Once, during my first week here, I ventured out of my quiet retreat into town to see some friends. The day was pleasant, and all the world was abroad. But the rush and roar of London life, the endless succession, the torrent-like sweep, of busy crowds, which once inspired me, stunned and overwhelmed me now. There was something fearful, almost maddening, about it, against which I felt impelled to shut my eyes and stop my ears. And then I had a private little grievance, which not a little disturbed me. When at Paris, I had purchased one of the bonnets of the season, which, as every one knows, are small beyond precedent, without reflecting that I was bound for a country where the ladies display in nothing their characteristic modesty and reserve more than in bonnets, at least those for the ordinary promenade, retiring into profound depths of leghorn and lace, and sometimes cloistering themselves in the shades of huge "uglies."

The Parisian milliner of whom I purchased the above-mentioned bonnet, who was a reduced *comtesse*, and had her arms blazoned on the plafond of the show room, was so complaisant as to go into ecstasies over the effect when I tried it on, crying, "*C'est joli! charmant! parfait!*" I saw that it was becoming, peculiarly so; and she assured me it was not dear; so I took it, with no fearful looking for of Cockney

indignation, surely. Well, as I descended from my chamber, equipped for my expedition into town, I noticed that the friend who was to accompany me looked a little struck up; but I concluded it was with admiration at the *ton* of the thing — and perhaps it was. At the station, while waiting for the train, I had a strong suspicion that a remark I overheard, of "My eyes! them *is* poppies," referred to a trifle, in the decorative way, belonging to my bonnet. In the railway carriage I found myself an object of rather curious regard — but this I attributed to a certain foreign air I may have picked up on the continent; and it was not till I was walking down Regent Street that I was convinced as to the cause of the sensation I produced. "The head and front of my offending" was my unfortunate bonnet. It was stared at and commented upon without mercy; shop boys pronounced it "the last Paris stunner;" shop girls lifted their eyebrows, and said, "O, my!" and an impudent young footman, as he passed me, looked up into my face with a shrill, significant whistle. At last, in very desperation, I rushed into a shop and purchased a black lace veil, with which I quite extinguished my "stunner," poppies and all.

After what I have said of the imperative need I have felt for rest, I need hardly add that I have avoided society as much as possible, seeing only the friends with whom I was most intimate during my former visit. We have had one pleasant dinner party at Mr. B——'s, in honor of the charming Mrs. Le Vert, of Mobile, who, with her father and daughter, has lately come abroad. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Crosland, Sir Henry Bishop, and Frederic Freiligrath. Mrs. Crosland has long been known in America as Camilla Toulmin, a delightful authoress; but *we* know her also as a noble woman. Sir Henry Bishop is a quiet, cold, gentlemanly person, who bears no outward sign of that shock of domestic misfortune which must have shaken his soul.

Freiligrath looks the poet, in the real, not the romantic, sense. His is a handsome, powerful head, borne with unconscious dignity — a fine, glowing, honest face. He is still earnest and hopeful in his devotion to European freedom; not alone his words, but the tones of his voice, are heroic and inspiring.

We have just returned from Firfield, Addlestone, the beautiful and fairy-like home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, where we spent three delightful and memorable days. I have never seen a place like Firfield; such an exquisite blending of luxury and comfort, such a joint creation of poetry and art, displaying every where an affluence and refinement of fancy, yet breathing the true home atmosphere. Like poets and lovers of all beauty as they are, Mr. and Mrs. Hall have chosen their residence in a lovely and storied neighborhood. It is near the pleasant little town of Chertsey, and within easy drives of Virginia Water, Windsor, Claremont, Runnymead, Cooper's Hill, immortalized by the poet Denham; Ann's Hill, as the residence of Fox; the house of Cowley, and the tomb of Louis Philippe.

Runnymead is a rich piece of meadow land, lying on the Thames, and fittingly and impressively left in almost its ancient wildness and beauty. It is supposed that King John signed the Charter on a small island, formerly separated from the mead where the barons were encamped, by a narrow current, though now by the larger part of the Thames. This has, for centuries, borne the name of Magna Charta Island; and there are upon it six immemorial walnuts, planted in a circle, in commemoration, it is supposed, of the glorious event, and to mark the exact spot by an endurable record. It was not without emotion that I stood within the circle of these majestic living monuments of that grand though bloodless victory of freedom over despotism, and proudly claimed my share in the benefits and the glories dating from that day — the source and the soul of the greatness and power of the

Anglo-Saxon race. In looking from the island, so still and lonely, and almost primitively wild, showed mead, and wood, and hill, that the imagination wrought without hinderance, charmed you back into the olden time, and pictured vividly the cruel and cowardly king, pale with fear, and lowering with ineffectual rage; and, on the opposite shore, the bold barons, in their beautiful, appalling array. So completely was I able to lose myself, for a time, in such scenes of the warlike, half-barbarous past, that it seemed like a great leap down the centuries to visit next day the camp at Chobham. This was a strangely interesting, a peculiar and beautiful, but, I fear, an utterly indescribable sight. Imagine a brown, treeless heath — a wide, wild, uneven plain, white with tents, and alive with horse and foot — guards, lancers, Highlanders, grays, blues, greens, grenadiers, artillerymen, sappers and miners, &c., &c. There was no review at the camp on the day of our visit, but at Virginia Water we witnessed a gallant display. There was a review in the Park of five thousand troops; and we saw the artillery cross the water upon pontoons, which were afterwards formed into rafts, for the passage of the infantry, whose embarkation and debarkation formed a series of magnificent pictures.

I think I never saw such splendid fighting men as the Highlanders. With brawny, towering figures, with sinews of steel, and hard, cold, unflinching faces, they yet look neither cruel, nor stupid, nor sullen. They have none of the Austrian brutality and bloodthirstiness about them; they have all the humanities — they are yet men.

On the night of the 14th there came off a grand *conversazione* at the Mansion House, which we attended. There had been nearly two thousand invitations issued. There were present, I suppose, at least fifteen hundred people; yet none of the rooms — except it be the supper room — were uncomfortably crowded. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress

received their guests with a simple cordiality, which reminded me of the manner in which our President and his family receive. Indeed, the whole affair, but for the gorgeous, quaint, old-time livery of the servants, would have seemed very like a levee at the White House. But never yet have so many distinguished people come together at any one gathering in America.

We early took a position near the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, where we could have a good view of the notabilities as they were announced and presented.

Sir Charles Eastlake and Sir Edward Landseer entered nearly at the same time. They are both short and stout, the latter especially so, yet apparently quick to nervousness in his movement, as he entered the drawing room with a sort of plunge, as though violently propelled. A striking contrast was presented by Miss Strickland and Miss Pardoe; the former, in her towering figure, formal manner, and solemn tones, reproducing much of the antique stateliness of the early "Queens;" the latter, though past the first bloom of youth, still plump and pretty, cheerful, chatty, and charming.

There was Mary Howitt, with her pleasant, sympathetic face, aglow with kindly animation, and her lovely daughter, who, beside being an artist of rare poetic genius, has lately taken to authorship, and produced a very successful book. There was George Cruikshank, a rather eccentric individual, with long, straggling locks; and Martin Tupper, as ruddy and smiling, frank and warmhearted, as ever; and Dr. Bowring, who has just returned from China, a tall, thin man in spectacles, who was soon surrounded by a crowd of friends, to whom he talked in a merry, animated manner, not at all in the savanish style. Then there was Risk Allah, the secretary of the Turkish embassy, a handsome young Oriental, who is a good deal lionized just now, on account of a very clever book he has lately written in English. There was Albert Smith,

who flung his jokes right and left as he passed through the crowd, and left a wake of laughter behind him; Charles Mackay, the poet of the people, the whole-souled and true-hearted man; and Mary Cowden Clarke, of Shakspearian fame.

Most of the foreign ministers were present, and a number of the highest nobility. The Duchess of Sutherland came with her son-in-law, the young Duke of Argyle. She was dressed simply, in white, with a few flowers at the back of her hair, and a single diamond ornament, throbbing like a star upon her forehead. Her Grace is a younger but a less beautiful woman than I expected to see. Her beauty of face is by no means regular and perfect, and she is very stout; but the *tout ensemble* is striking and imposing in the highest degree. She has a gracious but a most regal expression, and in her manner and bearing there is a wonderful union of pride and softness, of stateliness and grace.

Altogether she is a grand-looking woman, for whom some high title would have been invented had she been born in a republic — so royal, so absolutely imperial, is her presence.

The Duke of Argyle is a small, delicate, red-haired young man, redeemed from plainness and insignificance, even by the side of his majestic mother-in-law, by an expression of great cleverness and refinement.

We had fine music throughout the evening, and dancing during the latter part; but the chief pleasure was, of course, in conversation. Altogether, it was a brilliant and delightful entertainment — a golden occasion, to be long and pleasantly remembered.

This afternoon we have visited and gone over the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is admirably situated on an eminence commanding rich and beautiful views in every direction. It is an immense edifice, and will be, when finished, one of the wonders of the world.

The sculpture galleries promise to be very complete. They already contain fine plaster copies of the most celebrated ancient and modern works, an immense assemblage. But all is as yet unarranged. There is to be a Pompeian department, wherein several of the finest houses of Pompeii are to be accurately reproduced. Five or six years hence, the Crystal Palace will be a glorious place. May I then be there to see! Now it is a strangely noisy and confused scene — resounding with all the tumult of toil, an absolute storm of hammers and chisels.

Many of the workmen are foreigners. I asked one in the sculpture gallery some questions respecting a statue he was finishing up, and he replied in Italian — the sweet, silvery Tuscan. How my heart leaped to hear it, and warmed towards that poor, sad-eyed Florentine, as towards a brother! It is strange with what a mournful, tender, yearning love I remember Italy, and how more and more keenly I feel the wrongs and oppressions under which her people groan; and stronger and deeper grows my faith that the day of her liberation is at hand — that I shall live to see it.

London, July 20.

Yesterday I ascended St. Paul's, not to the ball, but to the highest outer gallery below. The day was unluckily misty, so we did not have a very extensive view, but still saw enough of the wonderful world of London to overwhelm me with amazement and awe.

The interior of St. Paul's, bare and cold as it is, struck me as in the last degree dismal, after seeing the cathedrals of the continent, with their warmth, and splendor, and gorgeous accessories.

St. Paul's, with all its cold, gray, resounding spaces, with its begrimed frescoes and dingy monumental statuary, has, for all its grandeur, a dreary, unattractive, comfortless aspect;

convincing evidence, I should say, of the woful unfitness of great cathedrals for the simplicity of Protestant worship. I trust in Heaven the time is not far distant when Christian people will no longer pile their wealth in vast structures to God's honor, but, by sharing their abundance with his poor, make darkened human lives beautiful, fill sad human souls with the voice of praise and prayer, make erring human hearts the temples of his Spirit.

A day or two since I visited an admirable charitable institution — a hospital for consumption and diseases of the chest — at Brompton. This is a handsome Gothic edifice, in a peculiarly healthful and open situation, surrounded by pleasant grounds. I was happy to find that the physicians here depend more upon kind nursing, a carefully-regulated temperature and diet, than upon medicine, though they speak of wonderful cures wrought by cod-liver oil. Most of the patients seemed very cheerful, and many were engaged in reading or light needlework. Every where prevailed the utmost order, cleanliness, and comfort.

Among the incurables there was one young girl, a mere child of thirteen or fourteen years, whose face and manner I shall never forget. She was an angel of beauty and sweetness; sad, but quiet, she lay with a most pathetic patience, awaiting the call to her unknown home. In the shattered bark of her young life, she was already afloat on that solemn sea that beats against the eternal shore; and the half-timid, half-eager outlooking of her tender eyes towards that better land was something inexpressibly touching to behold.

This hospital is supported by voluntary subscription. None but the very poor are admitted; though so great is its reputation, that many applications are made by people of fortune. A year or two since, a lady gained admission under the character of a pauper — remained several months, and was discharged cured. She then revealed herself, accompanying her confession with a liberal donation.

Last night we attended the St. James Theatre, where the celebrated German company, headed by Emil Devrient, are now playing. The piece was Schiller's tragedy of the Bride of Messina — a splendid reading play, but rather slow in representation, from its being in the Greek form, with choruses, and from the preposterously long speeches put into the mouths of the principal actors. Yet the performance was, throughout, pleasing for its truth and simplicity, and for its being so equally and thoroughly sustained. Devrient is an admirable artist, who does not depend upon strength of lungs, on fierce frowns or hoarse whispers, points or *poses*, to throw over his audience the mastery of his genius. His power is subtile rather than startling; it pervades his entire performance, and permeates it with nature and passion. He is a man of forty, slight and pale, not handsome in the ordinary acceptation of the term — but there are times, in passages of love or heroism, when his face shows marvellously youthful and beautiful, and his fine classic head reminds you of that of a young Greek god. His manner is marked by a high-bred propriety, a princely dignity, strongly enough in contrast with the strut and rant of many of our actors, who literally "fret their brief hour on the stage." His voice is strong and clear, and has a sweet, thrilling, searching quality far rarer. It is always in harmony with the sentiment and in abeyance to nature.

Since I came into town I have seen — I cannot but fear for the last time — Kossuth and Mazzini. I saw the former at his house in St. John's Wood, a cottage buried in deep foliage, a quiet, lonely, shadowy retreat, most poetically fitted for the tarrying-place of the exile waiting and working for a better day. He looks in firmer health than when with us, and bears up gallantly under disappointment, detraction, the calumny of foes, the desertion of summer friends, and the heartsickness of hope deferred.

Again I felt my whole nature bend before the simple, un-

conscious, yet almost superhuman power of his presence. As I saw in his deep eyes the unwasted fire of his long-baffled purpose; as I heard again his wonderful voice, with all its profound and melancholy sweetness, and its strange, prophet-like tones, which seem to be calling down to us from a better and a nobler age to come; when I saw in all his presence the transfiguring splendor of his heroic enthusiasm, — I felt the early hero worship beating full and fast at my heart, flushing and paling my cheek, shaking my voice, and dimming my eyes. I can truly say that never, when I have seen him in my own country, surrounded by eager crowds, followed and *fêted*, stormed upon by adulation and besieged by flatterers, borne in a triumphal car through shouting thousands, or swaying the multitude by the magnetic power of his eloquence, have I felt for him a heartier sympathy, a more wondering admiration, a more profound reverence, than when, on this last visit, I saw him thus in his humble cottage home.

The children of Kossuth are of remarkable beauty and intelligence, but rather delicate in appearance.

Mazzini does not seem dismayed by the unhappy termination of the *émeute* at Milan, though he is, of course, deeply grieved at the fate of the unsuccessful revolutionists. However indifferent or hopeless you might be on the question of Italian freedom, I would defy you to resist long the kindling and convincing influence of Mazzini's eloquent talk. You would, ere you were aware, find yourself roused, strengthened, borne on, by the devotion, the energy, the passionate earnestness, the grandly-uttered aspiration of his great, courageous heart.

Mazzini is a man who would seem to stand apart and alone, though surged about by a vast crowd. His is a face to strike upon you out of a sea of heads. There is a wonderful outlooking of power and destiny from his great dark eyes. You do not see in them the despairing indolence, the slumberous

passion, of most Italian eyes — neither fierce, nor wild, nor dreamy, they reveal, as words could never speak, that terrible and glorious purpose on which the life is staked, to which the soul is stretched, which has to do with the fate of races and kingdoms, and is heaving at the foundations of the oldest despotisms of Europe. It is a strange and grand thought, that from two simple homes in the suburbs of London is going forth a subtile, resistless element, which sends thrills of hope through the else despairing hearts of thousands of Freedom's sons, and shiverings of dread and suspicion through the hearts of all kingly and priestly oppressors, the world over. Thank God for the token! When two men, without birth, or fortune, or armies, can make their names an omnipresent fear and horror to tyrants, then Tyranny's day of doom is not far distant.

Next week I leave England; and though my face will then be turned homeward, I shall go with yet more sorrowful emotion than that which weighed down my heart when I left my native land. Then I hoped soon to return — now all is dark and uncertain, except that I part from many of my English friends for a long time. As the time for my going draws nearer, more and more earnest grows my prayer to Heaven for blessings on our beautiful motherland, and on them whose noble hospitality and gentle ministrations have made my constant happiness in health and my comfort in sickness.

Dear, new-found friends, latest elect of my heart, adieu! Beloved of my country and my home, I come!

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